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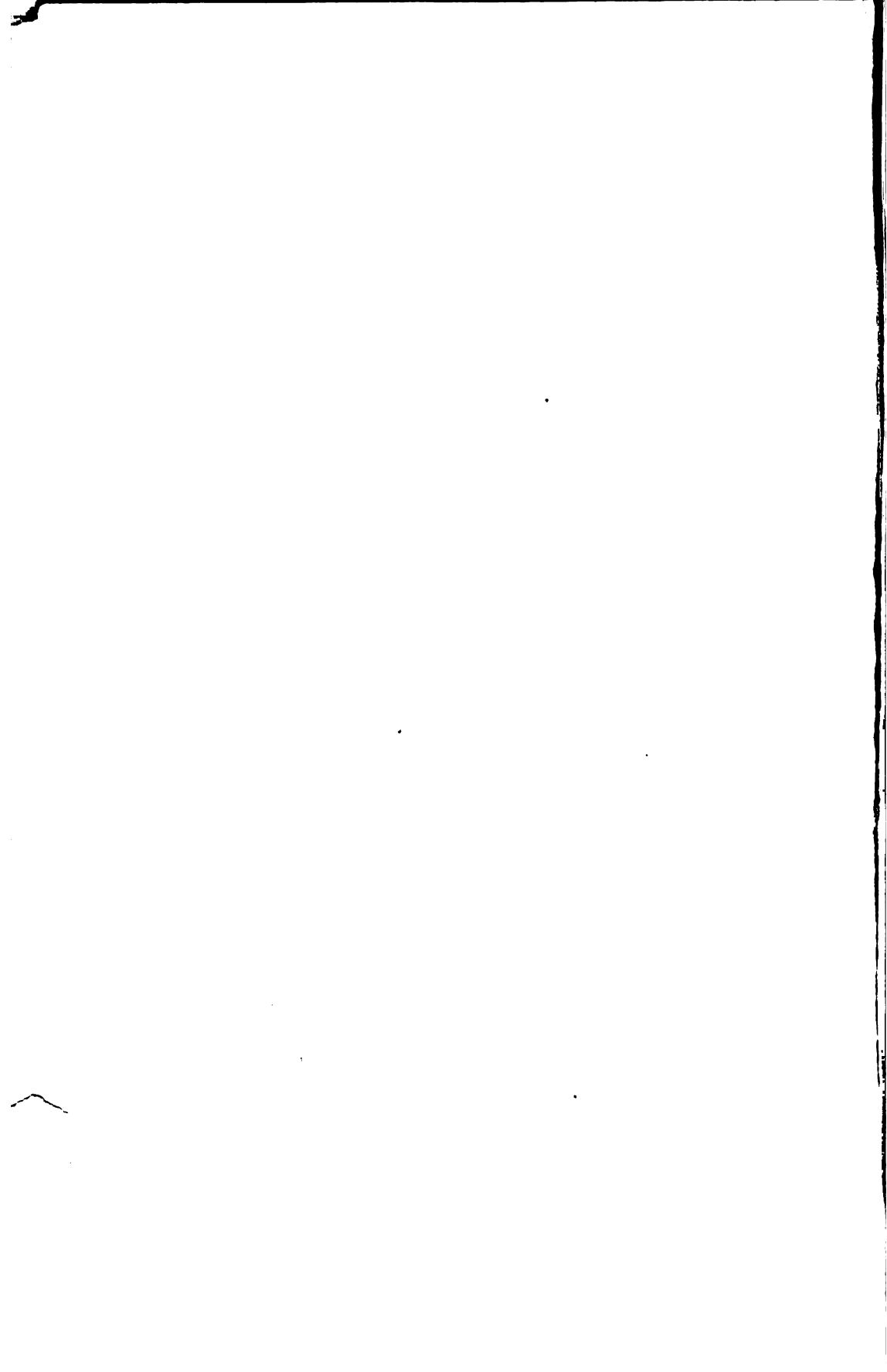
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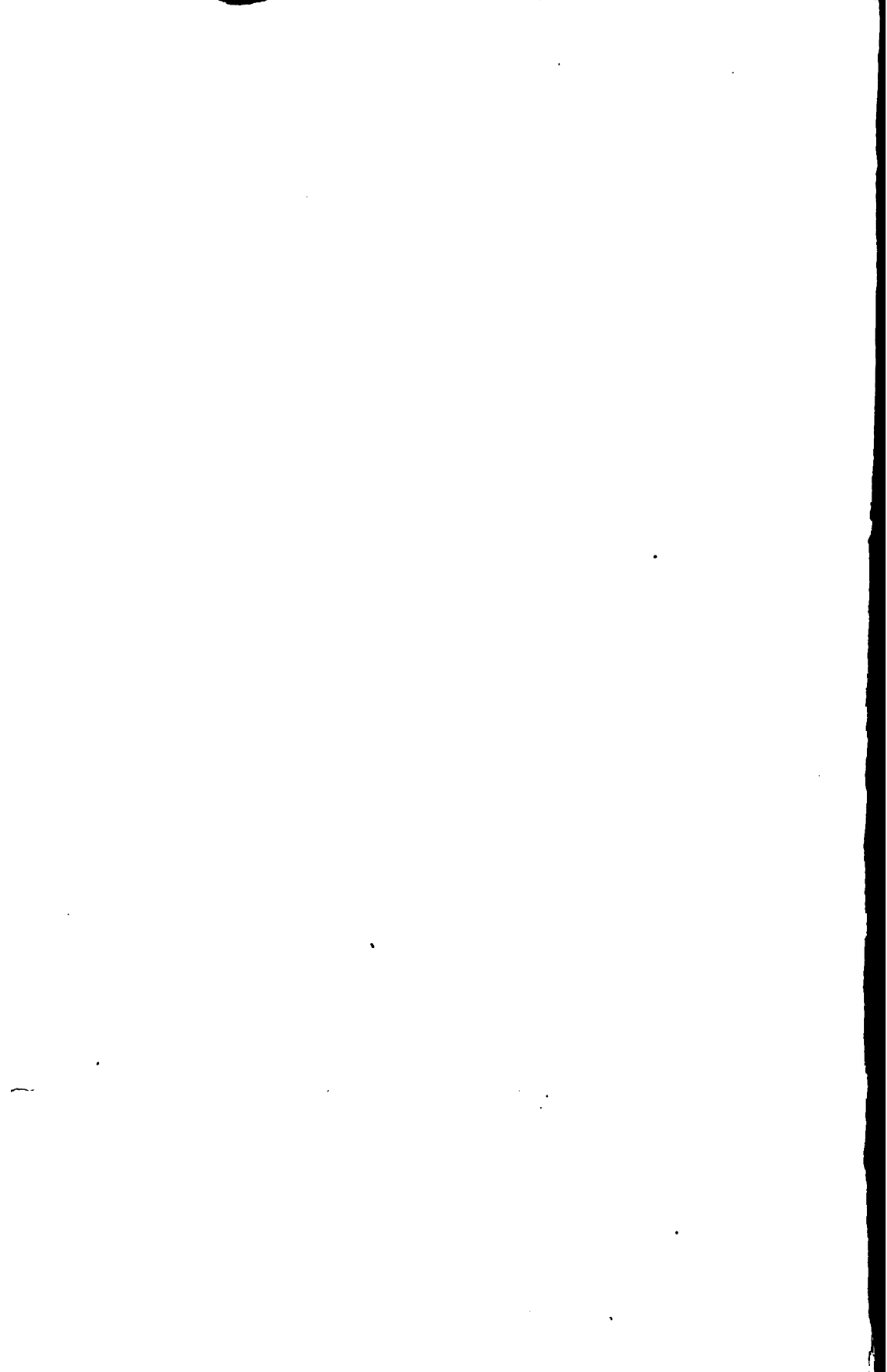


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THE ONLY NUMBER.

THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Of the HESPERIAN will contain, among other original papers:

"The Dutchman's Daughter. A Tale of the Early Emigrants. Part II."

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THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY

MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"To gather from still living witnesses, and preserve for the future annalist, the important records of the teeming and romantic PAST: to seize while yet warm and glowing, and inscribe upon the page which shall be sought hereafter, the bright visions of song, and the fair images of story, which gild the gloom and lighten the sorrows of the ever-fleeting PRESENT: to search all history with a steady eye, sound all philosophy with a careful hand, question all experience with a fearless tongue, and thence draw lessons to fit us for, and light to guide us through, the shadowed but unknown FUTURE."

VOLUME III.

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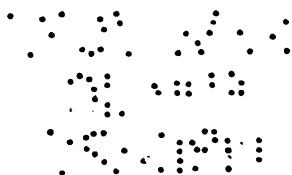
P R E F A C E .

WITH this, the first number of our third volume, commences the second year of the *HESPERIAN* ; and it is with some pride and not a little pleasure we state, that the general condition of the work is flourishing, and betokens length of days and increased usefulness of labor. Though we can boast nothing in the way of money-making, the support already extended to the work is sufficient to defray the expenses of its publication ; and as its circulation has increased steadily from the commencement, we think we can safely assure the public, that it is established upon a basis which nothing, but a want of punctuality on the part of our subscribers, can at present affect. Without this punctuality, we must suffer sundry embarrassments in our enterprise, and perhaps in the end be prostrated ; but with it, we have nothing to fear, and shall exert all our energies to make the *HESPERIAN* just such a work as the literary and social interests of this section of the Union require. We aim to inform, more than to amuse ; and to that portion of the community who prize intelligence above pleasure, more than to those who are in constant search after the gilded baubles of Fancy, do we look for countenance and support.

From this whole broad West, we expect occasionally to draw themes, arguments, and illustrations ; but for the principal and especial field of our labors, we claim only the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. By these four noble young commonwealths, mainly, do we expect to be sustained ; and, therefore, to the development of their natural resources, the collection of their early history, the depicting of their social condition, the recording of their physical progress, and the advocacy of what we conceive to be their true interests, shall our efforts be untiringly directed. In Ohio alone, as yet, with a very slight exception, have we sought a remuneration for our labors ; and the readiness with which her citizens have come up to the support of our undertaking, is gratifying in the extreme to our feelings of State pride. In those of her sister commonwealths named above, we shall soon seek to extend the circulation of our work ; and we hope to find the intelligent citizens of these several States, impressed with that sense of the usefulness and importance of a wholesome periodical literature, which will induce them warmly to co-operate with us in our efforts. The assistance of our editorial contemporaries to whom an exchange is now proffered, is earnestly solicited. They have some knowledge of us in times past : for times future, we refer them to our monthly doings, as these shall appear before them. For many kindnesses, we are already indebted to some of them ; and, as the only remuneration in our power, we hope we shall long be able to contribute to their intellectual delight.

What the *HESPERIAN* has been heretofore, in all essential points, it will be hereafter : industrious in its researches, deliberate in its judgments, candid in its opinions,

and dignified in its tone—carefully eschewing evil, honestly aiming to do good. We shall move quietly in our sphere, without pretension or parade, asking only that meed of approbation which can be sincerely awarded, and claiming only that support which we may be found to deserve.



THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME III.

CINCINNATI.

NUMBER I.

THE DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE EARLY EMIGRANTS. IN FOUR PARTS.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

PART FIRST.

A glassy elfin, coy and wild,
Neither a woman, nor a child.
Elfrick Shepherd.

INTRODUCTION.

Two or three characters, and one or two short passages, of this novelette, may be recognized by some readers as acquaintances of a former day. It seems therefore necessary the author should state, that the production has been the work of occasional periods, of a few days each, during the last six years; and that between four and five years ago, a couple of chapters of it, one of which is now embodied in the first and the other in the second part, were published in a periodical work then under his direction, with the title of "Passages from the Chronicles of the Dutch Village." These, with an extract called "The Dutch Philosopher," given subsequently in a magazine of very limited circulation, make up the amount of what has heretofore appeared in print.

The whole production has been revised, and almost entirely re-written, within a few months, with the intention of giving it to the public in the usual form of such works: but the author's connection with the *Hesperian*, formed since the first indulgence of that intention, and his determination to give to this periodical the benefit of all his efforts, have induced him to adopt the present mode of

publication. The division of the tale here given, comprehends about one-fourth of the whole. The remaining Parts will be published, one each month, in three consecutive numbers of the magazine, immediately following this.

The "Admiral's Daughter," the "Courtier's Daughter," the "Clergyman's Daughter," and so many other daughters, have been "brought out" of late, that an alteration in the title of this novelette would perhaps be politic and in good taste; but as the "*Dutchman's Daughter*" was born in secret, and christened in the presence of a few friends, long before either of those fair damsels appeared upon the stage of life, the author feels no disposition to fee the parson anew, or convoke the legislature to deliberate upon a change of her name.

Without further word, he now commits the production to the good graces of readers, and the tender mercies of critics, and at once stands aside to let those pass on, whom this has been written to introduce.

CHAPTER I.

AN ARRIVAL AT THE SWAN.

SOME twelve years ago, the Dutch Village, considered in any aspect whatever, was one of the finest and handsomest towns in all the "Far West;" and among the many agreeable things which appertained unto it, were two that can not be found every day, search

where you will: viz., an Inn comfortable at all times, and an Inn-Keeper ever obliging and polite.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of a fine spring day, that Derrick Vandunk, the landlord of THE SWAN, sat in the ample hall of his inn, with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his feet braced upon the front round of his chair. He was alone, and his senses were wrapt in revery, or repose. He had been thinking of other, and younger days; and under the remembrance of what had been, and been "most dear," but could never be again, had grown pensive, and then melancholy.—The best of us, who have gray hairs in our heads, are affected in like manner, on occasions, and can readily pardon the landlord his present dereliction.

A horse and rider drew up by the old-fashioned rack in front of The Swan.

"Landlord."

No answer.

"Landlord—I say! Halloo!"

But the landlord was not yet ready to leave the pleasant land of dreams. The traveler threw his bridle-rein over the rack, and dismounted. He entered the hall, passed its slumbering lord, and seized the bell-rope. The metal answered sonorously to his pull; when the inn-keeper started wildly from his seat, and leapt to the door.

"A sudden summons from the world of dreams," said the traveler,—a tall, handsome, and genteelly-dressed youth,—smiling pleasantly. "I beg pardon"—

"Not at all," interrupted the landlord, in a moment collecting his scattered senses, and asking "a thousand pardons" himself.

"Show me to a comfortable room," said the youth, "and have my horse put up."

"Yes, sir—this way. Will you have dinner?"

"Do you take supper late, or early?"

"Early—quite so."

"Then, as I am more tired than hungry, I will wait for that, and in the mean time take a little rest. But have my horse well looked to at once, for he has carried me far to-day. We shall perhaps tarry with you some time."

"Shall be glad of your company, sir.—This is your room; and I 'low you'll find it what may be called comfortable. But shall I not bring up your saddle-bags?"

"If you please—I had entirely forgotten them."

The landlord ran down stairs, and almost instantly reappeared with the bags. "If you want anything, you will find me within hearing;" and he left the traveler to himself.

Nicholas Cunningham was a native of the Land of the Pilgrims, and this was his first visit to the West. He had come, however, not as a visitor, but an emigrant. He was a young man, of excellent education, respectable connections, and pure moral character, but of limited means; and he was now abroad from the home of his birth, to become the artificer of his own fortunes in a land of strangers.

Cunningham was one of a very numerous class of young emigrants to the West: the offspring of honest and industrious parents, in the New-England States, who have been well trained from habit as well as principle, and received a good education as their main, and often their only, patrimony.—With this, and enterprising spirits, they start for the "Sunny South," or the "Far West," to shape their fortunes as they best can. The new States receive no worthier accessions; and the ingenuity and perseverance of such emigrants, seldom go long unrewarded. With minds well stored and rigidly disciplined, many of them fix their attentions upon the professions—one that of divinity, another that of medicine, a third that of law; and being without money, they spread themselves through the interior of the States, and take up such schools as they can get, as a means of support while pursuing their studies. Diligent, it may be said *by nature*, their progress is rapid, notwithstanding the hours devoted to the teaching of others; and in a few years after fixing themselves in their new homes, they may be seen in the pulpit, at the bar, and among the most successful practitioners of the healing art.

One of this numerous class, as has been remarked, was Cunningham. He had come to the West, at the age of twenty-one, here to build a fortune, if honorable exertions could achieve so much, and to win a name, if fine talents and untiring assiduity could receive their reward. His present wish was to settle in some thriving town, and to take upon himself for a time the charge of an Academy.

The young New-Englander tarried at The Swan day after day, and week after week, reading the few works he could get hold of that treated of the history, resources, extent, and character of the West, writing letters to his friends in New-England, and riding

about the country in the vicinity of the village. Apparently, he had no object other than that of enjoying himself; but in reality he had taken a great liking to the place, and to those of its inhabitants whose acquaintance he had made,—and he contemplated becoming a resident. He had mentioned this intention to several gentlemen, and also his desire of getting up a school in the village, could pupils enough be obtained to afford him a comfortable living, for a year or two; and, with advice from them to remain for a while, he received a partial promise of such a situation as he wished.

There were many considerations, to make a residence in the Dutch Village desirable to Cunningham. As will be seen hereafter, he had been something of a misanthropist, and much of a dreamer, within the walls of his college; and his occasional minglings with the ambitious and vain and pence-loving world about him, had tended in no degree to cure him of what was perhaps a constitutional disease. But here, in the budding wilderness, he found himself in the midst of a simple and an unsophisticated race of men; for the most part uneducated, it is true, and often rude to a degree, but frank, honest, and hospitable; and to cast his lot among such beings, would be a very realization of one of the most cherished dreams of a former day: that dream, which so many warm temperaments have indulged; that dream, with which so many enthusiastic natures have set out in life, only to be disappointed at every step, and chilled to misanthropy, or educated to a better knowledge of mankind; that dream, which is so beautiful as a dream, but is doomed, alas! never to become anything but a dream; that dream, of HUMAN REGENERATION, from which so many in all ages have awoke worsted, disgusted, and perhaps embittered for life.

Cunningham found his host much to his liking; and the frankness with which, soon after his arrival, he had acquainted the Innkeeper with his principal object in seeking the West, and the freedom with which, subsequently, he unfolded his plans for the future, had secured him a high place in the estimation of the latter. Derrick Vandunk was a spare, loquacious little Dutchman, of considerable humor, and great good-nature. He was now some fifty years old—having grown gray as a publican, (and sinner, the temperance societies would add.) The reputation of his bar and table spread far

around, and with him always put up the better sort of travelers in whose rout lay the Dutch Village. His occupation had thrown him so much into company, of various descriptions, that he had now very little of the Dutchman about him, either in appearance or tongue: a fortunate thing for Cunningham, as it had been for others before him; for never took true lover more delight in decanting upon the charms of his mistress, than did old Derrick in regaling travelers and new settlers with anecdotes and stories of the early days of the village and the surrounding country.

Cunningham was greatly interested in the history of the Old Dutch Settlement; and no small portion of his letters home, about this time, was occupied with the reminiscences of his host, and his own comments upon them and him. Inasmuch as some of the chief of the old settlers figure a little conspicuously hereafter, in our narrative, it may not be uninteresting to look back some twenty or thirty years, and devote a few pages to occurrences of that period.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY CHRONICLES.

YEARS ago,—from the relations of old Derrick to Cunningham, it must have been somewhere about the beginning of the present century,—a number of families of Pennsylvania Germans determined to pull up old stakes, and seek the World beyond the Mountains. Whether they had been stricken with the mania which about that time, or a few years after, raged so extensively under the name of "*western fever*," or were ambitious of founding a city in the Wilderness, tradition saith not: but they emigrated in a body; and after various and divers peregrinations, and much-searching after one of the finest parts of this land of promise, they eventually made choice of a tract of rich bottom-land, in the interior of one of our western commonwealths. And here, on a calm evening in the early part of Autumn, the substantial Dutchmen pitched their tents upon either side of a beautiful little stream, which, after almost numberless sweeps, and tumbings, and rushings, and curves of all kinds, debouched into one of the tributaries of the noble Ohio.

The emigrants were, in all, some forty or

fifty families. Some of them were wealthy and staunch agriculturists—two or three were ingenious mechanics—all were held respectable and industrious. The giant tree and the lithe sapling fell at the strokes of their sinewy arms, and were rapidly converted into dwelling-houses, barns, stables, fences, and fuel; and by midsummer the next year, the genial sun shone upon cultivated fields, and meadow-lands dotted with tethered horses, full-uddered cows, fleecy flocks, and a numerous and rapidly increasing colony of the spotted, compact, short-legged guinea-pig. The “settlers” were a contented and thriving community; and they cultivated their well-chosen alluvial farms, ate their savory sour-crout, drank their sparkling crab-cider, and smoked their long crooked pipes, in pastoral simplicity, and blissful ignorance of the rest of the world.

This enviable state of things continued for a number of years; but in course of time, word of their good fortune traveled back over the Alleghanies, and reached the ears of their former acquaintances. The consequence was, that new emigrants soon began to flow into the neighborhood, and settle around them; and those who had originally “located” the tract of country, were thus in a few years completely hemmed in. The premonitory symptoms of a country town,—such as a smithy, a shoe-shop with several lasts strung upon a wax-end at the door, a grocery with hickory brooms displayed about the entrance, and papers of coffee, sugar and spices, pasted in the window, a tavern where food, lodging and liquors, were kept for man, and stabling and provender for horses, and a “store” with a strip of red calico hung above the door and fluttering in the wind,—had made their appearance. These “improvements” happened to be upon a beautiful site, where the corners of four farms came together; and, at the suggestion of Derrick Vandunk, then a bustling little body in whose veins German and Irish bloods got along together in greater harmony than they had in his father’s house, the blacksmith, shoemaker, grocer and store-keeper, undertook to get up a town in real earnest. For the purpose of setting forth the advantages which such a measure promised, they by turns spent several days in perambulating the “settlement,” and enlightening the people. They met with considerable oppo-

sition; but having brought three of the four owners of the aforesaid farms to their way of thinking, a meeting was called, to be holden one week after the day of notice, to consider of the propriety of laying off a town-plat upon that site.

The week passed; and early on the day of the meeting, the whole male population of the “settlement” began to converge to the point upon which it was proposed to lay off the town. Before noon, various knots of earnest-looking individuals were congregated in the vicinity of the smithy, about the door of the grocery, before the gaily arrayed store, in the bar-room of the tavern, and elsewhere; and what with the charging of pipes, the clouds of smoke, the clatter of tongues, and the neighing of horses, such an ado was created as had never before disturbed the solitude of those primeval regions.

The busiest pair of legs anywhere to be seen, were those of the gratified publican, Derrick Vandunk. The rudely traced letters of this worthy’s sign—*Entertainment for Man and Beast*—stared every thirsty yeoman and every hungry animal in the face; and long before the arrival of the hour at which the meeting was to be opened for business, his somewhat spacious log bar-room was crowded with a motley assemblage. Derrick was but a recent comer; yet he had seen a good deal of the world, been engaged in several kinds of business, and improved by not a little mingling with his kind a natural acuteness of intellect,—and he well knew how to win the favor and operate upon the prejudices of the beings by whom he was surrounded. His active little body was everywhere in a twinkling, and he had a word or a joke for every one with whom he came in contact. He made many personal friends among the crowd, and changed the sentiments of a number who had been originally much opposed to his suggestion respecting a town.

Excitement ran high, in doors and out; and over by the smithy, one old gentleman of ponderous dimensions, who was regarded as the leader of the anti-town men, and of whom we shall see and hear more by-and-by, did not scruple to declare, that the whole was a trick of the scheming Vandunk, gotten up to empty his whiskey barrels and fill his pockets. There were not a few of this same way of thinking; but a large majority of the settlers were disposed to give

the inn-keeper credit for superior intelligence, enterprise, and public spirit.

The elderly individual above alluded to, rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Yohannes Vantyle. Yohannes belonged to the original band of emigrants, and was a native of one of the most inveterate and decided German spots in the Penn state. He was, in all things, a thorough-going anti-innovator. Old customs he held sacred, and old manners he venerated: and a wish to change one's condition, was to him the strongest evidence of a weak mind. The *vis inertiae* was a part of both his spiritual and his corporeal nature; and how he had ever been induced to join the emigrating party, and leave his "Pennsylvania Home" for the wilds of the "Far West," remains a mystery to this day.

The hour arrived, and the meeting was opened with due formality by the store-keeper, the shoe-maker, and the publican, to whom every one seemed to defer in this matter. Hans Van Schickle, an elderly gentleman, and owner of one of the four farms whose corners made the town site, first spoke in favor of the embryo village. He was followed by Oloff Keiser and Pelt Baumgartner, proprietors of two other of the aforesaid plantations, who simply echoed his sentiments. All eyes were now turned upon Yohannes Vantyle, proprietor of the fourth. There had as yet been no show of opposition, Yohannes being expected to lead off. This worthy therefore clutched his never-abandoned pipe firmly in his right hand, and commenced a furious assault upon the measure, and upon those who advocated it; but with especial good-will and heartiness did he belabor the little publican. Like the onset of an April storm, the beginning of his speech was the fiercest part. He soon cooled down a little, and took a not unreasonable view of the matter. Villages, he thought, were but cities in miniature. They were certain nurseries of vice, and immorality of all kinds: therefore did he object to the measure. The notion had originated with a twopenny vender of strong drinks: therefore no good could come of it. Already had their yet peaceable neighborhood been visited by yankee pedlars, and foreign speculators: therefore, to build a town would be to invite such beings to take up their abode among them, who would in time corrupt the morals of their children, and cheat them out of their property. But

more than all did he object to the site chosen: his farm was one of the four which cornered upon it; he was now snugly settled down, and in easy circumstances; and he had no mind to have his fruit-trees clubbed, his grain trampled down, and his quiet disturbed, by permitting a town to be planted under his nose—not a bit of it—and it should n't be done!

Yohannes here returned his pipe to his mouth, folded his arms, hitched about a little, and looked defiance upon his adversaries. Several commenced replying to him, but all yielded to the inn-keeper. Derrick Vandunk's nervous little body could not keep its seat, although those who had preceded him in the discussion, had set him a dignified example, by not leaving theirs. He therefore rose, a smile of triumph already spreading over his visage, and began at once upon his opponent's nose. He built quite an argument upon the old gentleman's proboscis, so propitiously marshalled into the melee of disputation. He contended, that the fact of the aforesaid nose being of altogether unrivalled dimensions, ought to induce its possessor to be more charitable and accommodating. The advantages, he observed with an air of much earnestness, of planting the town under his friend's nose, would be many; and not one of the least of them, this: that a very considerable outlay for lightning-rods would thus be spared, as the magnificent member of the gentleman's body under consideration, would constitute an ample protection from the angriest ragings of the elements. And moreover,—he continued, inclining his body slightly towards Yohannes,—who could calculate the amount of benefit that might result to the community, from every family having its bacon smoked without trouble or expense!

These arguments were deemed irresistible, in one sense, by a large majority of those present; and as the speaker took his seat, shouts of applause rent the air. But strong as they were, and powerfully as they appealed to Yohannes's finer feelings, and to his public spirit, he remained unconvinced. —The inclination of the speaker's body towards the old gentleman, caused every eye to turn in that direction; when, lo! the object of interest could no where be seen. The cause of this was, that during the whole of his opponent's harangue, he had been so valorously engaged with his pipe, as, when it was concluded, to be complete-

ly wrapped up in the dense mantle of his own smoke.

Whisperings quickly passed round, particularly among the younger members of the Diet, that, as a punishment for his obstinacy, the good St. Nicholas had turned Yohannes into a Dutch fog. But the opposer of the town-plat measure, soon gave them ocular demonstration, that he was yet flesh and blood in the land of the living; for, emerging from the cloud in which he had been shrouded, he flourished his pipe in one hand and a huge cane in the other, and made rapid strides towards the eulogical inn-keeper. That worthy, however, having no contemptible opinion of Yohannes's bodily prowess, thought it best, as Cunningham expressed the idea in one of his letters, not to remain to see his *argumentum ad nossem* demolished by an *argumentum ad hominem*. He therefore effected a hasty retreat.

Yohannes now addressed the meeting again, at times valiantly flourishing his cane and pipe, and making the ears of his auditors tingle. He concluded, by saying that his determination was *unalterably fixed*, against giving his sanction to the town-plat measure, or permitting any portion of the contemplated town to be built upon his property; and, his heart filled with indignation, he sat in sullen silence, deigning to cast a look or bestow a word upon not one of those by whom he was surrounded. But Yohannes had his weak points, as well as others. How full soever a Dutchman's heart may be, there is always a little corner ready for money. So when, a little time after the old gentleman had quit speaking, it was plainly represented to him by a friend, that he might in a few years increase his present riches several fold, by the sale of town-lots, he turned on his seat with a quick motion, opened his eyes wider than they had ever been stretched before, and pricked up his ears till they felt like a couple of young horns: then quietly re-charging his exhausted pipe, he gravely remarked, "Vell, vell—if it pes for te puplic goot, I cares nothing!" and looked about with the air of one who has made an individual sacrifice for the general welfare. The young stared, his opponents wondered, and his colleagues were thunder struck; but these, seeing their leaders so suddenly desert them and go over to the enemy, gave up in despair—and no further opposition was attempted.

The matter was now soon put to vote; and a large majority decided in favor of lay-

ing off the town-plat. At as early a day as possible, this was done; and before two years had rolled round, this nucleus of what is now a rich and populous county, had received into its bosom several hundred additional "settlers." Among them were the ingenious and stirring New-Englander, the industrious and enterprising Midlander, and the fortune-seeking son of "Caledonia the wild." Yohannes Vantyle in good time became a man of much wealth. In after years, he did not regret that the town had been "planted under his nose," but he never forgave the waggish little inn-keeper for jesting with his nasal proportions and his smoking propensities.

And thus, assuming Derrick Vandunk to be good authority and Nicholas Cunningham a careful chronicler, originated the Dutch Village.

CHAPTER III.

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.

"TWENTY years!" half said and half sighed the Inn-keeper, the day he related to Cunningham most of the particulars contained in the preceding chapter; "it's a long time, young gentleman, and yet it seems but a day. I 'low you calkilate to live more 'an that time yet, sir; an' if you do, call to mind this day, and remember that on it old Derrick Vandunk told you, what you'll then know to be true, that, no odds how you look upon the world now, or feel towards it, the whole character of your thoughts 'll then be totally changed. I don't say you'll find it *worse* than you're now afraid it is, nor *better* than you hope it 'll get—but you wont find it *what* you expect to, no odds what that is. I'm comfortable-like here, you see, and purty well off; but it al'ays gives me the melancholies to look back—and I can't tell why. It's"—

"Had you ever any children, Mr. Vandunk?" asked Cunningham.

"No—the old woman and me's lived together, now, twenty—two—years; and she's just as good a soul as ever. No, sir, it's not the loss of children, or friends, or anything o' that sort. I sometimes think, it's just 'cause the way back 's lined, as a man might say, with dead carcasses: I mean the dreams we all have about the world, when young, and the calkilations we make of what we 'll do and be when we get older, and all that—dropt off, sir, one at a time, and dead

as can be—and when we 're old and look back a little, we see them scattered about every where, and that makes us melancholy. The day you first came here, Mr. Cun— But there's a traveler!" and away to the bell-rope, and then to the rack after the horseman's saddlebags, danced the sentimentalizing landlord; and out, to indulge in a lonely ramble the train of thought which had just been started, went the young New-Englander.

Notwithstanding that his general character was that of a mirthful host who knew how to keep his customers in a good humor, and a prudent landlord who looked well to the main chance, yet Derrick Vandunk was at times much addicted to sentimentalizing and philosophising, as may be seen hereafter. At present we can only notice him, further, as one of the few of its original founders who still clung to the village. His "Entertainment for Man and Horse" had long since been superseded by the Golden Swan which now displayed its rich plumage on his swinging sign-board; and instead of the original log building, with its bar-room, dining-room, and parlor, all in one, a substantial stone-house rose upon the spot, of convenient structure, and with ample accommodations of all kinds.

From the first, like almost everything in this region, the Dutch Village had grown rapidly apace; but the honest Dutchmen, much given to calculating pence, and devotedly attached to their pipes and cider, had at an early day lost their political ascendancy, and more recently their numerical preponderance. The town was now nearly deserted of its original founders, and in their stead occupied by a gay, bustling, and enterprising population. The sturdy Germans, however, nearly all remained in the vicinity, too much attached to their fertile "location," and too well aware of its worth, to think of going "farther back," with the tide of emigration that was now flowing by them. Again, they were a contented and thriving community of husbandmen. Demagogues had told them that they constituted the very backbone of the country; and though they could not exactly make out how that was, or what it meant, yet they doubted not that it signified something important, and allowed it to satisfy them for the loss of political and municipal power.

Our old acquaintance, Yohannes Vantyle, lived about a mile from the village, on the most handsomely situated and best cultiva-

ted lands any where in those regions. Yohannes was now a widower with an only surviving child. He had lost his wife, on whom he had doated with a high and pure love, about five years after the period of the foundation of the village. They had lived together some twenty years; and though he was of a rough nature, and his partner gentle and far beyond him in intelligence, yet had they lived happily. He was the son of a Pennsylvania farmer in good circumstances; she, an orphan of whom nothing was known, but that she had been confided to the keeping of his mother, at the age of six or seven years, by a stranger in that part of the country, who was to return for her in the course of a week or two, but who was found two or three days afterwards, a few miles from the dwelling of the Vantyles, murdered and robbed. Publication of the circumstance was made, far and wide; but nobody claimed the child, and after the lapse of a few months it was as far as possible metamorphosed into a little Dutch girl, by Dame Vantyle, and treated in every respect as one of her children.

Yohannes Vantyle was now a very different being, from what we beheld him at the memorable convention which decided the fate of the village project. Twenty years, most of it passed in bodily ease and inactivity, and in the indulgence of an appetite ever good, had almost doubled his diameter and ponderosity. He had become a man of very curious corporeal parts indeed. The circumference of the krout-barrel into which his legs were apparently morticed, and on the upper extremity of which a diminutive head was stuck behind a huge proboscis, was greater than the altitude of the entire man. Yohannes had at this time an opinion that he was a man of the most remarkable *cunning*: he had, moreover, the gout. Though not able any longer to work upon his farm himself, he yet paid great attention to having his grounds well tilled, and his granaries well filled: he also exercised a like circumspection over his appetite and stomach. In addition to his other worldly possessions, Yohannes had an old oak chest—and he disliked exceedingly to unlock this, when the tax-gatherer made him a visit: for the simple reason, that it pained his heart to say "farewell" to an old acquaintance. He liked just as little to see the dry-goods vender, as the tax gatherer: for a guinea was a much greater favorite.

with him, than a shop-keeper's receipt for four dollars sixty-six cents. Yet with these, and some other similar peculiarities, Yohannes Vantyle was generally much liked: for he was hospitable at all times, and on occasions liberal to a degree.

There resided in the village at this time, one Clymer Clymers, who reported himself a native of Bristol, England, and who, according to his own account, had been in the United States about five years. Nothing, save what he told himself, was known of him except for the last twenty-four months, all which time he had spent in the village, as a poster of books, teacher of penmanship, cleanser and drawer of teeth, school-master, and-so-forth. This Clymers was one of a class of personages, two or three specimens of which, perhaps, cross one's path in the course of a life time. He was an ill-bred, bustling, strutting little fellow, who was always thrusting his diminutive figure into everybody's presence, and interesting himself in everybody's business. There was nothing which he did not know better than any one else, and nothing which he could not do—but pursue some reputable calling for a livelihood, and cease meddling with the affairs of other people.—A country town is the best theater in the world for such a dignitary's performances. He there finds the right kind of materials to work with, and proper stuff in abundance to operate upon. While he is successful in screening himself from observation, he may move the puppets of society about at pleasure, and much to the astonishment of all beholders: but so soon as he suffers himself to be caught working the wires, the "Punch and Judy" game is up.—Clymers had run quite a successful career of mischief-making; but he had of late had so many eyes upon him, that he was unable to elude observation; and about the time of Cunningham's arrival, he had rendered himself very unpopular among the more intelligent portion of the community.

In nearly all things a counterpart to Clymer Clymers, was Miss Henrietta Simper, a maiden lady of the village, who had a handsome little property, lived in a pleasant little cottage, and paraded through the streets, in a mincing gait, a not uncomely little body. Miss Simper and Mr. Clymers had for some time been on what are usually called "intimate terms;" and it had of late been given out by the elderly ladies of the village,

in tea-table gossip, that the man was prodigiously smitten with the woman, or her snug cottage-home with its handsome grounds, and that the woman was no wise loth to give the man right and title to the *real* property, in consideration of his taking with it the *personal* incumbrance.—Tea is a great quickener of the fancy; too much, therefore, of what passes between ladies over their cups, should never be received as gospel truth. In the present case, however, it may be presumed there was a foundation for what was said with respect to Mr. Clymers and Miss Simper; for the former had a very correct notion of the value of lands and tenements, and the latter had reached that "certain age" when the taste is not apt to be very fastidious.

There was in the village at this time, a very respectable school, dignified, in the spirit of the age, with the title of Academy; and over this had presided, for about five months, Mr. Clymer Clymers. As has been stated, the little Bristolian had become unpopular with those who furnished to the school its principal support; and the gentlemen to whom Cunningham, at the time entirely ignorant of this fact, had mentioned his desire to become a teacher, considered the present an excellent opportunity of getting rid of one whose incompetency as an instructor was fast becoming apparent to all. They immediately consulted with others, then convinced themselves of Cunningham's merits as a man and qualifications as a teacher, and soon determined that he should succeed the present incumbent of the Academy preceptorship.

About a week after this, Clymers received from the proper authorities a note, requesting him to resign his situation. It was couched in respectful language, but hinted at various matters displeasing to the trustees and others, which the pedagogue knew it was impossible for him to explain to the satisfaction of any one. He therefore replied, on the instant, that he had some time before come to the determination to retire at the expiration of the quarter then nearly through, and was glad his views coincided so well with those of his employers!

The time elapsed, and Clymers withdrew from the preceptorship. The situation was offered to Cunningham, and by him immediately and gladly accepted. With the commencement of the new session, he entered upon the discharge of his duties as

Preceptor. A few weeks sufficed to convince the trustees that they had made a most happy change in the head of their school, and confided the important trust which Cunningham now held, to one every way worthy of it. The young New-Englander was somewhat diffident, and rather retiring in his habits: nevertheless, having inspired very general confidence in his ability as a teacher, and his worth as a man, he won rapidly upon the esteem of the villagers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VANTYLE HOMESTEAD.

ABOUT a mile from the Dutch Village, ran a limpid and beautiful little stream, called Rock-Hollow creek. It wound handsomely through the tract of country which had been "located" by the company of emigrants, as mentioned in a preceding chapter. Much of its course was through a beautiful district of forest and meadow land; but occasionally its shores were rugged and picturesque. Near the village, it bounded over a rocky bed, and shot through a dark and wild ravine: hence the name, bestowed upon it by the first settlers. After a course like this of several hundred yards, the rocky and abrupt shores gradually disappeared, a handsome forest of beech, hickory, walnut and maple, stretched along upon one side, and upon the other cultivated grounds sloped gently up towards the village.

These latter were the possession of Yohannes Vantyle. Some forty or fifty acres of delightful southern slope, lay along the water-course for a considerable distance, immediately after the termination of the rocky ravine. It was near the center of this, that the family mansion of the Vantyles displayed its long white piazza, and substantial stone walls. It was a commodious and somewhat tasty structure, the building of which had consumed not a little of the proceeds of the town lots aforementioned. It was familiarly called, from its position, the Hollow-House; and a more pleasantly situated mansion, no one would wish to ramble around and lounge about of a summer's day. A green lawn, dotted with an occasional pear, and plum, and cherry tree, spread in front, running nearly down to the

creek, and terminating in a border of black-berry and rasp-berry bushes, that sprang up along the stone-hedge which inclosed the grounds in that direction. At one end of the house was a fine apple-orchard, and at the other a fine peach-orchard. Immediately in its rear, lay the well-arranged garden grounds, inclosed by a white paling fence; and beyond them, the barn, stables, cribs, and other out-houses pertaining to an extensive farm, presented quite a group of varying structures.

A few rods to the right of these, and standing alone, was an old and curious log building. A thick growth of burdock, and mullen, and tansy, had sprung up about it; and this, from appearance, had not been grubbed, or mowed, or trampled, for years. At one end of the cabin, a creeper-vine had grown up and multiplied a million-fold; at the other, a grape-vine had rivaled it; and the two met in embrace on the black clap-board roof, where, undisturbed by the pruning-knife, they had increased and mingled scions for many a long year. The glass was broken out, and the chimney had tumbled down; but the window-sash remained, and were whole, and the hearth, though sunken and moss-grown, had not lost a stone. An occasional leaning post, and a high growth of weeds, alder, and currant-bushes, indicated the direction and extent of an old garden-spot; the pickets, some lying upon the ground rotten, others leaning against the rank shrubbery, were almost hidden from view. Near the center of the spot, an old pear-tree had suffered so numerous a progeny to spring up from its roots, that all the sap was required to nourish them: it had consequently, years before, had its vitals torn out by its own descendants; and it now stood a melancholy wreck, leafless, barkless, and almost branchless,—surrounded by an ambitious growth of young trees, each striving to overtop its companions.—Such were the more striking appearances of the old garden-spot. Near one corner of it, was a neat enclosure of a few yards square, containing two graves covered with plain slabs. And around the whole—the decayed house, the venerable vines, the neglected garden, the skeleton tree, and the simple burial-place—there reigned an air of breathless quiet, and religious repose.

Here, in former times, had been the dwelling-spot of the Vantyles; the old log

house was their original domicile in the West; in it had a son and a daughter been born to Yohannes—the first of whom slumbered beneath one of the slabs in the little inclosure; and here had a wife, the first love and the last of his honest heart, been taken from him, and consigned to the earth; side by side slept the wife and the son—the mother and the child. The house and the grounds, hallowed by many deep and tender recollections, and forever associated with the memory of passions extinguished, and dreams unrealized, and feelings now blunted, Yohannes regarded with a sacredness, which permitted them never to be disturbed.

Oh—tell me not that the rough garb covers only the rough bosom; nor that the rough bosom is not the abode of the kindlier feelings, and the holier affections. I believe it not. No: there be those at the plough and by the anvil, capable of the truest friendship, the holiest devotion, the most enduring love: a friendship, that shall not fail in the hour of trial—a devotion, that is unmingled with aught of worldly consideration—a love, that the grave alone shall subdue.

The only living being, in whose veins ran the blood of Yohannes Vantyle, was his daughter Mary, a girl at this time of some fifteen years. Of the early life of the Heiress of Rock-Hollow, I shall say but little. Left without a mother at a very early age, and about the same time deprived of her brother, she became *the one object* of a doating father's love. And although a house-keeper was provided for the establishment soon after her mother's death, yet over *her* no authority was given; and for several years the summer days of the wild young thing, were spent culling and wreathing flowers in the garden, chasing butterflies over the meadows, and sporting on the green lawn with two or three playmates of her own years and sex. Arrived at the age of nine or ten, she was sent for three or four quarters to a common English school in the Village. But she had so long been one of the principal sources of her fond parent's amusements, that he could ill bear to be separated from her so much as her attendance at school made necessary. He had originally consented to her going, only after the repeated and urgent solicitations of one of the parents of her young playmates, who had detected in the child indications of cha-

racter and intellect of a superior stamp.—And, himself without any education, and ignorant of the inestimable blessing of which he was depriving his child, he took her away from the school before she had gotten sufficiently advanced in the rudiments of learning to pursue her studies at home. Her mind, ever active and inquiring, had received a direction and an excitement during her brief attendance at the school, which were not at once to be forgotten. She found much of her taste for former amusements gone, and became restless and unhappy, though she hardly understood anything of the cause. Several times she asked her father again to send her to school; but he refused; and to escape a state of existence which, without her knowing why, was now irksome and intolerable, she became a voluntary assistant of Katrina the house-keeper, and spent much of her time in domestic employments.—Content again took possession of her young bosom; and she soon became, much to the delight of her father, a rosy and romping little dairy-maid.

At the age of fifteen, Mary Vantyle was not only the sprightliest, and tidiest, and rosiest lass in the neighborhood, but she could make the best smear-case and sour-kraut that were to be had within a month's ride, and milk a cow in less time than any one else in the country. At quilting-parties and apple-cuttings she was always the ripest for a "play;" and at corn-shuckings, to which in those early times our backwoods fair always turned out, the beaux of the village, and the sturdy youngers of the surrounding country, preferred standing by the side of Mary to being by that of any other damsel within their knowledge. A doubt of the propriety of yielding the usual forfeit for every red ear found by her companion, had never crossed her brain; and upon such occasions, she made no practice of burying her pretty cheek in her folded arms. She never, however, allowed the fortunate swains to overstep the strict boundaries of propriety, as they were understood in those simple days, much as she set some of them to sighing and wooing: all was the result of her downright good common sense; pertness, and prettiness. There was something perfectly irresistible, in the expression of her roguish blue eye, the peach-blossom of her fair oval cheeks, and the easy naturalness of her manners; and many an honest youth carried an aching heart in his breast, for

weeks after having stood by her at the corn-heap, sat by her at the apple-cutting, or prompt with her at the quilting-party. Still, as for sighing and wooing, or being wooed and sighed after, neither had ever given a moment's uneasiness to the bewitching young heiress.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

MARY VANTYLE was a girl of spirit; and notwithstanding the veneration of her father for ancient usages, she had proved herself, in every sense, a complete and thorough-going innovator. The lower part of the Hollow-House, although Yohannes reposed the most unlimited confidence in his old housekeeper Katrina, had recently been newly furnished under Mary's immediate direction; and though some articles of the furniture did not sort so well with others as a good eye would desire, yet, for a wild country girl, who never, often as she had been in the houses of the better sort of people in the village, appeared to see anything but the capering kittens and the flowers on the mantle-piece, nor to think of anything but fun from morn till night, Mary had displayed in the selection and arrangement not a little good taste.

Nature sometimes plays very strange freaks with the members of the human family. We now see a poor shoemaker elevated to a conspicuous place in the councils of a great nation—now a roving printer taking his stand with the wisest and greatest philosophers the world has produced—now a notoriously idle student shaking the strong-holds of despotism with the power of his eloquence—now an unknown and indigent orphan winning his way to the highest trust within the bestowal of a free people—now a poor peasant girl seating herself at the side of an emperor, his espoused bride—and now a subaltern soldier hewing his way to a throne, dictating to princes and kings, and threatening to prostrate the liberties of the world.

Such are some of the odd freaks of old Dame Nature. And in the instance now before us, we behold her entering the domicile of an honest old Dutchman, and, notwithstanding his abhorrence of everything in the least degree different from what he has all

his life been used to, turning the head of his daughter, tearing from her bosom, by the very roots, nearly every feature of the race from which she has sprung, and metamorphosing the home of his old age into a likeness of the rich and gay mansions of the vain and the foolish.

The patriarch often sighed for the simple ways and solid enjoyments of a former day; but he could not find it in his heart, such was his love for his daughter, to deny her in what he saw contributed to her happiness. She was therefore at this early age mistress of herself at least, and had her own way in everything. The worst and hardest shock to the patriarch's prejudices, however, had not yet arrived; but it was just at hand.

'Twas a cool moonlight evening, in the latter part of August. In an old arm-chair, upon the back piazza of the Hollow-House, sat Yohannes Vantyle, with his consoling pipe, which had been his constant companion for many years. Mary was absent at a small party in the neighborhood; it was waxing well towards midnight, and he wondered why she did not return. Two or three times he rose from his chair, waddled from one end of the piazza to the other, looked away into the still distance, and listened attentively to catch the wild laugh and the gay tones of his child.

The absent came not; and wearied at length with his watching, the anxious parent threw himself into his chair, adjusted the stem of his pipe in his mouth and the bowl in his lap, and leaned back against the wall. In this position, he gave himself up entirely to revery and the influence of the precious weed; and it was not long till his senses were steeped in oblivion. From fixed habit, he still continued to draw at the pipe; but the issues of smoke were "few and far between." As these rose slowly above his head, and gathered themselves into curious forms, visions of strange shape thronged his waking fancy. After sundry disagreeable adventures in the land of dreams, he was suddenly carried to the pleasant banks of the Susquehanna. Here he lived over again the life of his boyhood—performing its labors with comparative ease and miraculous dispatch, and enjoying its sports with a hearty zest. Suddenly came on his young manhood—with its cares, and vexations, and disappointments, and its occasional gleams of the sunlight of joy.

Then flashed upon him, instantaneously and with almost blinding splendor, the period of his warm love—when he had wooed and won the pretty orphan girl; notwithstanding the disparity in their age, to become his bride. All was strange, and he felt bewildered. Surely there was no deception; it was his proper self; yonder was the substantial farm-house of his fathers—here swept the clear waters of the Susquehanna—and there were the green banks of that beautiful river. He looked around, and started—for he now stood upon the very spot where he and his betrothed had plighted their faith, with burning words, and sealed it with their lips. But where was she? A melancholy feeling came over him, and he seated himself upon the grassy bank. A spell was upon him, and there was bitterness in it, and wonder, and fear, and a vague consciousness that all this *had been*, and that it was *now* but a dream. He looked around again—and at the instant a light-hearted laugh broke upon his ear: he started, for it was that of his betrothed. Then came her gay tones, sweet and musical—and next, her tidy person broke upon his vision. It was *not* a dream, then: *this* was the *reality*, and the indistinct impression that all these things *had been*—that was *the dream*! The betrothed had companions; but from these she parted, at some distance, and approached her lover alone. How beautiful did she appear to him—how much more beautiful than she had ever looked before. He sprang to his feet, and ran to meet her; he opened his arms, and received her within their embrace; he pressed her to his bosom; and, as he felt her soft lips touch his own, his very extremities thrilled with a sensation of delight. He added fervor to his embrace, and

"O, father—father!" shouted Mary Vantyle, "how hard you squeeze me. I declare, I'll never kiss you again!"

"Pauley! Pauley!" exclaimed the old man, releasing his daughter, and rising hastily,—"*ish tis you?*"

"Is it *me*? Why—father—for shame!—who did you think it was *but* me? Such a hugging! I shall never"—

"I musht a'f peen treaming, sure! Put ven tid you get home, gall?"

"A minute ago—My company have just left me, and aint out of sight yet—And I found you asleep, and came to kiss you

awake, and such a squeezing as you have given me—u-g-h!"

"Never mind, gall. But vat kept you so?"

"Oh, we'd such a fine time, and so much fun! But I've got something to tell you. I'm going to school!"—

"No, no—tat's nonsense."

"But I am. They turned off Old Clymers, you know, whom the girls hated so; and they say the new master gets *them* along so fast—and I mean to go to school again."

"No, no, Pauley: you can't pe shpared. It isn't any ushe, any how?"

"Yes, it is use. There was a book there to-night, called the—I forget what—but it had such a curious story in, of an old man named"—

"Nonsense, gall! nonsense."

"No it wa'n't nonsense, father. It was right curious; and the girls could all read but me and Sally Mentz—and I felt so ashamed! Sally may do as she pleases, but I mean to go to the school. Why, I shall hereafter feel so"—

"Pshaw, gall! Vere ish te ushe! Te cows vill gif none more milk—te putter vill pring none more monish—te fruit vill grow none more faster—te krout vill pe none more petter—te"—

"I don't care—I haven't thought about it, till now, for ever so long—Monday's my birth-day, and then I mean to go."

"Go?—Go to ped, vixen, unt get up mit your senses," said the parent a little angrily, as they entered the house.

Something further passed, as they ascended to their chambers; and ere they separated for the night, much as Yohannes's prejudices were against such a step, he was compelled to consent to what he termed, and honestly considered, the "*tam nonsense*" of his daughter. Perhaps the old gentleman had heard something of the stories of Dr. Faustus; but be that as it may, he thought all learning was of the Evil One, and tended only to corrupt the human heart, and draw people's attention from the useful avocations of life. Still, softened it may be, by his late dream, and the recollections it had awakened, he could not, when his daughter, before going to her pillow, came to his bedside and bent down and kissed him, and said in a beseeching tone,

"*Magn't I now?*" find it in his heart to deny her.

Of a temperament sanguine, and a mind inquiring when once excited with respect to any particular subject, the young Mary had high anticipations of the new world she was about to enter—and she was impatient to behold again its dawning light. Thoughts, such as had never before been hers, now thronged her mind; and warm dreams, and vague images of things new and beautiful, mingled with doubts and fears, and the bright hopes that impelled her on. Not more confident was "the world-seeking Genoese," that in addition to the continents he had yet beheld, were others fairer and greater than they, than was the aroused soul of this unlettered girl, that beyond the world of mind she had yet known, and whose extent she could now compass at a glance, lay one of magnitude extreme, and grandeur indescribable: and not more impatiently did the great voyager long for the time when he should be allowed to dare tempest and death, in search of those unknown continents, than did this young being for the arrival of the day that was to usher her into a new and higher creation.

Mary's feelings had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement; and when she won from her parent his consent to her desire, she threw herself upon her bed, in a state of bodily as well as mental exhaustion.

Her buoyant spirits, however, and elastic frame, soon regained their tone. Still, she slept but little during the night; and the next morning for the first time in her life, she arose with a pale cheek, and a shade of pensive melancholy resting upon her beautiful face.

Mary's present state of mind, however, as will readily be conceived, had not been produced by the circumstance which she mentioned to her father, alone. At the party already mentioned, she had excited, by her beauty and vivacity, the attention and interest of one who was surprised to find a being so capable and so deserving, without even the rudiments of a common education, and with only a few dim and vague ideas of her origin and final destiny. That one, was Cunningham; and he scrupled not to interest her mind in the subject of education, and to awaken her curiosity with respect to an over-ruling Providence, and an eternal hereafter.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRECEPTOR.

It seems fitting that we should now, for a few moments, turn our attention upon him who colored with his own spirit, and shaped with his own hand, the destinies of the one who, in this brief drama, holds so conspicuous a place.

Cunningham was a man of strong mind, correct views, and fixed principles; but he was an enthusiast in religion, and greatly over-estimated the moral influence of human teaching. He had been a student, close and intense; and the knowledge which books impart, was his. In his Study, he had walked with the Stagyrte, and imbibed his lessons of wisdom; he had admired the firmness of the Stoic, and smiled at his philosophy; he had lingered in the gardens of the Epicurean, and heard the eloquence of the Portico; he had laved his spirit in the streams of olden Poesy, and quenched his thirst at "the well of English undefiled;" he had heard the Grecian orator denounce, and the Roman persuade; he had bent entranced over the glowing pages of Holy Writ, ascended the Mount of Olives with the Son of Man, and accompanied the Apostles on their missions of grace and duty; he had beheld the Game of Life from the Beginning—and he *saw* how weak and corrupt was the human heart, but *thought* how strong and beautiful it might be made.

This had he done—and thus had he dreamed; the while forming his moral character upon a high model, and disciplining his intellect severely and thoroughly. But his sphere of actual observation upon human nature, had been bounded, first by the walls of his college, and subsequently by those of his Study. And thus secluded from contact with the world which surrounded him, he had heard of its wickedness and folly, and magnified them fifty-fold. He cared not to jeopard his salvation, by mingling with it at all. But his mind was too well disciplined, and his moral nature too well toned, to allow of his becoming a confirmed misanthrope; and it was a favorite amusement with him, in hours of relaxation, to form plans for the regeneration of the human kind. He *saw* that the efforts of the pulpit, effectual as they were, were yet weak indeed, when considered with reference to the magnitude of the work they had to per-

form ; and various were the auxilial schemes that he originated and abandoned.—But, upon revolving in his mind the whole matter of human error and regeneration, his good sense taught him, that to meet with anything like success in applying a remedy, it is first necessary to see and study the disease and its nature. He therefore determined to go at once into the world. This he did ; and he soon found, to his joy, that human nature was not exactly what he had conceived it to be. Goodness, it is true, he did not find everywhere ; nor did he perceive it *abounding* anywhere : but he saw more of pride and folly in the heart of man, than of wickedness and corruption. Experience soon modified his preconceived opinions ; and *now*, qualifying his original idea, he dreamed of a state of *human* perfectibility. And he thought mankind, in the aggregate, susceptible of that regeneration which was necessary to this.

Such was the state of mind, in which Cunningham left his native New-England, and sought the regions of the Great West. Arriving at the Dutch Village, a pilgrim in search of a resting place for life, various considerations induced him there to plant his staff. The town was a growing one, and delightfully situated ; he saw the hand of Industry in every direction, and knew that prosperity must crown well-directed effort ; he likewise beheld around him, in great part, an uneducated and unsophisticated race of men ; and, as has been already said, to cast his lot among such beings, would be to realize one of his most cherished dreams. That he did so, has been already seen, and in what capacity.

Cunningham entered upon the discharge of the duties of Teacher, with all the enthusiasm which his peculiar character, and his present novel situation, were calculated to inspire. In general, he was pleased with his pupils, and at once won their confidence and esteem. This rendered his labors much lighter than they would otherwise have been—and made his duties a pleasure, rather than the drudgery which is so often the lot of him who takes upon himself the office of teacher in a public school. He was leaning upon his desk one morning, in a musing attitude, a half-hour or more before school-time. None of his pupils had yet made their appearance, and the young Preceptor was abandoning himself to reverie. One by one the dreams of his boyhood stole up ; he

smiled at the extravagance of some—admired the beauty and purity of others—and sighed, when still others came thronging on, the loved and the long-cherished, whose realization he had once fondly believed in and longed for, but now knew to be impossible. But there was *one*—and a gleam of joy lighted his features as it came—dearer than all, and above all : and this, might not it yet be fulfilled ? His heart answered that it might ; and instantly his thoughts were of that beautiful, but wild and neglected being, who had so interested his feelings, at their casual meeting. But ———

Thump ! thump ! thump !—on the door-sill—and the world of Reverie was at an end.

"Pes you te new mashter?" asked an aged individual, of rather odd appearance, as Cunningham hastily quitted his desk and approached the door.

"I am the new teacher—yes, sir."

"Vell—tat's all I wanted to know. I've got a gall at home, vat's got te teufil in her head, unt she wants to come to you, to learn all te tam nonsense vat's pound up in pooks. Vere she got her notion, put from te Old One, I knows not ; for I never read any ting in my life—unt her good moter tied pefore she knew a pook from a cappitch. Put she's peen so much mit te town galls, for tish year gone—unt her head's full of one tam stuff another—unt so she musht come."

"I shall be happy"—

"Yaw—yaw—no toubt—I *paysh* anytime you choose ;" and away to his dearborn, which stood over the street, waddled the Patriarch of Rock-Hollow.

Cunningham was pleased, puzzled, and disgusted. He took a few turns across the room, and began to suspect that he was himself the devil that was at the bottom of the old man's apparent discontent. But could *this* be the father of the pretty and high-souled girl he had met at the recent party ? and could she so soon have considered his words, and taken such a step ? He doubted. But in a very few moments his doubts were resolved ; for stepping to a window, and looking out, he saw one of his pupils coming slowly towards the house, accompanied by the very object of his solicitude.

Lucy Winters,—a bright-eyed brunette from the Old Dominion,—had been one of the young playmates of Mary Vantyle. Her father had formerly had extensive business transactions with Yohannes, and he it was who had years before observed in the little

orphan Mary evidences of a character much above the ordinary stamp, and originally prevailed upon her prejudiced father to send her to the village school. He regretted it much when she was taken away, but knew that any efforts to have her remain would be unavailing with her parent. But no sooner had he at this time heard of her present determination to become a pupil of Cunningham, than he dispatched Lucy to the Hollow to bring her young friend over to the village, that he might bestow upon her some of that advice which he knew she so much needed but could not receive from her natural guardian.

When he had chatted awhile with Mary and his daughter, Mr. Winters thought it best that they should all go up to the Academy together, and talk the matter over with the teacher. The two young friends departed for that purpose—Lucy rejoiced exceedingly, and Mary half trembling, half confident, but determined to pursue the object she had in view. Mr. Winters soon followed them; and they had hardly seated themselves in the school-room, ere he entered. A consultation took place, during the continuance of which Mary was often much confused and sometimes sorely mortified. Various plans were suggested, considered, and abandoned. Finally it was determined, that Mary should spend a few months at home, in preparing herself to enter the school in a manner becoming her age and character, before taking that step; and when it was announced to her by Mr. Winters, that Lucy was for a time to make the Hollow-House her home, and become her teacher, the young friends mingled exclamations and tears of joy.

Mr. Winters took the pains to seek out Yohannes, and explain to him the agency he had assumed and the arrangements that had been made. The nature of these brought to the patriarch's bosom some relief; for he thought he might yet prevail upon his daughter, before the period of her home preparation should expire, to abandon her design.

CHAPTER VII.

PRECEPTOR AND PUPIL.

"How beautiful!" thought Cunningham, as he again leaned his head upon his desk, after the departure of the young friends.

"How truly beautiful! What womanly grace! and yet what childlike simplicity!" And a feeling, deeper and more overpowering than any he had ever before experienced, took possession of his breast. He thought of the wild romp of the party—and then of the sedate girl that had just quitted his presence; only a few days had passed—and yet there was certainly a visible change in her character. And he trembled! for might not the high spirit which inhabited that mortal frame, thus suddenly called to a knowledge of its nature and capacity, by its incessant workings do violence to its fragile tenement? The clock struck the hour of school, and awoke him to a sense of his immediate duties.

The months rolled round. The Christmas holidays were come; and there were smiling faces and merry hearts at the Hollow-House. A party at the Hollow, between Christmas and New-year's Day, had become a common thing—a matter of course—and on such occasions the old Patriarch's hospitality was exhibited in no niggard shape. The present year, the party was larger and gayer than usual; but among all who thronged the well-supplied dining-hall, "from noon till noon of night," there was not a lighter step than Mary Vantyle's, nor a gayer laugh, nor a rosier cheek. She seemed indeed the heart of the "goodlie companie;" gliding everywhere—laughing at everything—and romping with every body. Cunningham was one of the very few present at the festivities, who were rather spectators than partakers: and he gazed with a deep interest upon

"The gleesome elfin, coy and wild,
Neither a woman nor a child,"

who was so soon to become his pupil. He had watched, with a solicitude almost painful, the whole course of her three or four months' preparation; and he was now fully conscious of the priceless value of the gem that was about to be confided to his care.

The holidays were over; and Mary Vantyle began the new year, by entering the school. She had made astonishing progress in her studies; and, elate with hope, had regained and preserved her full buoyancy of spirit. "I fear," she said, as she entered the room the first morning, in company with Lucy Winters, "that we'll make romps of your whole school. Father says I'm the wildest rustic in the county; and I'm sure

if Lucy hadn't gone home once in a while, her folks wouldn't have known her—she's become such a romp, too.—But I hope I haven't changed her more than she and her good father have changed me." Mary said this in a serious tone, and continued: "And now I have come to put myself under your direction. I'm sure I am very eager to learn; and I wish you to get me along as fast as you can; and don't mind my feelings."

Cunningham received the trust, confided to him so beautifully and with so much simplicity, with deep delight; he well knew how precious it was; and he at once determined to take the unfashioned block, and shape it into forms of moral and intellectual beauty, and social goodness. The interest the young Preceptor felt in this experiment from the beginning, may be easily imagined when we look back at the warm dreams of his boyhood. But when, as months rolled on, a new feeling awoke in his bosom, and he saw that its fervor had touched the spirit of his young pupil, and created in her heart an answering sentiment, what was his delight!—This was the last dream of his boyhood, and the first of his manhood: to form and fashion, himself, the *one being* who was to share his earthly pilgrimage. And here was to be the fulfilment—the Reality of the Ideal!

He found in his young charge, as he had expected, an apt and attentive pupil; and with feelings of pride and joy did he witness, day by day and hour by hour, the gradual unfolding of her mind, and the up-growing of a lofty and superior character. She was the moon to his spirit—receiving, and reflecting with almost its original strength and fervor, the light and warmth of his high and peculiar nature: and to her, he was the genial, and cheering, and worshipful sun—scattering his beams with a liberal hand upon the fruitful virgin soil, and calling forth the beautiful and fragrant flowers of intellect, and maturing the rich and varied fruits of moral humanity.

We must here make an hiatus in our narrative. We pass over a period of some two years and a half, during all which time Cunningham retained the preceptorship of the school, and through most of which Mary continued his pupil. The character of the former, during the period, underwent some modifications, though he still shrank from a general intimacy with those by whom he

was surrounded. Yet his frank countenance, amiable manners, and evident worthiness, procured him many friends; and he possessed the esteem of the villagers and farmers generally. Mary's was a rich mind; and Cunningham's unceasing labors to give beauty and vitality to the germs, which had been implanted in it by the hand of Nature, of a good moral and intellectual character, were fully appreciated by her, and amply rewarded. Her beauty, and vivacity, and natural superiority, at once made an impression upon his susceptible heart; and,—at first without exactly intending it, though by no means unconsciously,—he soon fell into the habit of doling out to her a grain of love with every one of learning. He managed so admirably to maintain the balance of power between the two interests, that with each he made about equal progress. And she so well attended to one of the objects of his solicitude, and so perfectly understood the other, that before half a year had rolled away she could actually, though in secret, conjugate the verb "to love!"

Thus sped the period of our hiatus; and who shall say, that it was not one of ecstatic bliss. The "course of true love," with Cunningham and Mary, had as yet found but one ripple: this was, that he could never make himself so welcome a guest at the Hollow-House, as would have been proper and pleasant. Yohannes found no satisfaction, in seeing his daughter forever with a book or pen in her hand; he had been opposed to her going to the school, from the beginning; and having nobody else to find fault with for it, he laid the blame upon the Teacher, and had settled down in the belief that he had enticed her, in connection with the Evil One.

After numerous and long-continued attempts to overcome the prejudices of the worthy Dutchman, Cunningham was convinced that any efforts of the kind would prove ineffectual, and abandoned them altogether. But after Mary, at the urgent solicitations of her aged and now failing parent, had left the school, the lovers continued to have secret meetings; and as "stolen interviews" are reputed the sweetest, perhaps they enjoyed themselves quite as much in their moonlight and starlight rambles along the pleasant creek, as they would have done even in the neat parlor or the delightful piazza of the Hollow-House itself.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE SETTLEMENT AT BELVILLE, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF EVENTS THERE, AND ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE OHIO RIVER IN THAT REGION OF COUNTRY, FROM THE YEAR 1786 TO 1796:

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—The past and the present.—Settlement of Belville—Its founder—Land Warrants—A frontier village—Character of the country.

CONNECTED with the first settlement of the Valley of the Ohio, there is hardly a circumstance however small, or the name of an individual however humble, that can be devoid of interest at the present day. Transactions which then seemed of little moment to the actors, were pregnant with vast results, and no eye but that of an inspired prophet could have foreseen the vast changes which were destined to take place in the aspect of this great valley in the short space of fifty years. In no other region on the face of the earth, has such an amount of civilization, population and improvement been accomplished in centuries. In the brief period of the life of a single man, the whole valley bordering on that prince of rivers, the calm and majestic Ohio, from Pittsburgh to Louisville, has been changed from a dark and shady forest to a cultivated and productive country.

Where but a short time since, the Indian built his rude wigwam, and chased the bison and the deer, we now see farms, orchards, gardens, villages and turreted cities. Where the wolf and bear once roamed the uncontrolled tenants of the forest, are now seen herds of domestic cattle, and thousands of harmless sheep. On rivers, where the surface, since the creation, was unruffled by any larger craft than the light canoe of the savage, now float boats of all dimensions, crowned with that wonder of the age, the almost self-moving steam-boat. This event of itself, the discovery of the immortal Fulton, has brought the shores of the distant Mississippi within ten days of our own doors, and changed the manners of the country, and the commercial policy of its inhabitants, in the course of twenty years, as much as had formerly been accomplished in the course of ages. Canals and rail-roads

which now do, or shortly will, intersect the country between the lakes and the Ohio river, have converted the course of trade from the Mississippi to the Atlantic cities, and by opening new markets to the products of the soil, have more than doubled their value to the producer. Thus adding not only to the wealth of individuals, but twenty-fold to the value of the real estate of a whole community.

Many individuals are yet living, who have seen the rich lands on the alluvions of the Ohio selling for from two to four dollars an acre, that now will command from fifty to one hundred. Indian corn, which could only be converted into whisky, or fed to the hogs, if raised beyond the wants of the family, sold for ten or fifteen cents per bushel; fat pork for one dollar and a half or two dollars per hundred; beef for two dollars and a half or three dollars; fine wheat for thirty-one to forty-four cents per bushel; flour at one dollar and seventy-five cents per barrel; butter eight cents per pound; and whisky, the habitual beverage of the West, at twenty cents per gallon. The prices of all these articles are now three-fold, and raised in ten-fold quantities. The increase in value is no doubt in part owing to the increase in population; but the principal cause will be found in the ease and facility with which we reach the Eastern or Atlantic markets, and compete with the agriculturists East of the mountains, where our present prices were familiar more than twenty years ago. Our schools, roads and manufactures, have kept a tolerably even pace with the rest of the improvements.

A retrospect to the days when many of our fathers had no roads but bridle-paths from one remote settlement to another—when all the intercourse between the stations on the rivers was carried on by water, in small canoes, or perogues made from the trunk of a single tree, and all their bread-stuffs pounded in a hominy-mortar, or ground, with great labor, on hand-mills, cannot but be interesting to their descendants. When to those toils and vexations naturally incident to all new settlements remote from the parent State, we add the dangers they constantly incurred for more than thirty years from their natural but relentless foe, the red man of the West, we cannot but admire the courage and constancy that bore them up under so many trials and privations. The better we become acquaint-

ed with these events, and the men who enacted them, the greater cause we shall have to be contented with our own condition, and to bless that providence which brought us into this fertile and happy valley at a period when all these difficulties are ended, and we speak of them as a dream of the night.

For the following historical sketch of the origin and the founding of the settlement at Belville, I am indebted to Joseph Wood, Esq., the principal agent in the transaction, and now living in Marietta, Ohio, at the advanced age of eighty years. Mr. Wood was born in Hunterdon county, State of New-Jersey, on the 9th of January, in the year 1759. Like the most of our active and useful men, he was brought up on a farm. After receiving a common school education, he made choice of the art of land surveying as a pursuit, and on the 4th of July, in the year 1785, then in his twenty-sixth year, he left his native State, to join a company of surveyors who were assembling at Pittsburgh, to survey the public lands northwest of the river Ohio, and south of the western boundary line of the State of Pennsylvania, under the then Geographical Surveyor of the United States.

At the period of their assembling, the Western tribes of Indians had begun to show symptoms of hostility to the Americans, and had killed and plundered several white traders who resided among them, and threatened the frontiers in such a way as to render the sending of the surveyors into the wilderness hazardous and inexpedient. It was, therefore, postponed to a future day. While residing in Pittsburgh, without any regular employment, Mr. Wood fell in with Capt. William Tilton, who, with Messrs. W. and J. N. Gibbs, merchants of Philadelphia, were proprietors of a tract of land lying on the left bank of the Ohio river, in the State of Virginia, thirty miles below the mouth of the Muskingum, containing ninety-one thousand acres. It was one of those tracts or parcels of land, lying in Western Virginia, which the State had been for several years disposing of to her citizens, with a liberal hand. On paying a certain sum per acre into the land office, a warrant was issued, which the holder was allowed to locate in any part of the State west of the mountains, not already occupied; he defining the boundaries of the tract, and recording the description of the survey in the proper office. Some of these tracts contained a

hundred thousand acres, or more, and were often sold to the merchants of the Atlantic cities, by the original owner or his assignee, on speculation, or in payment for merchandise. With this proprietor, Mr. Wood made a contract to act as agent for the company in conducting the settlement, and as surveyor, in examining the boundaries of the purchase, and in running out lots of two hundred acres, as donations to actual settlers.

A suitable boat, built under his direction, was freighted with cattle, horses, farming utensils, etc., with such other articles as might be needed in commencing a new settlement more than two hundred miles distant from any place where supplies could be procured, in the midst of a wilderness. The boat left Pittsburgh on the twenty-eighth day of November, in the year 1785, with a crew of ten men, a part of whom were Scotch emigrants, and the balance native Americans, hired for one year as laborers, in erecting buildings, and in clearing lands. They reached the destined port in safety, and landed at the new settlement of Belville, on the sixteenth of December following. On the passage down, they landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, where Major John Doughty, of the United States Army, with a detachment of soldiers and artificers, was then building a fort, which was called "Fort Harmer," and was one of a chain of defenses to be erected along the borders, and at commanding points on the Ohio river, for restraining and checking the western tribes, and to protect the settlements then in contemplation.

After landing and mooring their boat where it would not be damaged by floating ice, the next operation was to select a site for their buildings. A high, dry bottom was chosen, near the bank of the river, convenient of access to water; where, after cutting away the forest-trees, a commodious log house was erected of the timber, forty feet in length by twenty in breadth, and two stories high, with a piazza on one side, reaching to the second story. Convenient loopholes or openings for musketry were cut in the logs. They took possession of the new dwelling early in January, 1786, in the mean time cooking and sleeping in the boat. In the following spring, several Scotch families joined them from Pittsburgh, who had left there late in the fall before, but had been detained by the ice, and the severity of the

winter. Several additional cabins were now erected close to the bank of the river, and in front of the larger one. Subsequently, as the Indians became troublesome, four block-houses were built in the angles of an oblong square, between which were erected several other log houses. The whole were connected by pickets, eight or ten feet high, set strongly into the earth, so as to make a tolerably regular stockaded garrison, sufficient for the accommodation of one hundred and fifty, or two hundred persons; and thus completed, they formed an oblong square, about three hundred feet in length by one hundred feet in breadth. At each end were large strong gates for the admission of their cattle, teams, etc.; and on the side next the river a small gate or sally-port, through which they passed for water, or to embark in their canoes. A few rods below, on the bank of the river, stood five or six log houses, which had been occupied by families, but were deserted after the commencement of hostilities. The whole had the aspect of a smart village.

The new families having taken possession of their lands, the colonists went cheerfully to work, clearing off the huge forest of beech, sugar-tree and poplar, which had, undisturbed by man, occupied the rich bottoms, ever since their formation. The alluvions here are more than half a mile wide, and afforded the most abundant crops of Indian corn, potatoes, beans, etc.; while, on the opposite shore, the river is lined with "narrows," and the hills, which are very high, stand close to the water's edge. The wide bottoms on one side, and the narrows on the other, continue for four or five miles below the mouth of the Big Hocking river. About a mile above the garrison, a large creek, called "Lee creek," puts into the Ohio, which takes its rise in the hills back of the settlement, and spreads out into several branches, affording fine ranges for cattle, and in those early days abounding in pea-vine and buffalo clover.

The whole region of country on both sides of the Ohio river is hilly, and broken by small runs, into hollows; but the soil is rich, and clothed with a thick growth of forest trees, affording many fine sites for farms. This broken or hilly tract extends back for fifty or eighty miles on the right bank of the river, when it gradually melts away into low undulations, or terminates in prairie. On the left, it continues hilly until it rises into

mountain ranges, from Pittsburgh to the mouth of the Scioto, and in its endless ridges, ravines, hollows and slopes, affording every facility for the secretion and predatory operations of the savage, in his perpetual warfare with the whites. How thoroughly the Indians had examined and taken advantage of its topography, was seen in all their inroads.

CHAPTER II.

Prosperity of the settlement—Abundance of game—Additional settlers—Some account of them—Character of the pioneers—Disasters—The settlement attacked by Indians—Death of Jacob Parchment and James Kelly.

For a time, every thing went on prosperously with the new settlement. Their lands yielded most abundant crops, and the settlers all enjoyed excellent health. The river was stored with large fish, and the woods abounded with deer and wild turkies. So abundant were the latter, and so fearless of their new neighbors, that they every autumn visited their corn-fields, venturing up to the doors of the cabins. Mr. Wood says that one autumn he shot a turkey every day, for thirty days in succession, standing by the door of his fodder-house. They ate them roasted, boiled and stewed, until they became a weariness to the eater, like the quails to the palates of the murmuring Israelites. For about two years, the settlement remained undisturbed by the Indians; and by the time the war broke out in 1790, they had fenced, and under cultivation, about one hundred acres of land. In 1787, they commenced depredations by stealing eight or ten of their horses, although no attempt was made on their lives until the year 1790. From this time, to the close of the war, they were watched, harassed, plundered, and killed by the Indians.

About this period, the settlement received a strong accession to its numerical strength, from a number of families that joined them from "Flinn's Station," located above the mouth of Lee creek, and about a mile from Belville. This station was commenced in the spring of 1785, by a hardy band of adventurers from the vicinity of Wheeling, but originally from the Susquehanna river, and accustomed to a border life from childhood. They had taken possession of an old abandoned Indian clearing, of about twenty

acres, on the bank of the river, just above the bounds of the Belville purchase, and had raised a fine crop of corn before Mr. Wood had taken possession for the company. The principal occupation of these men, was trapping and hunting. The station consisted of old Mr. Flinn, a widower, and his two sons, Thomas and James, with families; Mr. Parchment, with his wife and two sons, Jacob and John, single men; John Barnett, who married a daughter of old Mr. Flinn, and had a family of children; and John McCulloch, a single man. In 1787, they were joined by Joel and Joshua Dewey, from near Wyoming, Pennsylvania; Stephen Sherrod, wife and son, from the same place; Macomb Coleman, afterwards killed on Mill creek, with his wife and family of sons and daughters, was from near Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and came in April, 1789. His son John, who was also married, was one of the most celebrated hunters and woodsmen of that day. Peter and Andrew Anderson, from above Wheeling, came at the same time. Peter married a daughter of old Mr. Coleman. He was born in the year 1758, near Fort Cumberland, in Maryland, and moved with his father, west of the Mountains, and settled on Buffalo creek, near the present town of West Liberty, Virginia, in the year 1770, when only twelve years old. Their nearest neighbor, for one or two years, was fourteen miles distant, and the next twenty miles. During the first year, they lived in a hut, built of poles and covered with bark. His father built the first water-mill west of the Mountains—a small tub-wheel mill, on Buffalo creek. Mr. Anderson was eighty years old in July, 1838, and died in November following. I visited him a short time before his death, and collected many of the events hereinafter related. He was a stout man, of great muscular strength, and so accustomed to danger, that he hardly knew the sensation of fear. His features rather coarse, with a full high forehead; complexion sanguine; a strong uncultivated mind, and sound judgment. In cases of sudden emergency and hazard, he was often looked up to as a leader, by his companions—as intellect and courage will always be, in dangerous situations. For many years after the peace, he served as a civil magistrate, under a commission from the Governor of Virginia, to the entire satisfaction of his neighbors. The following

Scotch families joined the settlement in 1786, and drew lots of land, viz: James Pewtherer, William Ingals, David Jamerson, Andrew McCash, and McDonald, with two single men, Frank Andrews and Thomas Gildruth. Many of the descendants of these men, especially the Colemans, Deweys, and Andersons, are still living in the vicinity of Belville.

In the summer of 1790, Mr. Wood married Margaret, the daughter of James Pewtherer, Esq., a native of Scotland. The new "station," being destitute both of a magistrate and preacher of the gospel, the parties were under the necessity of visiting Belprie, one of the new settlements of the Ohio Company, about sixteen miles higher up the river, and the ceremony was performed in "Farmer's Castle," a strong stockaded garrison, by General Benjamin Tupper, one of the magistrates of the company. In April, 1791, a few days before the assault of the Indians, and the murder of Mr. Kelly, he removed with his wife to Marietta, as he had accomplished all that was in his power to do, for his employers in Philadelphia. While the war continued, he was occasionally engaged in surveying for the Ohio Company, at the imminent hazard of his life; especially the donation lots in "Round-bottom," on the Muskingum, when he was attended by a guard of twenty-one men. After the restoration of peace, he was extensively occupied in surveying the United States' lands, in the "Seven Ranges," east of the Ohio Company's lands. In 1801, he was appointed Register of the United States Land Office, at Marietta, in which service he continued until the year 1837: a proof that his duties were satisfactorily performed to his different employers, being no less than six out of the eight Presidents, who had directed the affairs of the Republic since its formation.

After Mr. Wood left the garrison at Belville, it was in the condition of a *free democracy*, without any head. The boldest men took the lead; and, as they were all bound together by ties of common danger, and their mutual dependence on each other, few or no altercations ever occurred. They had no civil officers for many years. If any disputes arose, they were settled by the elder men; and, where all were disposed to do right, there was no need of laws or executive functionaries. As all were on a level, and all poor, there were no envyings.

The utmost harmony prevailed, and, in many respects, they were like one great family. A large proportion of the men now in the garrison, were trappers and hunters, and often left their home for weeks together, roaming through the forests with as little sense of fear as the Indians themselves. This was especially the fact with John Coleman, Joel and Joshua Dewey, Joshua Flechart, and Peter Anderson.—These men were all born and brought up on the frontiers—were expert woodsmen—and often, during the Indian war, left their families at Belville, to kill deer and buffalo for the inhabitants of “Farmer’s Castle,” and the garrison at Newberry, packing the meat for several miles on their backs.

The settlers of the Ohio Company, although brave men, many of whom had often encountered their enemies in the open field, were yet ignorant of wood-craft, and wholly unskilled in the Indian modes of fighting, or in the use of the rifle in hunting deer. For these reasons, they seldom ventured far from the walls of their garrisons, but employed men who had from their youth been accustomed to the woods, and whose fathers had been born within the shadows of the forest, and nourished on the produce of the chase. These were, almost universally, a race of men fitted for the station they occupied—of large and powerful frames, bold hearts, rough manners, and as ignorant of letters as the red men to whom they were opposed, and with whom was waged a perpetual warfare; and if not sworn, like Hannibal, on the altars of their country, to unceasing hatred of the Indians, they were nurtured and brought up with the feeling of perpetual enmity. They were kind and charitable to each other; and in hospitality, not excelled by the savages themselves. For this reason, they would expose themselves to any danger in procuring food for the suffering inhabitants of the new settlements of the Ohio Company, and hunt the deer in situations that would have been fatal to any man unaccustomed to a woodland life, and the wiles and stratagems of the Indians.

Having described the commencement and progress of the settlement at Belville, with the habits and manners of the inhabitants, we will now narrate some of the disasters which befel them.

The first person who fell by the Indians, was Jacob Parchment, a young man in the

prime of life. He left the garrison one afternoon, in the autumn of 1790, to hunt deer on the south branch of Lee creek, about one mile back of the garrison, and was shot and scalped, by a party of nine Indians, a little before sun-set. John Coleman happened to be within two hundred yards of him at the time, as he was returning from the Newberry settlement, where he had been killing deer for the inhabitants. Hearing the crack of the rifle, he knew, in a moment, it was an Indian gun. So acute and discriminating was the ear of a thorough backwoodsman, that he could not only distinguish the report of the Indian rifle from that of the whiteman’s, but he could also tell the guns of his companions, pointing out each one by name, if he had been for any length of time accustomed to hearing them, in the same manner that a nice ear will distinguish the different steamboats, by the sound of their engines. Coleman immediately secreted himself in a hollow log, and continued there until the Indians, nine in number, had passed directly by the spot where he lay; knowing that there must be more than one of them, which rendered it useless for him to expose his life. The shot had also been heard at the garrison, and pronounced, by experienced men, to be that of an Indian. A party went out the next day and buried him, but the Indians escaped without injury. This was the first death that had taken place amongst them from the Indians, and deeply affected the women and children with grief and consternation; while the hardy hunters viewed it as a warning to be watchful, and a deed to be revenged the first opportunity.

Amongst the many thrilling and tragical events that befel the inmates of the garrison at Belville, none excited a stronger interest among the colonists, than the murder of James Kelly, and the captivity of his little son, Joseph, by the Indians. This distressing incident took place on the seventh of April, in the year 1791, being the anniversary of the landing of the first settlers of Ohio at Marietta, on the same day, in 1788. A brief biography of Joseph’s father, will not be uninteresting to the reader, and is due to the memory of one of the pioneers of the West. James Kelly was a native of Massachusetts, and a cultivator of the soil in Plainfield, where he married Anna Hart. Having become involved in debt, by being security for a neighbor, at a

period when more changes took place in the fortunes of the citizens of the new Republic, than at any other subsequent time, viz: soon after the close of the war of the Revolution, he was forced to sell his farm, and sacrifice the whole proceeds to the payment of the debt. The Ohio Company having taken possession of their purchase about this time, his attention was naturally drawn to this new Eden in the West, where he could seek a new home, and better provide for his young and increasing family. Accordingly, he left his native State in September, 1788, and reached Pittsburgh that fall. Here he passed the winter; and the following spring, embarked his family in a flat boat, or "ark," as they were then called, on the waters of the Ohio, and reached Fort Harmer, at the mouth of the Muskingum, without accident, where he spent the summer. It was here that little Joseph, then in his fifth year, and a sister, two years older, came nigh losing their lives, from eating a quantity of fruit of the wild cherry, which they found in a cask, in an upper room of the fort, from which the brandy had been drawn, and left by some of the officers. He lay for a long time insensible, and was only saved by the greatest exertions. The following winter was passed in "Campus Martius," a strong stockaded garrison, on the east side of the Muskingum river, and the head quarters of the officers and agents of the Ohio Company. Here Mrs. Kelly, in December, 1789, gave birth to the first male child born in the colony, who was named St. Clair, in honor of the then Governor of the North-Western Territory.

The following spring, Mr. Kelly moved his family to Belville, raised a crop of corn, and spent the following winter. He and his wife were both pious people, and members of the Congregational church; and were highly esteemed by their new friends in the West for their probity, industry, and kindness to those with whom they associated. At the time of his death, he was the father of six children—four daughters and two sons. Joseph was then in his seventh year, and was in company with his father, who was busily engaged in covering some flax-seed with a hoe, which had been scattered the evening before, around some stumps, and could not be done with the harrow. The field was adjoining the walls of the garrison; and the spot where they were at work, was

about one hundred and fifty yards distant. John, a brother about twelve years old, was hobbling along on crutches, being very lame, from a recent deep burn on the hip, and had approached within fifty yards of his father; while his mother, with a younger sister and little St. Clair, just beginning to walk, were standing in the open gate-way of the fort, in the act of proceeding out to join them. It was yet early in the morning, and Mr. Kelly had but barely commenced his work, when a number of Indians, who had been secreted in the adjoining forest, sprang over the fence and rushed immediately upon him. Being quite hard of hearing, and intent on his work, he did not observe them, although Joseph, who was only a few paces distant, hallooed with all his might. A stout Indian came up behind him and clasped both arms around his waist, intending to take him prisoner. In an instant he was aware of his danger; but, being a man of vast muscular strength, and great courage, he directly freed himself from his grasp, and hurled the Indian heels over head, more than a rod, amongst his astonished companions. Picking up the hoe which he had dropped, he defended himself so stoutly that the Indians, despairing of taking him alive, shot him down, applying the tomahawk and scalping knife. While this affair was transacting, two Indians seized on little Joseph, notwithstanding his loud screams for help, and hurrying him along to the high fence which surrounded the field, pitched him over to some of their companions. Another Indian, with his tomahawk, gave chase to John, who, throwing away his crutches, and fear lending him activity, was enabled to outrun him, and escaped into the fort.

CHAPTER III.

Further particulars of the Indian attack—Joseph Kelly taken prisoner—An incident—One of the war party wounded, and retreat of the Indians—Young Kelly borne into captivity—Subsequent events—A Shawanee village.

In the field, close by where Mr. Kelly fell, was a small log cabin, tenanted by Mr. Sherrod, his wife and son. Having always lived on the frontiers, and fearless of danger, Mr. Sherrod had declined moving within the defences, although often warned of the hazard. This man will be again

noticed in the progress of events. Seeing a window open, an Indian rushed up, and clapping his rifle in at the small aperture, attempted to shoot Mrs. Sherrod; but the old woman had sufficient presence of mind to force too the thick sliding oak shutter, and oblige him to withdraw the weapon: disappointed of a human victim, he instantly turned and shot down a fine ox, which stood yoked to his companion by the door, where Sherrod had placed them a few minutes before, intending to plow in the same field where Mr. Kelly was killed. At this juncture, a lucky shot from the garrison, fired by a Mr. Brown, wounded one of the Indians, passing through his body a little above the hips. Two of the Indians bore him in their arms from the field, and the rest of them directly followed; the whole affair not occupying more than two minutes.

It was very fortunate for the garrison, that no further attempt was made to reduce it, as it happened, at that time, that nearly all the effective men were absent on a hunting expedition, leaving not more than five or six adult males, with thirty or forty women and children. Their escape may be fairly attributed to a "ruse de guerre" of little Joseph. The war party consisted of thirty-one Indians, whose main object of this foray had been the capture of Belville. As soon as the Indians were out of range of the shot, and reached a rising ground a little back of the fort, they were assembled by their leader whistling through his hands in a manner peculiar to them, and supplying the purpose of a trumpet, or drum, amongst more civilized man-slayers. Little Joseph, trembling with fear, and overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his father, and forcible separation from his mother, and little brothers and sisters, amongst the very savages whom he had been taught to dread from his earliest infancy, was now called forward and questioned as to the strength of the garrison. The principal interrogator was a white man, about twenty years old, who, for some crime or misdemeanor among his own countrymen, had become a voluntary exile, and leagued himself with the enemies of the whites. This, it seems, was no uncommon event in the early days of border history. Mr. Kelly says he shall never forget his red hair, white skin, and thickly freckled face, when he first looked up to answer the questions now asked. The

principal question was, as to the number of men then in the garrison. To this he answered promptly, and in the simplicity of his heart, without any intention of lying—for his pious mother had taught him to dread all falsifying—"that there was at least a hundred, and they all had guns." He says he has often thought of this event, and fully believes that the answer was dictated by the influence of the Almighty, for wise and good purposes. Certain it is, that on hearing it, the Indians gave up all thought of further attack, fully believing that such a child could only speak the truth, and was too young and simple to frame a reply to deceive them.

They immediately commenced preparations for a retreat; but first constructed a litter for their wounded companion. It was made by cutting two stout saplings, eight or ten feet long; across these, were lashed two smaller ones, at such distance as to allow the suspension of a blanket, on which could lie the wounded man. Four Indians carried him by turns. Their course was down the Ohio, about eight or ten miles. Just at sun-set, they crossed this river on a raft, made of the logs taken from a large "drift," and bound together with grape-vines. This was pushed along with poles, and carried the whole of them over safely. Soon after crossing, they went up a small run, about a mile, and encamped for the night. Overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, little Joseph laid down by the camp fire, not to sleep, but to think of his mother and friends, whom he had left in the garrison, and whom he thought he should never see again.

Before going to rest, the white savage, having filled his pipe, directed Joseph to light it for him. He did so, without hesitation. The second night, in a harsh tone, he required the same service of him; but the violence of his grief having abated, and settled into a gloomy state of mind, not caring whether he lived or died, to the astonishment of the fellow, he utterly refused. Immediately he cut a stout switch, and commenced beating him over the shoulders and hips, repeating the demand at intervals; to which Joseph stoutly answered, "No, I won't, if you kill me." The blows over his thin tow and linen shirt, gave considerable pain; but when they fell on his buckskin trowsers, he did not mind them. The philosophic Indians, who were sitting round the fire, quietly smoking their pipes, looked

on with wonder, expecting every moment when he would either submit or cry out with pain; but the sturdy little fellow did neither. At length, an Indian who claimed him as his property, sprang to his side, and patting him on the shoulder with one hand, exclaimed in a deep guttural tone, "good fellow!" and with the other, pushed the white man to one side, and in an angry voice, forbade him ever touching him again. This command was carefully obeyed; and little Joseph was, from henceforth, considered as a brave spirit, worthy of their regard and care: no qualities being more admired by the savages, than fortitude under suffering, and a disregard of pain. He also felt more confidence in himself, when he found he had a friend amongst his Indian masters.

On the third day, they fell in with a small herd of domestic cattle, consisting of six or eight individuals, one of which was a new-milk cow. Whether these had been driven here by the war party, or had strayed from some of the new settlements, he never could learn. Be that as it may, the cattle were forced along before them for several days, and every night and morning the cow was milked, and received into cups, or troughs, made of the bark of hickory saplings, fresh peeled, and turned up at each end, so as to hold two or three quarts. From these rude vessels they drank the milk quite conveniently. It furnished a salutary nourishment for their little prisoner, and, also, for their wounded companion, whom they still continued to carry along, and to nurse, with great care: dressing his wounds at every encampment, with such simples as the forest afforded, and daily cleansing them with a decoction of white-oak bark, thrown up with a small syringe, made of the hollow stem of an alder. He finally died, before they reached home, and was buried under a large log.

The rout pursued, Mr. Kelly does not remember; but thinks it was on the ridges between the waters of the Hockhocking river and those of the Scioto. But it was over a plain beaten track, well known to the Indians on their forays to the white settlements. As little Joseph became weary with travel, they placed him on the back of the cow; and as he was in the habit of jumping off, when she passed over a deep gully, or steep acclivity, they finally tied him on with thongs of deer skin, passed round his ankles and crossing over the back

of the cow. This he did not much like, as she often deviated from the path, scratching his feet and face till the blood ran, amongst the bushes.

About the fifth day, as their journey had been slow, on account of the wounded Indian, they came up with two Indian horses, which had been "hobbled," and left on their journey out. These were now loaded with their baggage, and Joseph placed on horseback behind one of the Indians. Of their love of fun, and their risible faculties, he gives the following anecdotes. One day, when riding carelessly along, the horse crossed a deep drain, and as he ascended the bank, the loop of a grape-vine crossed the path. This the Indian avoided by stooping; but Joseph, not seeing it in time, was caught under the chin and hurled to the ground: the woods instantly rung with peals of laughter at the ludicrous posture of their little prisoner; but he was directly replaced, with great good nature, after the burst of fun had ceased. For food on the journey, one of the younger cattle was killed, its meat cut into long thin slices, and thoroughly dried on poles over a fire, into what is technically called "jerk." This is eaten without further preparation. A deer or two, with as many turkeys as they chose to kill, supplied their wants.

The party was composed of Wyandots, Miamies, and Shawnees, who, as they approached the Indian country, separated into smaller parcels, each going the nearest rout to his own village. Little Joseph belonged to the Shawnees, who, when they had arrived within half a mile of their town, halted, fresh painted their faces, etc., and fired guns, in token of their return. The villagers directly came whooping and rushing out, with every demonstration of joy, to salute and welcome their returning friends. The party marched directly to the council-house, in the center of the village, and placed their little prisoner by the painted pole in the middle of the building. Great was the horror and dread that overwhelmed him, at the sight of the interior of the roof, which was strung with the scalps of white men, to the amount of several hundred, to which was now added that of his own father. He also knew, that if his life was spared, he must run the gauntlet for the boys of the town. This punishment, however, he escaped, after a long strife with the young savages, by his obstinacy and

perseverance in refusing to make the trial. During the deliberation in the council-house, Joseph was adopted into the family of an old warrior, named Mishalena, the name of whose wife was Patepsa: they had lost five sons, all the children they had but one daughter, in their wars with the whites; and yet adopted this child of their mortal enemies, as their own! What a lesson for the professors of christianity. Mr. Kelly says, that the old warrior was one of the most kind and benevolent men, that he has ever met with in his life; as well as of a noble and commanding appearance: he was now too old for war, yet in great favor with the tribe, as one of their most able counsellors. Patepsa was of a cross and crabbed temper, and used him harshly; scarcely a day passing without his feeling the weight of her stick about his head and shoulders, for the most trifling offences: she was as ill-looking as she was ugly; her scowling face, and dishevelled locks, pointing in all directions from her head, formed a striking resemblance to one of the ancient fairies:—nevertheless, she always gave him plenty of food, when they had any themselves; and when sick with a severe attack of dysentery, in the summer of 1795, the year after Wayne's victory, she nursed him carefully, and cured him with a decoction of Indian sage, or *Eupatorium perfoliatum*. There can hardly be found a better remedy for bowel complaints, and intermittent fevers, than was used by this untutored Indian woman.

The village where Mishalena lived, was seated on the right bank of the St. Mary's river, near its junction with the Little St. Joseph's, within the bounds of the present state of Indiana. The cabins of the Indians were about ten feet square, built of small logs, and covered with bark: in the centre of the building was the hearth, with a hole in the roof over it, for the passage of the smoke: there were no apertures for windows, and only one small opening for a door-way, which, in cold weather, was closed with a blanket, or skin, but at other times remained open for the passage of light: the earth, beaten down smooth, formed the floor: around the sides of the cabin, were stowed their skins, cooking utensils, and packages of parched corn: to poles overhead, were suspended in fall and winter, numerous strings of the ears of Indian corn, and braided together with the

husks:—in addition to these articles of food, they sometimes suspended to the sides of the building, strings of jerked venison, and skins of small animals, filled with bears' oil; imitating, in this respect, the primitive mode in the East, of preserving their wine in skins: at night they all slept on skins around the fire, in the center of the hut, covered with a blanket. Their dwellings, in the village, stood without any order or regularity, all clustered together like the houses of the beaver, of whose sagacity and architectural skill the Indians are great admirers. This village contained, as nearly as Mr. Kelly can recollect, about two hundred and fifty, or three hundred inhabitants, fifty or sixty of whom were warriors. All the particulars of his captivity, and events, whilst among the Indians, Mr. Kelly remembers to this day, in the most vivid manner, he being at an age when occurrences of all kinds make the deepest and most lasting impression.

After a few months, little Joseph became more reconciled to his situation; although his thoughts often returned, at night, to his kind hearted mother, and little brothers, and sisters, whom in his dreams he frequently visited, as he lay sleeping on his deer-skin couch before the wigwam fire. But time and habit gradually accustomed him to his new acquaintances; and old friends were nearly forgotten in the attachments he had now formed for his new ones: for whether covered by a red, black, or white skin, the heart of man is the same, and meets a kindred feeling in all that wear "the human face divine." In childhood our affections are like the softened wax, and easily moulded to suit the circumstances around us. Long before his captivity expired, he had forgotten his "mother tongue," and spoke nothing but the Indian language. The sports of the Indian boys attracted his attention; and being blessed with an uncommonly vigorous and healthy frame, with a brave heart and quick, passionate spirit, he soon became more active and expert in the use of the bow and arrow, foot-races, ball, etc., than any of the young Indians themselves. His appetite being good, and his stomach unaccustomed to luxuries, their food, and cooking, became fully as acceptable as that of his former home. The young warriors, noticing his superior courage and activity, became very fond of him, and, when starting on their war parties, would tell him, in

sport, "Going—now—to—bring—John—bring—Jim," which they had learnt were the names of two of his brothers.

MIND AND MATTER.

COINCIDENCE OF MIND WITH PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

THERE is a divine origin, a spiritual existence, which pervades and controls the human system, which stamps man with the dignity of his being, which majestically elevates him to the family of the high empyrean, and proudly weaves the brilliant chaplets of his glory—denominated mind. The reality of its existence is as clearly proven from its own peculiar attributes, perception, thought and volition, as that of matter from its tangible properties. It is not our design, however, to offer the proof: but, proceeding upon the hypothesis that the existence both of mind and matter is unquestionably true, we propose to show some of the laws of mind and their coincidence with the laws of physical nature.

The infant mind has not unfrequently been represented by the simile of an entire blank, on which the images of objects have been impressed through the medium of the senses. Those who instituted this comparison, have, to show its fitness, proceeded to say that the image of an object impressed on the mind, is an idea; that several images accumulated, are a combination of ideas; and that these are so associated as to produce all the phenomena of mind. This theory, although it most assuredly deserves the recommendation of ingenuity, is doubtless false; for unless the mind possessed the principle of action, no circumstances whatever could beget action. It is a well known fact that the seven primary colors, combined in certain proportions, produce the sensation of red: but what possible combination of passive impressions can account for the simple phenomena of volition.

The mind is an active existence. Constantly exerting its efforts, varying the method, and changing the objects of its researches, it speculates intently on the objects of sense. The chemist pries with interminable scrutiny into the different properties of bodies—divides and subdivides until every particle of matter stands perfectly alone; the botanist searches out and analyses

the vegetable world; and anon the philosophic mind soars on astronomic pinions through aerial fields of trackless ether, pursuing the planets whirling through the skies, arresting the fiery comet's fearful flight in his long travel of a thousand years, discovering other suns and distant worlds, tracing the orbits of the heavenly bodies, noting their march, detecting their magnitudes, their evolutions, their distances, in elaborate calculations, and almost circumscribes creation's ample dome; and finally, as a being independent of the material world, pries into the phenomena of its own existence.

The speculations of the mind are not wholly a chaotic wandering of thought. There are certain forms of thought and principles of faith originally existing in the mind, which are the basis of all future deductions, and it is by a suitable reliance on these that we are enabled to arrive at any useful results, either in the moral or physical world. We may adduce as an instance to our purpose, the almost universal belief of the immortality of the soul. Were not the consciousness of its own imperishable nature original in the mind, from what source is it derived? Can observation, experience, or analogy, have taught us anything on the subject? Who has existed through eternity? To what is eternal existence analagous? Or whose senses have embraced it? The volume of inspiration contains no direct revelation of this truth, but evidently presumes it to be an original element of the mind. Were not this the case, a truth so fundamental to all its doctrines would doubtless have occupied its first pages as the starting point of revelation. It is a truth in its very nature beyond the possibility of proof. We may as well attempt to prove the existence of matter: a belief of the one rests upon the same basis with that of the other; and it is not surprising that several distinguished individuals of a past age, who disbelieved the former, by the same perversion of original reason denied the existence of the latter. We have no higher authority to believe in the existence of the common objects of sense, than we have to believe that the soul is immortal. In regard to material existence, the mind is so constituted as to believe whatever the senses communicate. For instance, my organs of vision inform me that there is before me a house, a tree, or whatever object you please; I believe the

object to exist, not because any process of reasoning can be instituted to prove its existence, but simply because it is an original law of the mind to believe the senses. It is also original in the mind to believe in the immortality of the soul; in either case, there can be no possible proof; and consequently the only ground of belief is, that the unperverted mind possesses an intuitive belief.

We might here show that the leading principles of virtue, a belief in the Supreme Being, and, indeed, many of those great moral truths which regard our present and future happiness, are original in the mind; and only need to be purified from the grosser passions of our fallen nature, in order to shadow forth, in more legible traces, the image of Him who is the Father of our spirits, of Him who

"Sets his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

But the limits of this essay admonish us to pass to another part of the subject.

The abstract sciences are undoubtedly a development of original modes of thought. And from this they derive their chief excellence. They raise the mind above every contingency and liability to error, which on account of the imperfection of the senses are attendant on the observation of external objects, to the contemplation of forms purely ideal and absolutely true. It is easy to see that pure mathematics could have no other possible origin than that of original thought. The forms of natural objects are ever imperfect. Nature, in carrying forward her ceaseless changes by solution and redeposition, never produces forms which exhibit mathematical lines and angles. Besides, the senses are so imperfect, that, were the universal scenery and aggregate of unchanging forms perfect as the compass of mental perception when she strikes her ideal curve, they could never transmit to the mind an image, the perception of which would be an idea mathematically precise. Since the senses are incapable of absolute precision, and since the forms with which they are conversant are vague and irregular, the conclusion is unanswerable that the abstract sciences have their origin in the mind. Nor can it be objected to this conclusion, that the fact of the forms of nature approximating to precision, produces on the mind the germs of mathematical ideas. However near the approximation, unless the mind

actually possessed a predisposition to contemplate forms by regular curves and angles, it cannot reasonably be supposed, among an infinity of possible forms, to have reduced its perceptions and reflections to geometrical laws.

There are, indeed, in nature, a thousand forms approximating to a circle; but the perfect circle, on which are built those beautiful and interesting demonstrations, exists only in the mind. Nor can it exist in miniature true to the original idea. The geometrician's art, united with the painter's skill, cannot sketch with sufficient accuracy to exhibit to external vision. Nor can the mathematical line, extension without breadth; nor the most simple element of science, the geometrical point, position without extension, exist in miniature. They are nothing less than innate ideas, and they are the axis on which revolves an ideal world—a world in which the man of science, leaving the contingencies of matter, tours through the realms of thought—bursts the barriers that conceal the mysterious region—expatiates on pure ideas, on absolute truths. A world which is, and yet is not, matter. A world, the elements of which are the human mind.

Notwithstanding the demonstrations of mathematics are, as we have shown, perfectly independent of matter, there is an admirable harmony between them and the phenomena of the physical world. So far as human sagacity can detect, matter obeys the same laws that exist originally in the mind. Acting perfectly independent of each other, they act in unison. It is, indeed, owing to this fact that man has so far succeeded in investigating the laws, in conformity to which the elements act, as to give laws to the untrammelled rage of furious elements, and to dare their roaring warfare; as to make the flame propel his chariot, and the lightnings sport harmless round his head.

The electrician first contemplates an abstract ideal law, and then institutes a series of observations, to know whether the subtle fluid upon which he experiments, acts in conformity to that law. The philosopher demonstrates by a course of abstract mental operations, that the increasing velocity of a falling body is in proportion to the square of the time occupied. The demonstration is wholly *a priori*: as independent of matter as though matter never was. Yet, having discovered the law in his mind, he finds

by observation, so far as the senses can test it, that matter actually obeys this law. The same is true of the laws of light, heat, magnetism, and, indeed, of everything which is the subject of philosophical inquiry.

The science of astronomy is a still more interesting exhibition of the coincidence of the laws of mind and matter. Were it not for this coincidence, the astronomer might have gazed for ceaseless ages on the solar system; alike ignorant of its laws of motion, and of the economy of its changes. Every eclipse would have been the portent of a raging pestilence; and every returning comet would have caused fresh anguish, as the ominous portrait of succeeding bloodshed. But the astronomer, having developed in his own mind the abstract demonstrations of the *clypse*, the *hyperbola* and *parabola*, by comparing them with the phenomena of the heavens, found himself able to trace those hitherto bewildering orbs in their undeviating pathway, and predict their returning phenomena for successive ages.

All this he has accomplished by carefully tracing the coincidence of the laws of mind and matter. But his labors are still incomplete. His field is infinite space, and the subjects of his inquiry are the innumerable myriads of orbs, that skirt the extremity of human vision, and extend as far as the creative energy of an infinite creator.

How far he will push his future discoveries, we dare not predict. He may, peradventure, trace out some still more exquisite ideal law, by the help of which, having caught the glimpse of a passing comet which has traveled in silent majesty through the blue ethereal vault ever since creation, in her elyptical orbit, to arrive within the precincts of our system, he may trace her course through other systems, and computing the revolution of each individual of these respectively, may pass from system to system, until he shall finally compute the grand revolution of an infinity of systems around one common centre.

Millersburg: Ohio.

G. L.

A giant mind may be held in suspense, but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetic in consequence of that detention; just as a stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.

MY MUSEUM.

A REMINISCENCE OF MY SCHOOLMATES.

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled:
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."
MOORE.

MY MUSEUM! of what does it consist? Johnson says, a museum is a repository of curiosities. Mine contains much more precious articles than any mere curiosity, however rare or antique. It contains the parting gifts of those early and dear friends, the memory of whom time nor distance can efface. Time and distance, on the contrary, seem to lend a charm to these slight memorials of friendship, that they did not possess when first bestowed. Then we were in the first flush and buoyancy of youth and hope. The future lay before us in all the golden dreams of uncertainty—its pathway seemed strewn with flowers, and even the tear which accompanied our partings was soon followed by the smile of pleasure attendant upon change of scene and circumstance. But now, although so short a time has elapsed, how many of those bright hopes have been blasted! Those golden dreams have vanished, the flowers have perished, and naught remains to many of those young aspirants, but the "sere and yellow leaf" of drear and sad remembrance. Could we, as we stand on the threshold of womanhood, foresee the many trials and disappointments that await us, we would shrink from encountering so much suffering and unhappiness. But, unconscious and careless of the quicksands that beset our path, we rush blindfold upon our fate, and see our danger only when too late to avoid it.

Each memento in my little cabinet, as I turn them over, recalls some cherished image. By-gone events and departed pleasures rise vividly to memory; or sad but pleasing melancholy unconsciously steals over me, as I contemplate these slight links that seem, as it were, to bind me more closely to the donors.

Here is a beautiful morocco-bound needle-book, the gift of Mary Reyburn. Her story is soon told. Her mother, a high-born English woman, married, to please

herself, a man whom her aristocratic family thought beneath them. As usual, America became their destination. Mr. Reyburn amassed riches, and died when Mary was about sixteen years of age. Her mother wrote to her English friends—was forgiven, in consideration, no doubt, that a rich widow would be no incumbrance, and urged to return to her native land. Accordingly we lost Mary, much to the regret of her young companions. How little can we divine the destiny of even our most intimate friends! In less than two years after her departure from our little circle, Mary Reyburn was exciting universal admiration in the highest circles of London, as the bride of Lord —. How often, as I look upon this memento of her affection now before me, do I wonder if, surrounded by the splendor and gaiety of a court, she ever turns her thoughts on her early friends. Does she dwell with affectionate interest upon former scenes, and with fond recollection call to mind her to whom she is still so dear? I close again its silver clasp, and pass on—it were useless to dwell longer on what can give no reply to such vain questions.

Here is a plain gold ring. Let me turn from this; it calls but gloomy recollections, of the sorrow, sickness and death, of the young, the beautiful, and beloved.

Here is a curiously wrought pen; on the stem is embroidered "*Pensez à moi. V. D. S.*" Think of you, Virginia! Yes, I do often think of you, my bright and beautiful friend.

"I ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantments around me while lingering with you."

Virginia De Sylva was a native of Brazil. She was placed at our school by the consul from Buenos Ayres. She could speak both Spanish and Portuguese when she first came, and with astonishing facility soon learned the French and English, although her mistakes in both were constant sources of amusement to us. As soon as she could make herself understood in the latter languages, she could never be prevailed upon to speak her native tongue. Threats and persuasions were alike unavailing; her will could not be altered; and when Virginia De Sylva *willed*, nothing could change her resolution. From time to time both Spanish and Portuguese children were in the school, but although it was evident she understood what they said, she never replied in the

same tongue. Her history was wrapt in mystery. Madame L. received instructions to furnish her pupil with everything requisite to give her a complete and finished education. Twice a year the consul came to see his protegee, who, during his stay, seemed unhappy and miserable. To his questions in Spanish she replied in English, and mostly in monosyllables. Her writings and drawings were exhibited, she received a formal kiss at parting, and again was left for another six months entirely among strangers, who knew nothing more of her than her name. She was never known to allude to any circumstances relating to her former life, but her high and noble bearing gave evidence that she was of no mean extraction; and her ample supply of spending money testified to her wealth. Her vacations were spent among her different schoolmates, for the young South American was courted and caressed by all her companions. So surely do wealth and beauty win their way in the world! Had she been poor and homely, it may be doubted whether her very interesting and singular situation would have excited so much sympathy.

But I forget; I am not writing the history of Virginia De Sylva. I was merely speaking of her beautiful pen. What her fate has been I am unable to say; but whatever it may be, the love and prayers of the writer will attend her until this heart is cold and indifferent to other ties and affections.

Here is another ring, and the lustre of its diamond, as the precious stone reflects every sunbeam that falls upon it, seems a fit emblem of the happy girl who gave it. How different from the plain and unpretending one we just passed, is this rich and costly ring! Therese seemed born for the blue skies and sunny atmosphere of the tropics. Her feelings were too warm, and her nature too ardent, for the chill of a northern clime and tempers. She returned to the West Indies to fulfil woman's destiny—to love and be beloved. She exchanged the happy home of childhood for that of her husband. All that is bright and happy in existence seems attached to the name of *Therese*.

By the side of this memento of happiness, as if in mockery, lies a neat pocket-book. Let me carefully examine one of its recesses, for it contains that dearest of all legacies, a "lock of hair." As I unfold its graceful lengths, the mournful fate of the

owner seems doubly sad. Cut off in life's earliest stage, when the bud of promise was about bursting into fruition, with all that makes life valuable crowding in her path, the fate of Augusta Meredith seems given to show the vanity of human hopes. Let me replace this severed link in its quiet resting place; it is not fitting that the eye of curiosity or indifference should coldly glance on what I hold so dear.

Here is a carved ivory card-case, the *souvenir* of a clergyman's daughter, who, as usual, was the wildest romp among us. But soon, dear Lizzy, your frolics will be over, for in a little while you assume the dignities and sobrieties of a married lady. But I hope the cares so often attendant thereon may never damp that glad heart, or mark that childish face with wrinkles.

But this review of my museum is forcing sad thoughts on my mind. How can I bear to recall so much that is somber and melancholy? Many of the donors of these simple gifts are now cold and almost forgotten in their early graves; many are merely dragging out life, weary of its cares and sick with disappointed hopes and blighted prospects; while only the few have seen their wishes gratified or their hopes realized, and of these how few have seemed the most deserving of such happiness. To most, life has been but the mockery of what they once anticipated. Experience has given the death-blow to all their airy visions of happiness, and time has destroyed even the affections which once formed so bright a portion of their anticipations. Let me lock the cabinet that contains these most precious gifts; more precious than aught that wealth could now bestow, for they are proofs of an affection sincere and disinterested, and therefore most acceptable. Can after-life ever compensate for the hopes and fears, the ties and affections, of earlier days? Surely, "there is no charm the world can give, like that it takes away."

Columbus: O.

A. S. V. V.

Virtue, to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active: not breaking forth occasionally with a transient luster, like the blaze of a comet; but regular in its returns like the light of day: not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the sense; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

PETER PIRAD.

A SKETCH. FROM THE GERMAN.

PETER PIRAD was born in Hamburg, in the year seventeen hundred and ——. His father's christian name was Hans Christophe. He was a burgher of Hamburg, a dealer in grain and disiller of brandy; and his business, though coarse, was very lucrative. Peter, his youngest son, was destined to follow his father's profession; he had, however, little inclination thereto, for his whole heart and mind were bent to the nobler science of music. His father resolved, when Peter was scarce eight years old, to bind him apprentice to a town musician; since he was firmly convinced "that nothing better could be done with the rascal."

His master soon discovered that Peter was not so dull as at first seemed. And after a course of instruction, when Telemann, the then music director and cantor in the city, heard him play on the viol and horn, and beat the kettledrum, he became so much interested in the lad, that he devoted several hours in the week to giving him lessons on the harpsichord; in recompense for which kindness, Peter, whenever Telemann's compositions were represented, assisted by playing the kettledrum in a manner that astonished all who heard him.

When Telemann died, Peter was about twenty-four years old. He remained a year longer in Hamburg, and prosecuted his higher studies under Philip Emmanuel Bach. His father died in 1768. He had buried his mother about a year before. He had many elder sisters, so that his portion of the inheritance was not large: it was even less than it should have been, for he often gave his friends to understand that he thought it very possible "his brothers and his lady sisters had cheated him most heathenishly."

Peter Pirad now left Hamburg for the first time in his life, and betook himself to obtaining a knowledge of the world. He was scarcely out of the city when his fortunes underwent a change much against his will. He fell into the hands of a party of Hessian recruiting officers, and was by them pressed, *sans façon*, into their service. For the space of four weeks, he endured like a hero the scant fare and plentiful cudgelling he found among them. At length his patience was exhausted—he swore to die

rather than lead so heathenish a life any longer, and soon after made his escape.

He turned his course to Vienna; thence to Salzburg, where he became acquainted with the court trumpeter Schachtner, an intimate friend of the family of Mozart. Schachtner was master not only of the trumpet, but also of the *viola di gamba*, a now forgotten instrument. In this, like Pirad, he was scientifically skilled. Pirad became warmly attached to him, and spoke of him to the end of his life with enthusiasm and respect. Without doubt, the excellence of Schachtner stimulated him to higher proficiency as a kettle-drummer; for he ascribed his enthusiasm for that instrument to the impressions received during his stay in Salzburg, which lasted scarce a year. From Salzburg he went to Vienna, from Vienna to Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, where he made himself personally acquainted with all the great masters then living. The year 1788 found him at Bonn, where he beat the kettledrum in the Electoral Chapel; but he only stayed there a year, for there was no rest for the sole of his foot. Yet he looked upon Bonn as his home till the outbreak of the French revolution, when he became alarmed, for he was ever of a timid nature. In the later years of his life, he used to speak with great emphasis of a bedstead painted red, in which he has been often frightened from sleep for the space of half a year, because it put him in mind of the guillotine.

In his first terror he departed, and rested not till he arrived, pale and thin, at his native city of Hamburg. The news he heard every day made him shudder. He did not think himself safe even there. He quitted the place once more, and at length drew breath quietly in Copenhagen. There he betook himself again to his favorite science. Naumann's Orpheus so moved him, that he was obliged to keep his bed eight days. With the exception of Hoffman, and the excellent violin player, Rolla in Dresden, I know of no artist, on whose physical constitution the hearing of delightful music produced such violent, such even pernicious effects, as on that of Peter Pirad.

Till this time, had Peter known little or nothing of love; now first his obdurate heart felt the quivering arrow of the little blind god. He was enamored of his landlady, the widow of a Danish ship-lieutenant, a dame of goodly proportions, being about

as tall, and twice as thick as himself. By strenuous exertions, he brought matters to such a pass, that the heart of his colossal fair one was moved. He married her. And though it would have been impossible to look without laughter at the strange couple, yet he enjoyed as much happiness in wedlock as mortal had reason to expect. The firstborn son, however, was a source of un-failing apprehension to his parental eye; for the "Bengel," even in his sixteenth year, was half as tall again as his father. If I am not mistaken, he is yet living and happily married, as a painter in Riga.

I became acquainted with Peter Pirad while I was yet very young, and saw him first in Altona, whither in 1807 he had fled in great alarm from the English. He went thence, for the last time in his life, to Bonn, and was about entering into an engagement to become kettledrummer for his Majesty of Westphalia; but when they were proceeding to instal him into office, he crept out of the bargain and returned to Hamburg, whence he made year-long excursions, now to the East, now to the West. At length his journeyings stopped at Flensburg, where in the year 1822, he died, peaceful, happy, and full of years.

As a performer on the kettledrum, Peter Pirad has seldom or never been surpassed. And this was not all. He had the most thorough knowledge of counterpoint. He played on many instruments with skill and precision. And on the organ, in counterbass, he carried his skill to perfection. But his kettledrum was everything to him. He was incessantly occupied with it. He kept it with great care, in as perfect tune as the most devoted violin virtuoso ever kept his instrument. Not an indenture was to be seen in it. The parchment was so fine and transparent, that it looked as though it would burst with every stroke; and yet, Pirad would play, without injuring it, the whole year long, from the lightest pianissimo note, to the strongest forte. He suffered none else, however, to meddle with it: and I verily believe, notwithstanding his usual timidity and gentleness, would have murdered anybody outright who should have spoiled his instruments.

I have described his personal appearance in the picture of Beethoven. I never saw him differently attired, with the exception of his silken hose, which he subsequently exchanged for a pair of gray cloth. His lan-

guage was a mangled mixture of almost all the different German dialects, varied with broken phrases of Italian, French, and Latin. With his wife, he murdered Danish, which he understood as imperfectly as she did German; so that each seldom comprehended what the other meant to say, and yet they always agreed. One misunderstanding, however, occasioned both no little embarrassment. When madame Pirad, one day in the dearth of news, informed her good-man, then seventy years old, that her favorite cat, Itscha, was about to be blessed with progeny, Peter, mistaking her meaning, was induced to believe that God intended bestowing on him and his wife, as on Abraham and Sara, a son in their old age. He expressed great joy at the news, drank a flask of wine, and in the gladness of his heart, invited half the town to stand god-father to the expected infant.

My last interview with Pirad was not a little amusing. I happened to be in Wismar in 1820, and master Peter, as luck would have it, one day made his appearance there. He had attended the representation of some of Handel's compositions, under the direction of the lamented •President Breitenstern—too early summoned home! He waited on the President; and Breitenstern, who saw in him a passionate admirer of Handel, received him with all the courtesy and affability so peculiar to him. Peter Pirad went to one of his soirees, and made no end of talking to me about it. At length he broke out—"sakerment! It is furious, that you can represent nothing with a complete set of instruments. Heh! the President should do something to have the Messiah performed with Mozart's improvement." And on my remarking that the object of Breitenstern was to give Handel's original notes, he said—"all very well—very good—but the kettledrum—eh? sakerment! You know nothing of the improvements of Mozart!"

"How should I not!"

"Good! good! But—sakerment! have you not observed what effect the kettledrum produces; particularly in the—that—what do you call it? The devil! Exactly! The chorus I would say—"unto us a child is born!" "Do not laugh," he interrupted himself in a tone of vexation, as I, irresistibly reminded of the cat story, could not refrain from laughing. "So, so, where was I? yes! yes! with the chorus! *Hollenele-*

ment! the effect, I say, when the choir of voices first begin, (and he sang, as he was wont when in a rage,) "For unto us a child is born, unto us a child is born, a child is bo-r-r-r-n." And now *sol.* "His name shall be, (Tutti Fortissimo.*)"—The Mighty God—the Everlasting Father—the Prince of Peace!"

Here the tears chased one another rapidly down his lean and wrinkled cheeks. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, sobbing. "Heavens! what great men were Handel and Mozart! But know, I will ask the President to let me give a kettledrum concert. Now is the time—think you not so?"

Of course I did not gainsay him, and he lost no time in making his wishes known.

"What would you play on the kettledrums," asked the President.

"Eh? variations, variations."

"Very well—and in what."

"In the thema. *Ich bin liederlich—du —*," He started, and corrected himself with a low obeisance. "*Sic sind liederlich.*"†

The President sank laughing on the sofa, and cried "no, no, my good friend! I must not let *that* be drummed out so publicly here!"

Pirad did not exactly comprehend why, but allowed himself to be satisfied with a not insignificant gift from the President.

I could relate many other amusing anecdotes of master Peter; as, for instance, when assisting a niggardly stage director, who played the flute and directed his performers, Pirad suddenly, in the midst of the performance, flung away the viol and thundered a solo on his kettledrum; (it was in the G—dur Quintetto, in the second Act, where the chorus of priests join at the close,) whereat the director was so much astonished and affrighted, that he tumbled from his stool into the midst of the counterbassists and violincellists, etc., etc.

But no anecdote must be too long spun out; so rest thee, mine honest old friend Peter Pirad! Surely the earth lies lightly upon thy bosom, for thou wast throughout life a good and true man!

E. F. E.

Columbia: S. C.

* These tutti forte, like the succeeding, he sang in a voice of thunder, at the same time throwing up his arms as if beating the kettledrum.

† You are dissolute, etc.

LINES TO A LADY.

Urew the verge of womanhood
Thou tremblingly dost stand,
Before thee all that's bright and good
In youth's sweet fairy land!
The world unto thy fancy seems
Sunlit and wreathed with flowers,
The sky forever clear above,
And bliss in all its bowers.

Would that the shade of no stern truth
Might chill thy dreaming heart—
That bright as is thy star in youth,
In age it might depart!
But life has shadows dim and deep—
Has griefs and frowning fears,
And thou must struggle with the storm
And learn the use of tears.

I would not fling a fancied cloud
Above thy girlhood's dreams,
Nor weave around thy hopes a shroud
Instead of rainbow beams.
'Tis true, life has full many a sigh,
Yet hath it many a flower,
And, though clouds float upon its sky,
Still many a brilliant hour.

Why should the bosom cherish grief,
And wear untimely gloom?
The autumn's wind, will blight the leaf
Which erst in spring did bloom.
Then go upon the world's wide stage
And dream its scenes all fair,
And let no weird philosophy
Wed thy young heart to care.

Thy brow, so beautiful and bright,
Will win idolatry,
And in thine eye's electric light
Full many a charm will be.
In others' looks thou 'lt often read
Thy lip's deep eloquence,
And timid glances will reveal
Thy power o'er soul and sense.

Oft lordly men shall bend the knee
In suppliance for thy smile,
And whisper soft that flattery
Like siren's to beguile.
Then in that sweet though dangerous hour,
Firm let thy spirit be,
And teach the flatterer to know
Such strains besit not thee.

Remember this—that they who bow
Most frequent at the shrine,
Who on each altar lay a vow
Feel least what is divine.

That truth whose fountain wellet up
From out the inmost heart,
Seeks least the company of words
Its incense to impart.

Thy cheek is beautiful, dear girl,
Thy voice is witching kind,
And 'neath thy brow of shadeless pearl
Thoughts proud and deep are shined.
Thy form hath many a brilliant grace
To woo each gazer's eye,
To win from all the meed of praise,
From deepest hearts a sigh.

Go forth, thou fair and lovely one,
And learn what life can teach,
Be to the hearts around a sun
And smile and shine on each.
And when thy rays shall concentrate
And to the one be given,
May it, though thousands round thee sigh
Bring down a smile from heaven.

RROM.

MISERIES OF FASTIDIOUSNESS.

FOR pretty much the same reasons that the Grecian sage thanked the gods that he was a man and not a woman, a Greek, and not a barbarian, I thank them that I was born with a catholic, and not with a fastidious taste. About the most unfortunate specimen of humanity, is he whose taste is ultra-fastidious. Look wheresoever he may, there is something to interfere with the pleasure of the prospect. Influences which minister to the happiness of others, jar upon his too finely strung nervous system, and send him in a misanthropic mood, to the shadows of his solitude. The music which rises from the bosom of society, however melodiously it falls on common ears, rings discordantly on his. In every chorus, his over-refined perception discovers a crack in the instrument. A curl awry on the brow of beauty tortures him. A blemish on a single figure causes him to turn away loathingly from a group. A defect in the little finger of a Venus shrouds his visions of the lovely. In solitude, he is discontented; in society, he is ever undergoing the pre-eminent pangs of crucifixion. Wherever there are sights, or sounds, or scents, there is something to excite his disrelish. There is ever an invisible demon at his side, impelling him to lift a cup to his lips, that he may dash it with bitterness and enjoy the distortion of his victim's features. He is subjected to

such an infinite variety of tortures in this world, that it is no place for him, and the sooner he huddles his worried spirit off elsewhere, the better will it be for him. If there is any man in whom the original curse attains to perfection, it is he. If suicide were ever justifiable, it would be so with him.

In "fresh lipped youth," the fastidious man goes into society, his heart swelling within him with visions of beauty, and his brow radiant with the morning beams of hope. He has a beau ideal of every thing, and he expects every thing to realize it. He is first shocked, and then disgusted, with the spectacles which greet his vision. Some ingenious milliner has taxed her talents and the result is seen attaching itself to, and deforming, the fair forms of loveliness which glide like visions of poetry before his admiring gaze. Henceforth, he sees nothing but it. It haunts him like a woe-denouncing phantom. In the ecstasies of an outraged taste, he deems Fashion the most senseless of deities, and her flaunting votaries the silliest of idolators. Such an one, he says, would be beautiful, but for an unbecoming ribin, or tress. Nothing on this side of absolute perfection can please him, and his search is as protracted and as fruitless as that of Diogenes for a wise man. He looks for what is sprightly, and the most meaningless absurdities alone are to be seen. There is no beauty that is not blemished—no good that is unshadowed—no grace which does not approximate to affectedness—no action which does not strongly incline to awkwardness—no smile that might not be sweeter—no glance that might not be brighter—no voice that doth not lack melody, and no person around whom some gross impropriety is not discoverable. He soon arrives at the consolatory conclusion, that he alone is an embodiment of all the human excellences, and that all others are in some important respects incurable fools.

Your fastidious man is the most unfortunate of critics. The Alexandrian Library itself could not have presented him with a work in which he would not have discovered a thousand glaring faults. Talk to him of favorite authors, and he thanks his stars that he has none, and that his sagacity is too discriminating to suffer imposition and quackery in literature to be practised on him. Not a play of Shakspeare can be mentioned, in which his acute eye hath not discovered errors in plot, and character, and rhythm, and

sense. There are so many tedious passages in "Paradise Lost," that it requires the mind of an Hercules to take a reader through it. Byron, he thinks, might have been a poet, if his talent and taste and heart had been greater and better than they were. As for Rabelais, his obscenity is insurmountable, and Swift and Sterne are but little better in that respect, and infinitely less in every other. Scott he deems scarcely respectable, and Bulwer is altogether a bundle of glittering mistakes. Dr. Johnson was so savage, and Bozzy was such a toady, and Burke was such a traitor, and Sheridan such a profligate, that he thinks each and every one of them should be banished from the hearts of men. In fact, if he had to say who should enter the Pantheon of Genius, scarce one of the literary giants who tower like the Anakim of old in the shadows of the past, would find entrance within its hallowed precincts. He is dubious of Lamb's pretensions to humor, and calls the whole Lake school "inspired idiots," as Walpole called Goldsmith before him. His exquisite taste finds entire gratification nowhere. There is no book, and scarcely a page in any book, which is unobjectionable. With him, the legitimate object for which reading is instituted, is neither to find wisdom, or pleasure, or amusement, but to find fault with words, and styles, and sentences; and to question the propriety of the world's verdict in regard to those who have flung halos of glory around nations and eras. In philosophy he finds nothing but false logic, jargon and error. In history he perceives nothing but lies, and flattering pictures of the tigers of their species. Biography he considers but another term for improbable fiction, and poetry is what Locke called it, "ingenious nonsense," or only the half of that. He will candidly confess that some authors are tolerable, but as to the great mass of those whose names are fixed stars in the heavens of literature, he can see but little to admire and less to respect.

A friend asks a fastidious man for his opinion of a house he has lately built and the grounds he has laid out adjacent thereto, and he finds the one utterly destitute of comfort and the other of beauty. He is not a profound admirer of the Doric, the Corinthian, or the Ionian order of architecture. There is neither city, town nor village in the land, whose streets do not exhibit spectacles which cause him intense agony—for the streets are too wide or too narrow—the houses are too

high or too low—and the general appearance of things is a very burlesque on beauty and taste. He thinks the clouds are too fiery at eventide, and too purplish at morn. No storm cloud rises with consummate majesty. Lightning is too vivid, and thunder is too coarse. The rose has too many leaves and the lily too few. Summer is too hot—autumn too somber—winter too cheerless—and spring too fickle. The rainbow is not devoid of beauty, but then it is susceptible of improvement. The winds either lack heat or cold, gentleness or fury. The music of birds wants melody and sentiment. Flowers are too gaudy or too grave. In fine, not one of the ten thousand beauties of sight and sound, which nature presents to the contemplation of philosophers or the fancies of poets, is perfect, and therefore it fails to afford him that exquisite gratification he had a right to look for.

Neither does a desertion of nature and an entrance into the haunts of men, enhance his enjoyments an iota. Wherever he meets a man, he is sure to encounter that which his fastidiousness abhors. If he goes to church, he is sure to hear some absurd doctrine, or some specimen of unmitigated stupidity. He looks around him and sees nothing but indications of a "vanity fair." If he goes to the theater, the matter is worse. In box, pit, stage and elsewhere, innumerable improprieties present themselves to his attention. Indeed, here the catalogue of horrors is almost endless. Specification would be quite impossible. Betterton, Garrick and Siddons united, could not charm his notice away from what is so glaring and so outrageous. He goes to a concert. But some violin is out of tune, or some singer's voice is harsh, or loud, or so low as to be inaudible, or so inconsiderate as to jumble its sounds together with a most horribly discordant effect. It is a mere Babel of sound, unmeaning and most unmelodious, or a mock Bedlam where the lover of symphony must have his ear split with tones, that may be good enough for the groundlings, but are unfit to fall on the tympanum of a man of taste. In every little social circle, into which he is so imprudent as to enter, he sees nothing to give him unalloyed satisfaction. The talk is wishy-washy, or profoundly dull. The ladies think of nothing but the snares they are setting to catch boobies, and the boobies think of nothing but their own exquisite legs, or the more exquisite tights which hug them.

If a lady should sneeze, or laugh too loud, or yawn, or utter a sillyism, it would fling the cup of pleasure from his lips, even if it were sparkling there the moment before.

Perhaps your fastidious man gets in love, for Cupid is no respecter of persons, and has a spare dart even for such a heart as beats in his bosom withal. If he gets into such a predicament, his is a most perplexing destiny, for the time being. A perpetual conflict is waged between passion and disgust for the object of his affections. He sees in her so much to love and so much to loathe, that his bit of brain becomes perfectly bewildered in the excitement of contending convictions and feelings. The slightest defection from propriety in any word, look, or action, committed by his inamorata, flings a gloom over his whole after destiny. In the delirium of his emotions, he speaks the words which bring tears to the eyes of his sweetheart, or stern reproofs from her insulted spirits. A lover's quarrel ensues. Your fastidious man always fares the worse for these little ripplings in the stream of love. He cannot bear to apologize, or if he does, the recollection of what inspired his disgust is an ever-present and all-torturing memory. The crisis approaches which is to seal his destiny to irretrievable shadow or sunlight. Visions of the former preponderate. He hesitates what to do. He staggers—he blunders—he falls, and the lady casts him off as she would a worn-out ribin. He mourns the cruelty of his fate. In after times, he is temporarily enamored of different imagined angels, but something always comes up in time to rescue him from the fangs of an evil destiny. At length, weary of himself and of his disgusts—out of hope, and bankrupt in expected joys—with a mind soured by disappointments, and a heart long deserted by its visions of pre-eminent loveliness—he unites himself with one who is the very consummation of all his fancy in its darkest moods pictured, and he lingers on, a subdued and a saddened man, a mark for all that is direful in destiny and overwhelming in misfortune, until the spirit is fairly and unfairly fagged out of him, and his head reclines upon the bosom of his mother earth, songless and epitaphless, the victim of fastidiousness, which hath no kindly star in all the onlooking heavens.

Experience, however beneficial her lessons on other subjects may be, does not often correct one's fastidiousness. The older

we grow, the more fastidious we become. An acquaintance with the world, by which we are informed that the fairest and loveliest and noblest specimens of our race are not entirely free from blemishes, and which assures us that absolute perfection is unattainable on this side of heaven, but seldom serves to rationalize a fastidious taste. Your fastidious man, borrowing energy from his repeated disappointments, presses forward on his hopeless enterprise with additional vigor, until despair has claimed him for a victim. We begin by being particular—we grow to be squeamish—we become fastidious, and end in despair. Through these successive stages the fastidious man passes, and he who at twenty was silly, is at forty a fool. The eye accustomed to dwelling on blemishes, soon loses its power of discerning beauties. The restless spirit, yearning for companionship, roves hither and thither, and not finding that which it craves, at length, in its despairing moments, links its hopes and its fears with one which is wholly uncongenial, and unfitted to be its minister through the ever-changing scenes of life.

"As the lone dove to far Palmyra flying
From where its native founts of Antioch beam,
Wearied, exhausted, panting, longing, sighing,
Stops sadly at the desert's bitter stream,

"So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then weary and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught."

I have a friend who is exceedingly fastidious in his tastes. In the silence of his study, or in his ramblings abroad in the solitudes of nature, he, at times, gives himself up to visions of loveliness, such as the young heart loves before its sensibilities have been blighted by the evil experiences of life. He is an adorer of the Ideal; some pure "being of the mind," some unshadowed Egeria of the fancy, comes up before him, and to it he yields the incense of the spirit. Fresh from his visions, and with the memory of their beautiful phantoms vivid before him, he enters the society of women, in the hope of realizing in substance what was enchanting in his musings. Occasionally he fancies he has discovered the object of his search, and temporarily luxuriates in all the hopes and lights and gay dreams which such a discovery never fails to awaken. But his delight, ecstatic while it lasts, is of only short duration. The truth soon becomes apparent, and she who to his fancy seemed

Some gay creature of the elements,
That in the colors of the rainbow lives,
And plays in the plighted clouds—

turns out to be a being much less spiritual. He retires in disgust, and in proportion to his previous hopes and delights is his disappointment. The lady has uttered a sarcasm—she has smiled on the attentions of a fool—she has turned down her under lip in scorn and bitterness—she has been guilty of some indelicacy of thought, some vulgarity of speech, or some ungracefulness of action, and in consequence, she is utterly disparaged in his estimation, for it is the peculiar province of fastidiousness to overlook an hundred beauties to dwell on the solitary blemish.

I knew a lady who, when young, was beautiful and fascinating, but who, unfortunately was also fastidious. Her numerous admirers strove to woo and win the favors of the bright eyed goddess in a thousand ways, but there was always something in the devotion, or the manner of offering it, which to her fastidiousness was unpardonable. She dismissed admirers by the score. The older she became the less charity she felt for blemishes. In course of time her power to fascinate diminished. Adulation and idolatry were less frequently offered at her shrine. Instead of being softened, she was only hardened by her previous experience, and her fastidiousness became consummated. She soon failed to receive pleasure in society, because of the manifest and manifold shortcomings of those around her. In her desires for happiness and her inability to find it amid the dissipations of fashion, she flew to the sanctuary for relief, and is now a withered member of the church, and at the head of innumerable benevolent institutions. Finding nothing beautiful and perfect on earth, she feeds her love of the Beautiful and the Perfect on the forms of the angels as they swarm before her mind's eye in her visions of Paradise.

Such are some of the miseries which attend the fastidious. A thousand other afflictive evils might be pointed out, but they will probably suggest themselves to every one. How different is it with one who is blessed with a catholic taste. He discovers angels and delights every where. His fancy, fired with the spectacle of beauty, takes no note of blemishes. In every man he perceives materials which fit him for companionship—in every woman he perceives an angel.

He spends his days surrounded by beauties and pleasures of every hue and kind and dreams not that earth is not the Paradise he imagines it to be. The creature of blissful delusions through life, which stern reality cannot remove from him, he dies regretted by all, and in his last moments gives one glance over past joys and another towards those which he is rapidly approaching, and feels them to be kindred in nature as they meet and mingle together in bliss about his heaven-tending spirit.

Louisville, Ky.

T. H. S.

UNION OF THE STATES.

It is a sage, no less than trite aphorism, and one, too, that bears the impress of intrinsic truth and value, that excessive prosperity, in the course of events, necessarily begets disastrous adversity. If we carefully inspect the career of a single individual, or the embodied history of the human race, we shall inevitably discover the most indubitable evidence of the correctness of this maxim. An exception to this almost universal rule, would be peculiarly a "*rara avis*," and much more difficult to be found than those verdant oases which are so sparse over the arid bosom of the desert. Such being the case, that individual evinces the utmost stretch of wisdom, who, conscious of the mutability of external objects, never permits the dreamy listlessness of a presumptuous security to overpower his spirit. He is most prudent and sagacious who fondly grasps, and eagerly appropriates to his own use, those precepts of experience which are legibly traced on every page of the recorded transactions of men of like infirmities and passions with himself. By scrutinizing the origin, the progress, and the termination of human conduct, he will be able to perceive the obscure relations of cause and effect; and will often discern the most abrupt contrasts firmly united in the impenetrable mysteries of providential enactment. And thus, by marking the unerring course of the "Divinity, who shapes our ends," he will learn, in his own province of duty and usefulness, to select and to avoid, to choose and to reject, as the experience of by-gone ages may direct.

Now is the priceless wisdom derived

from history of less moment to men, in reference to their public than their private affairs. The same general laws of action, which govern man as a separate and distinct member of his species, regulate, also, the concerns of societies and nations. The fortunes of the mass are equally as variable and uncertain, as are those of the isolated individual: and no extraneous resource whatever, can preserve them unharmed against the operations of similar accidents. A boundless extent of territory, a prolific population, munitions of war, embattled hosts, and all the imposing paraphernalia of aggression and defence, are not always an effectual preservative against a nation's decline, and ultimate and entire extinction. Is it not so? The proudest and the mightiest empires of earth, have met with the most signal, and decisive, and tremendous overthrow. Where is Thebes, with all its splendid monuments and its hundred gates? Where is "Babylon the great," with its magnificent towers and bulwarks? And where are Nineveh, and Sparta and Palmyra, and Troy, and the long list of mighty cities which flourished in the olden time, and whose names are heralded by the trump of fame? They have all been leveled in the dust, and their pomp and glory have vanished into the distant night. The very spot they occupied has become, in some instances, despite of their imagined immortality, a matter of extreme uncertainty. And thus their history exhibits, in characters of light, the solemn and momentous truth, that political prosperity invariably generates those countless forms of corruption which weaken, and impair, and, in the event, violently prostrate the edifice of national power and grandeur. "At length the young disease, which must subdue, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength."

If the preceding suggestions are correct, it is highly fitting that we should occasionally survey the condition and the prospects of our favored Republic—it is peculiarly appropriate that we should examine our present propitious circumstances as contrasted with the earliest and gloomiest periods of our country's history. The "tide of time" is continually bearing us on farther and farther from the auspicious era when our freedom was achieved, and we are becoming rapidly contaminated by the malignant influence of the same giant power, which trampled

into ruin the republics of antiquity. It needs not the ken of a "prophet or the son of a prophet," to predict with mathematical precision the future and utter extermination of our happy land, unless a redeeming influence is abroad to arrest the march of the destroyer. A prosperity unbounded and unparalleled; a surprising increase of population, and territory, and power; the incessant clashing of multifarious opposing interests; sectional jealousies, and political rivalries; these are all combined to obscure the lustre of public virtue, and to extinguish the effulgent glories of our Union. We are fast forgetting in the overweening pride of national might and character, that once these powerful States were compelled to *energize* for their very name and existence. We gaze with emotions of inexpressible rapture at the advancement of *Columbia* towards the zenith of dignity and greatness, and the memory of the humble outset of her political being is obliterated from the mind. We glance an eye athwart the wide expanse of our valleys and mountains; we behold the hardy oaks of a century falling before the axe of the Pioneer in our western forests, and the deep shades of that vast wilderness fast merging in the brilliant light of civilization and improvement; cities and villages springing into life as by magic; every medium to honour and authority and wealth thronged with impetuous aspirants; the sails of our commercial enterprise unfurled in every clime, and courting every breeze. We view all these, we are delighted and entranced at the sight, and we are not disposed to remember that instability is inscribed on every thing terrestrial, and that the fabric of our government, majestic and symmetrical as it is, is subject to the same laws of durability or decay which are wisely ordained and administered for all nations by the Providence of God. How necessary is it, then, that we should ever keep alive the recollection, amidst our rapid growth and consequent prosperity, that this may be the very instrumentality employed to work out our destruction—how indispensable that we should frequently compare the manhood with the infancy of our beloved country, its early struggles with its final triumphs and its present elevated stand, that we may thus be the better prepared to guard against danger and to maintain the lofty eminence we now occupy.

There is one method, and only one, by which, with all our unbounded prosperity,

we can escape those terrific calamities, which have desolated many of the fairest portions of the world, and that is, the predominance of moral principle among the people. It was moral principle that pervaded the breasts and ruled the conduct of the founders of our liberty, and to this were they indebted for their brilliant exploits and glorious success. The common infirmities of our nature appeared to be purged away from these extraordinary men; the love of self was absorbed in their more passionate love of country; the minor impulses of feeling retired abashed, and truth, wisdom, humanity, and justice, pre-eminently controlled their hearts and governed their councils. Neither ancient nor modern days can furnish a set of men who will bear a comparison with these devoted Spirits. History is ransacked in vain to find a parallel. Pore over its pages from cover to cover: They are crimsoned with blood, and awfully polluted and disfigured with the marks of every species of guilt and crime. The scattered rays of light which here and there beam forth, are like the faint glimmerings of a taper in a world of midnight darkness. Nothing in the character of man can be found, in all his extended annals, in his best and his worst estate, so much exempt from the natural frailty and imperfection of human nature, as the immaculate integrity, the guiltless purpose, and the unalloyed patriotism of the Fathers of the Revolution. Let but these feelings influence their posterity, and then, from age to age shall our course be surely and swiftly onward in the path of peace and honour and prosperity.

But it is not merely as an abstract truth of universal application, that we have urged the imperative necessity of moral principle among the people. There exists a *high and peculiar reason* for its existence among us. The massive pillars of our social compact are deeply imbedded in the *moral sense* of our countrymen. The basis of our republican institutions was laid and the superstructure was reared by sentiment, virtuous, enlightened sentiment, and by the same efficient means they must be supported or they will crumble into ruins. And the encouragement presented us to labor for the dissemination of such sentiments is abundant indeed. There can exist not a shadow of doubt that the frame-work,—the bone and sinew and muscle—of our body politic is as near an approximation to the workmanship of a perfect artist as our lapsed nature will

permit. It is not composed of materials which will "perish in the using," nor will it ever yield to the corrosive tooth of decay. No external power, however mighty, could avail to overturn the edifice, nor could any internal weakness suffice to cause it to collapse and fall. Enemies without and within may bring every conceivable instrument of destruction to bear against it, but their most vigorous exertions will prove utterly abortive. In order to disunion and all its attendant and consequent horrors, the public mind must become debased, and public morals must become extinct. An inordinate attachment to self must predominate over a generous and manly spirit of concession, and mere party feeling and interest must gain an ascendancy over an expanded affection for the Union.

There is one characteristic peculiar to our form of government, which bespeaks, with emphasis, its perpetuity, if only the public conscience is sufficiently sensitive, and that is, its eminent adaptation to promote the highest good of its various subjects. A just and impartial administration would communicate peace and happiness alike to all. There is no vital centre, "the heart of hearts," the fountain of being and prosperity, slightly connected with remote extremities, to which scarcely reaches the genial current of metropolitan favor. Each State is a sovereignty within itself, with powers reserved amply sufficient to manage its own concerns. The federal union is a treaty between different States, separately independent, in which is drawn as plainly as with a "pencil of light," the line of limit between functions delegated and retained. The general government is thus relieved from the oppressive cares of state legislation, and from a multiplicity of local matters, which would distract its attention and perplex its councils.

The great and striking beauty of this system is, that it attaches to every member of the confederacy an equal value and importance. Though they may be leagues asunder, and mountains and rivers may intervene between them, yet, they can, they *must*, participate alike in the blessings and privileges of the Union. Indeed, if the number of the States should be increased to any conceivable extent, there exists no plausible reason why they might not as readily and easily be united under one administration, as are those which now com-

pose this happy republic. As that grand and indefinable law of nature, the law of gravitation, retains in their orbits the countless worlds which revolve in the immensity of space, and binds them together in majestic harmony of movement, so the great and universal law of sympathy and a common interest may, till the world grows old and dies, run through and connect these States into one mighty body, enlightening, cheering, and invigorating the whole.

The suggestions we have advanced, necessarily refer us back to the position with which we started in the outset, that our existence as a nation depends on an illuminated, exalted, purified public sentiment. The religion of Him, who expired on Calvary, with its severe exactions, its heavenly doctrines, and its sublime morality, is the corner-stone of our political edifice. With this we are secure, whatever else may betide us—without it we are in constant and imminent peril, whatever else we may possess. Wealth and fame are nothing; science and literature are the merest baubles; intelligence, as widely diffused as the air of heaven, is nothing; a happy form of government is nothing; a soil rich and fertile as is that which spreads out its broad bosom to an Italian sky; a firmament as pure and serene as is that which kisses the waves of the Adriatic; an atmosphere redolent with the spicy fragrance of Arabia Felix; these are "nothing and vanity," for the preservation of republican institutions, unless the glorious doctrines of the gospel attune the heart and mind of man to the practice of those public virtues which the Bible alone can teach. Neither the walls, or towers of mighty Babylon, or the imperial city—nor the wealth of Croesus—nor the morals of Socrates or Seneca—nor the beauty and verdure of Parnassus—nor the sparkling waters of Castalia; neither science, letters, philosophy, poetry nor eloquence, could preserve the republics of antiquity from one and the same downward current to the gulf of degradation and ruin. And the reason is perfectly obvious. The scriptures, with their conservative influences, were not there. The religion of the condemned Nazarene was not there, to impart to public and private morality its proper support, to confine it to its proper standard, to restrain its versatilities, and to give to honor and truth and virtue, a "local habitation and a name." The nations of olden time were all corrupt-

ed by prosperity; and so will all human glory utterly fade away, unless its colorings be drawn from the empyreal light of heaven.

Jackson: C. H. O.

W. G. H.

THE EMIGRANT IN THE FORESTS.

GIVE us shelter, wild and wood!
Give us shelter, cave and tree!
We're the homeless men who stood,
For our country's loyalty.
Nor in that dark hour which saw
Reckless tyranny arise,
Vainly did we keep the law
Left us by the good and wise;
But for sacrifice we stood,
And in exile now we roam;
Give us shelter, wild and wood!
Yield a country, yield a home.

Not for lucre, not for power,
Did we, like the Roman, leap
Down the gulf, in evil hour,
Which ambition dug so deep;
We beheld the land's decay,
And it grieved our spirits then;
We were 'neath the tyrant's sway,
Though we battled it like men;
And our country has the good,
But our service does not see;
Give us shelter, wild and wood,
Dark and desert though it be.

From the soil which gave us birth,
Lo! a mournful band, we come
From that dearest spot of earth,
Seeking in the wilds a home:
There oppression's arm is high,
There a bitter spirit raves;
And for peace and liberty,
Roam we now the rocks and caves.
In a sad and sleepless mood,
Fly we from the land so dear;
Give us shelter, wild and wood,
And the home denied us there.

In the temple, freedom-built,
Long, the glory of our land,
We have seen, all stained with guilt,
Lawless men in armor stand;
And from forth the sacred shrine,
We have heard the spirit dart,
Crying, " 'tis no home of mine,"
Bidding "freemen all depart."
Hopeless, then, of farther good,
From our toil for Freedom there,
We implore ye, wild and wood,
Let us build her temple here.

Charleston: S. C.

W. G. S.

THE FLOWER OF CHASTITY.

THE months throughout the circling year,
Ten thousand flowers adorn,
Where'er the stars of heaven appear,
Or wakes the purple morn:
Ten thousand flowers,
In nature's bowers,
Of every varied hue,
Flourish in light,
Fragrant and bright,
Pendant with pearly dew.

But these are flowers that bloom and fade,
And wither at the last;
Some pine within the everglade,
Some sink beneath the blast:
Some perish where
The sultry air
Poisons each opening cup;
The fervid ray
Of burning day
Drinks all their moisture up.

But there's a flower that blooms in night,
Transplanted from the skies;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor mildew blight,
Harm it,—it never dies.
In the pure breast,
That flower doth rest,
Its name is CHASTITY:
'Tis beauty's face
In mental grace,
And virtue's panoply.

The rose, so beautiful and fair,
The loveliest flower of earth,
Whose sweets impregnate the morning air,
Its death outlives its birth.
Its scent remains,
The leaf retains
The incense of its bloom:
Death cannot harm
Its vital charm,
It lives beyond the tomb.

So, budding in the maiden's breast,
The FLOWER OF CHASTITY,
When nature fades, and sinks to rest,
Still blooms in memory.
Though to the worm
The beauteous form
In life's last hour is given,
Virtue survives,
Its fragrance lives,
And reaches up to heaven.

E. A. M.

Cincinnati.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

PALESTINE.*

ITS GEOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE: RELATIVE POSITION:
MOUNT LEBANON: MOUNT HERMON: MOUNT
TABOR: SEA OF GENESERETH:
DEAD SEA: ETC.

BY JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM.

You have been invited here to listen to some details in regard to the present condition of the land of Palestine. Your presence, in response to that invitation, is in itself sufficient evidence of your estimate of the importance of the general subject with which I propose to occupy your attention: so that it will be needless for me to consume any portion of this lecture by general remarks on that head.

There are, indeed, few countries on the face of the earth, which possess a greater amount or variety of interest for any intelligent mind. It is an error, however, to suppose that this interest arises exclusively from the relation of that country to the events recorded in Scripture. Its historical interest, apart from this, is in itself sufficient to command your attention: since it was one of the earliest civilized of any known portion of our globe, and is a land of whose condition, up to a high antiquity, more authentic records have been preserved than of any other. Besides the Scriptural notices of it, its peculiar character is alluded to by the poets and historians, especially those of Rome. Its geography, too, is scarce less peculiar than its history. Its central position in relation to other countries, its variety of surface, its peculiar natural phenomena,

and the connection of its natural products and the manners and customs of the inhabitants with the details incidentally mentioned in the sacred writings, all combine to give to Palestine an interest essentially its own. Add to this, the vicissitudes which have marked its past condition; its successive possession by the Phœnicians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Crusaders, and finally by the Turks, give to this country a romantic charm which associates it with whatever is impressive in the past history of the world.

The country has often been described by those whose desire and design was, to raise doubts as to the authenticity of the Scriptures. The writers, especially, of the French school of infidelity have endeavored to produce the impression, that what is familiarly denominated the Holy Land is a petty, contemptible, insignificant strip of country, barren and mean, destitute alike of beauty and of all natural advantages; a base and worthless territory, unworthy of the Deity to select, and of a nation calling themselves the chosen people of God to accept at his hands. If such be the fact, undoubtedly it ought to shake our confidence in the truth and accuracy of the Bible; for nothing, certainly, can be more opposite to the representations which are there given. Moses speaks of the country before it was possessed by the Israelites, in the most glowing terms; and after they had entered and taken possession, it was denominated "the glory of all lands." Moses, however, never himself entered it, having merely been indulged with a distant view from the top of Mount Pisgah. What was known to and recorded by him respecting its details, must have been received, if true, from revelation alone. Examine the passage in Deuteronomy which records his description of it, in his parting address to the people he had led out of Egypt, and who now stood upon its borders, and you will find it as true and just a picture as ever was taken by a painter. He had often denounced the judgments of Heaven upon the stiff-necked

* None of our readers can have forgotten the very interesting description and account of the "Land of Egypt," which was published in the second volume of the *HESPERIAN*. The paper here given is from the same course of Lectures, as reported for the New-York Observer. Mr. BUCKINGHAM was recently at New-Orleans, delighting the citizens of the Southern emporium with his lively sketches of the Oriental World; and we have heard that he contemplates visiting Cincinnati the present summer, to afford its inhabitants like entertainment. He will doubtless be warmly welcomed in his arrival, and have the pleasure of lecturing to large and intelligent audiences.—ED. *HESPERIAN*.

and rebellious multitude over whom he had been placed as a leader; yet, while on the one hand he rebuked and threatened them, he held up, on the other, the most cheering and animating promises of the prosperity and abundance in reserve for them when they should enter the long expected land assigned them by heaven. "The land," says he, "whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven; a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year. The Lord thy God bringeth thee unto a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley and vines and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of oil olive and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." A description as characteristic, as if it had been written by one who had spent his days in Palestine. That you may be the better able to judge of this, I will now touch on some of those advantages which justified the Jewish lawgiver, or rather the Spirit of Inspiration by whose influence he spoke, in holding language like this to those whose own experience was soon to put its accuracy to the test.

And first, let us consider for a moment, the relative position of the Holy Land. We shall at once see that its location, at the head of the Mediterranean sea, gave it the advantage of direct and ready communication with the richest and most powerful countries both of the western and eastern hemisphere. This was an element of great importance, both in its political and commercial condition. For let the natural products of a country be as great or as valuable as they may, if it enjoys no opportunities of commerce, it never can be either rich or powerful; but if it be not only fertile and populous, but upon the open highway of commerce, there are absolutely no bounds to the riches it may acquire, if its industry be well applied. Palestine had all these

advantages. Itself at the head of the great highway of nations, it had free communication from the marts of Tyre and Sidon quite to the Pillars of Hercules. On the right there was, first, Asia Minor, for fertility the very garden of the world, the seat of many very interesting Greek colonies, among which were situated the well known "seven churches" of the Apocalypse; a land still lovely, though comparatively in ruins, but then populous and abounding in all its prosperity. Then came the Isles of Greece, inhabited by the most brilliant and intellectual people of antiquity; and the adjacent countries of Greece Proper and the Morea, with their rich and celebrated cities of Athens, Corinth and the rest. Then the Adriatic Gulf gave access to the coast of Italy, while on the farther side sat Rome, the mistress of the world. Beyond, were Gaul and Iberia, at whose southern extremity the Pillars of Hercules opened their gates to an unknown wilderness of waters. All these countries lay stretched out in unbroken succession, teeming with all the power, wealth and luxury of the west, and affording all the inducements and promising all the rewards which could be presented to commercial enterprise. On the left hand, again, lay in the first place that Egypt, the mother of countries, with its mighty Nile, spreading fertility through that long valley, which its inundations had covered with wealth, and overspread with the monuments of human industry; supporting within these narrow bounds a population of twenty millions; and so advanced in arts and knowledge, that it was deemed a sufficient eulogy on Moses to say that he was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians. Next beyond it, lay Cyrene, a region filled with Greek colonies, as brilliant as the mother country on the opposite side of the Mediterranean. Then came Carthage, Rome's great rival, who beat the Romans on their own element. Beyond followed Mauritania, stretching to the gates of the great ocean. To name these countries is sufficient to remind all who hear, that they were among the most celebrated of the western world.

Looking toward the East, we see, in the first place Mesopotamia, or Ur of the Chaldees, an ancient land, in which was the seat of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires, with its leading cities, Nineveh and Babylon. Nineveh was yet larger than Babylon,

although the latter was fifteen miles square. She is called "the mother of nations," and "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." This celebrated region pressed on the eastern boundaries of Palestine, and led on as a highway for its commerce with Persia, India, and, as it is not without reason believed by some, to the very wall of China. Nor were the bounds of the Holy Land unimportant toward the North, where it approached the Hellespont, the Black Sea and Scythia. And lastly, on its Southern border lay the Red Sea, navigable to Abyssinia, and the whole length of the Arabian coast, and thence leading out into the ocean.

You thus perceive that the position of Palestine was the most desirable that can well be conceived, as affording it every facility for commerce with all the then known earth; so that we may say with truth, it resembled a precious gem set in the centre of the civilized world, and having a framework formed of the most renowned kingdoms of antiquity.

And that the people and rulers did avail themselves of these advantages is certain. Solomon, the greatest and most enterprising of her monarchs, carried on commercial intercourse with both the West and the East; for while the fleets of the Tyrians came as far as Gades, and traded with the Cassiterides, and even with the Britons for tin, and the Phœnician name was every where known through the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea; the fleets of Solomon, in the other direction, passed down the Red Sea to Tarshish, to Ophir, and to the isles of Javan, by which there can be no doubt was meant the coasts of India. For this opinion there are weighty and convincing reasons. His fleets, which rendezvoused at Ezion Geber, were absent, we are told, for three years. A voyage of such a length, with all the necessary allowance for the slowness of navigation before the discovery of the magnetic needle, gives ample space for going to India and returning; nor could a shorter expedition well occupy so long a period. The commodities which these vessels brought back with them, afford proofs still more convincing that such was in fact their destination. We are informed by the sacred historian, that the fleets of Solomon brought him gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks. All these are the productions of the coast of Coromandel, Siam

and Cochin China. So abundant was the supply of gold obtained by this channel of traffic, as to enable him to make that profuse and gorgeous application of it to the decoration of both the exterior and interior of his celebrated temple, which called forth the wonder of the East. From the account of it given in scripture, the gold employed in the temple appears to have cost a sum equal to six hundred millions of pounds sterling. The whole interior of many parts of that building, including the entire sanctuary, both within and without the veil, was lined with solid plates of this precious metal; while its roofs were of fretted gold, enriched with gems. Nor was this magnificence confined to the temple, or the vessels employed in the ceremonials of the temple ritual. We are informed that all the drinking vessels of Solomon's court, (vessels always very numerous in the East,) were made of pure gold. Nay, so abundant was it in Jerusalem during the splendid reign of this monarch, that it is said, "silver was nothing accounted of." That the magnificence of Solomon attracted the admiration of neighboring nations, we may learn from the visit of the Queen of Sheba, in Arabia; who, with raised expectations, coming to Jerusalem to view it, departed to her home, declaring that "the half had not been told her." The same thing is manifest from the letters addressed to Solomon by the King of Tyre. Nay, the Savior himself, in that most beautiful comparison by which he illustrates the care of heaven over even the lower creation, and sets the power of the Deity in contrast with the weakness and littleness of man, selects Solomon as his example. "Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Such a plenitude of wealth and glory could neither have been acquired or maintained by any other power than that of a commerce, which may be said to have stretched its arms to both extremities of the habitable globe.

The frontiers of Palestine were themselves in a high degree picturesque, and still more so from their contrast with each other. Each portion of them may be said to be *sui generis*. First, we have the sea coast, extending from Pelusium to Tyre and Sidon on the borders of Syria; and I know no coast of the same extent, which exhibits

a like variety of scenery. From Pelusium as far as Joppa, the territory is level, rich and fertile; abounding with wide pastures and great herds of cattle. These were "the plains of the Philistines" mentioned in Scripture, and here were their five principal cities. Then, again, from Joppa to Ptolemais, or St. John d'Acre, we find a country undulating into hill and dale, and the coast presents a wavy, serpentine line, resembling the coast of Devonshire in England, from Plymouth to what is called the Bill of Portland, where you see a surface, sloping down to the sea, and richly clothed with herbage. Whoever remembers that portion of the British coast, may form a faint idea of the undulating hills which are met with from the vale of Joppa to Acre. Then from Ptolemais up to Tyre, a new variety of coast strikes the eye. Here we have no grassy plains, no gently sloping hills, but a succession of sublime, perpendicular cliffs, of altitudes varying from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet. Beetling crags form the entire barrier toward the ocean, and in some places overhanging their base, so that a plummet dropped from this rocky brow, would wet itself in the sea. Yet these are forgotten and lost as insignificant before the Alpine summits of Lebanon, which rise behind them to the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This noble range exhibits to the view, as you approach the coast, all the beauties of the Himalayas and of the Alps, brought together in one assemblage. I know of no mountain scenery which surpasses it. This is the Western frontier. Then for the Eastern, we have the green and pastoral valley of the Jordan. The Jordan, you know, in the scriptural accounts of Judea, holds the same place as does the Rhine in descriptions of Germany, or the Tweed in those of the north of England. We read of such a region "on this side Jordan," and of such another city or district "beyond Jordan." Here is a total absence of all which had impressed us so deeply on the sea coast. The whole region is a gentle valley, presenting in every direction nothing but Arcadian scenery, rural, quiet and shepherd-like. The air is balmy, perfumed with vegetable fragrance; an atmosphere for birds and bees. There is nothing greatly to excite the mind or strike the eye. All is mild and soft and bland. On either bank we behold pastures and their flocks, while

between, in gentle flow, runs the silver Jordan. All breathes of peace and of repose. The boundary of Palestine on the north is different from either of the preceding. It is formed by the great mountain ranges of Libanus and Anti-libanus, stretching diagonally to the coast, in a direction from north-east to south-west. This huge chain extends for eighty miles, and cuts off Palestine from the adjacent regions of Syria. The boundary here is in the highest degree magnificent and sublime, a perfect contrast to the last. And what do we meet with at the opposite extremity of this singular country? A frontier totally different from all the three; for from Pelusium eastward to the Dead Sea, there is nothing to be seen but a wide and arid desert. This is the old "land of Idumea;" and it is as flat and unvaried as the ocean itself. The whole region is perfectly sterile; exhibiting no sign of life to break the dreary monotony of the prospect. We have thus, as I said, in the boundaries of Palestine, not merely variety, but a positive contrast, which, as we all know, is one chief source of beauty, whether to the eye, the ear, or any other of the senses. It is light and shadow, which give the highest charm to landscape scenery. The sweetest sounds of harmony, if unbroken by rougher notes to charm us by contrast, soon cloy upon the ear. Whoever has seen much of mountain scenery, well knows that it never appears more lovely or desirable than when gradually approached over extensive plains. Then one pants and hungers to arrive at what we have been watching so long:—but when we have been for day after day involved in the passes of some gigantic ridge, until we are weary of the constant succession of alps on alps, and then at length catch a glimpse of a level country spreading far into the blue of the distant horizon, we long as much to descend as we had formerly longed to climb. The secret in both cases lies in the charms of contrast. Even the pathless desert has interest, for a time, when we first change for it the richness of the most fertile and populous region. So it is with the ocean. The man who comes from far in the interior, and beholds the sea for the first time, whether sleeping like a liquid plain under the silver rays of moonlight, or lashed into fury and gleaming with the reflection of the red lightning from its surges, is wrapt in delight or in amazement

and awe. But let him be a voyager on its bosom for long and slowly-creeping months, and then, with what transport does he catch the first distant glimpse of land, rising doubtful in the dimness of distance; and as it draws near, how does every nook appear a little Eden to the sight! This charm is possessed, in its perfection, by the frontiers of the Holy Land; and it constitutes a feature almost as remarkable as the framework of nations which lay beyond them.

Palestine was divided into three great provinces or subdivisions: Galilee on the north, Judea on the south, and Samaria lying between them. Each of these is characterised by peculiarity of surface and productions. *Galilee* was remarkable for the extent of its plains; especially those of Esdraelon and Zebulon. About seven-tenths of this district are level, the residue greatly undulating into hills and vales, fitted to the raising of grain and cattle. The province was famed for its harvests, its herds, and like all regions of that character, it was of course thickly peopled. *Samaria* has, like Galilee, some beautiful plains; but by much the greater portion of it is of an undulating surface. This occasions agriculture to be less pursued than in the latter province, and more attention to be paid to planting, especially of the olive and the vine. The olive is found on the fat valleys and more level grounds; while the vine clothes with its picturesque foliage and blushing fruit, the sides of the hills and mountains, where it is cultivated on terraces scarped out for the purpose. This process often causes the perpendicular sides of these notches or steps in the side of the mountain to be cut quite through the incumbent soil, so that the substratum of rock is exposed to view; and it is done that the grapes may be the earlier ripened, as wall fruit is in England, by enjoying the reflected as well as the direct rays of the sun. *Judea* is of a rocky surface; distinguished neither by plains nor hills, but chiefly by the lofty spiral rocks which are thickly strewn over the country. Seven-eighths of this province are barren, and even the rest partially so. Yet even here we find that food was furnished from nature's lap, less gorgeously clad though it be, than other parts of the land. In the clefts of the rocks the wild bees, in innumerable swarms, deposited their honey. This is still a peculiarity of the district. More honey is raised there, now, than can

be consumed; the surplus is lost, for want of that security in enterprise, which a good protective government would ensure. The iron hand of despotism rests upon this, as on every other province of the Turkish empire, palsying all efforts at comfort or independence, and so disheartening every thing like enterprise in human pursuits, that the mass of the population live merely from hand to mouth. Wealth, as you well know, does not arise so much from mere fertility of soil, as from a sense of security in its possession. This is the secret spring of that ceaseless industry, which, as in Holland, has turned the most unpropitious soil into one wide-spread garden. The wild honey of Judea, if availed of by the inhabitants as it might be, would furnish a profitable item of export trade. As things are, much of it is wholly useless to man.

You thus perceive the literal exactness of Moses, even in language which would at first seem a mere rhetorical hyperbole. The land did, and still does, "flow with milk and honey." So abundantly flows the milk in Galilee, that let any number of travelers be passing through that province, they are all supplied with it as they would elsewhere be with water, and no pay asked. There is more than enough for every body. And in like manner flows the honey from the rock-covered fields of Judea proper.

And now for the distinguishing features of the country, its mountains, rivers and lakes.

And first in the picture stands Mount Lebanon, king among the mountains of the East, longer, broader and more colossal than any others in or near the Holy Land. It rises, as we have said, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and lies between the 32d and 33d degrees of northern latitude. Its lofty summits are covered with snow throughout the year; in summer they are cap, in winter sheeted with this white and glittering vestment. I passed the range early in September; and the weather being still quite hot upon the plains, I presumed that the mountain passes would certainly be free from snow, and sat out on horseback, expecting to pass through them without difficulty; but so entirely had I reckoned without my host, that I found the snow so deep that it cost us sixteen hours to advance four miles. We were compelled to cut out a path for our horses before they could go forward; for the snow being loose and powdery, they plunged and strain-

ed themselves in their efforts to get through it. Unwilling to undergo defeat, and submit to go back, we continued to combat the difficulties of the way; but had the night overtaken us, situated as we were, we must all have inevitably perished; so difficult a task is it to pass over Mount Lebanon.

The sublime and picturesque unite in high perfection in this noble mountain range. "The glory of Lebanon," is a frequent phrase in the mouth of the prophets; and in the Canticles the enamoured Spouse, seeking comparisons to set forth the beauty of her beloved, and willing to crown the whole by an image of the loftiest dignity, adds, "His countenance is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." Whatever recon-dite and spiritual meaning there may be in that beautiful poem, its imagery is all taken from natural objects, and its excellence lay in the fidelity and appropriateness with which they were caught from the scenery around. It is certain that Lebanon was a frequent resort of Solomon, when seeking relaxation from the cares of state. Here he built "the house of the Forest of Lebanon," a costly and magnificent structure, in which the cedar, which grew in such abundance on these mountains, and brought so high a price on account of its fragrance and durability, was profusely used. In his poetical writings, as well as in the inspired language of the prophets, we find frequent allusions to the height, the grandeur, the beauty, the fragrance, the cedars and the snows of Lebanon. Lebanon and Carmel are, as it were, consecrated by the muse of hallowed inspiration, and their names adorn some of the most beautiful passages of holy writ.

These mountains still abound with the greatest variety of vegetable products, classified one above another in successive belts, according to the varying temperature of different parts of the range. The lowest belt is characterised by its heat and moisture. The thermometer there sometimes stands at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; and such heat raises much vapor from the adjacent ocean, which, settling at the roots of the mountain, renders vegetation there peculiarly rank and rapid. Higher up, we come to a second belt, resembling the temperature of the tropical regions; and here there is, in correspondence with it, a different family of plants. This portion of country resembles that of Italy and Greece. Another thousand feet takes you in temperature to the middle

of France, and a thousand more to that of Normandy. Ascend another similar space, and you find yourself in the climate of England. You see oaks and sycamores over your head, at your feet yellow buttercups and ripe blackberries; while sparrows and other birds long familiar to your eyes in childhood, bring you back to the scenes of home and the days of boyish rambles. Ascending another thousand feet, you get to a region of Norway firs; farther still, to that of lichens and mosses only. Here vegetation has reached its utmost limits. Above, you come first to the belt of moveable snow, viz. that which disappears in the summer. Lastly, you arrive at the realms of perpetual snow. Here the desolation is complete and eternal, unsoftened by the breath of spring, and on which the summer suns dart their beams in vain. Towering pinnacles of thick ribbed ice alone receive and glint back his beams. Thus on Mount Lebanon the wise monarch had displayed to his view the book of nature in successive pages, and here he seems to have been a delighted student of the varied phases of her unrivalled beauty. Nor did he consider it a derogation from his regal dignity to teach others. On the contrary, he became the instructor as well as ruler of his people. We are told that "Solomon spake of all things, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall"—two wide extremes, between which lay vast fields of useful and delightful knowledge.

Mount Hermon is another of the interesting objects which distinguish the land of promise. It is very different from Lebanon; not being, like that, a mountain chain, but one single isolated elevation, rising like a cone, and exceeding the height of Lebanon by one thousand feet. There is another feature which distinguishes it, and that is, the verdure of its sides, when the country all around is parched by the long droughts of summer. You are aware that in Palestine they had two seasons of rain, often spoken of in Scripture, as "the former and the latter rain." It is so still. They occur in the winter and spring; while between lies a long and arid period, in which the earth is burnt by the continued heat, and its whole surface has a brown and decayed appearance. I was struck with the green and verdant appearance of Mount Hermon during this part of the year; and being of inquisitive mind, I was desirous of discovering the cause of this agreeable contrast. On reflection, I soon

attributed it to the vapors from the neighboring lake of Tiberias, which is but sixty miles distant. During the long hot days of summer, there is a vast evaporation from this sheet of water, there being in the day time but little wind; but towards sun-down a gentle southern breeze usually prevails, which wafting this vapor northward, it comes in contact with the snowy head of Hermon, and being immediately condensed, descends in heavy dews which bathe the whole mountain. The effect is certainly remarkable, and this being a sufficient, may be set down as the true cause of it. "The dews of Hermon," you recollect, is a figure frequent in the Psalms, to express the descent of gracious influence from heaven. Dew and soft rain have been favorite emblems with poets in all ages, more especially in the East; nor can there be fitter emblems of mercy. Who can forget the celebrated passage of Shakespeare, where Portia, seeking to soften the adamant Shylock, reminds him that

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

The fitness of the dew of Hermon, in especial, to be an emblem of mercy and divine grace, lay no doubt in its constancy and great abundance: and this is one instance to shew that in order to feel and relish all the force and beauty of the Scriptural allusions, one ought to be intimate and conversant with the natural history and geography of Judea, the country where they were written. To a native of the Holy Land, there are a thousand beautiful touches which are lost to us from our remote situation and our want of familiarity with an eastern clime.

Mount Tabor stands still more insulated than Mount Hermon. There is indeed scarce a mountain in sight from its summit. It rises abruptly in the midst of the plain of Esdraelon, and its sides are so steep that a stranger, seeing it at a distance, might almost mistake it for some antique tower. On coming up to it, however, he perceives that it is volcanic in its origin, and seems to have been thrown up by some convulsion beneath. Its sides are covered thickly with trees, shrubbery, and grass; but owing to its steepness, it is necessary, in order to ascend it, to take a zig-zag path, winding in an oblique direction, which renders the ascent somewhat tedious as well as very fatiguing; but on reaching the summit, your

toil is amply rewarded by the rich feast which the eye enjoys in every direction. You find the mountain crowned with the gigantic remains of ancient fortifications, and these evidently of different ages. A part of the ruins are of that description of architecture which is denominated "*Cyclopean*," and resemble the druidical monuments remaining still in Britain. Of this species of building we know little or nothing, save what may be gathered from the ruins occasionally discovered in the East. It is massive, and very rude. The ruins on Mount Tabor are partly Cyclopean, partly Chaldean, others Greek and Roman, others Saracenic; and lastly, Turkish; for a hill so remarkably situated as this, has ever been deemed an important point to be seized and fortified. Before the invention of gunpowder, high hills and strong places were synonymous; and a mountain at once so high and so steep as Tabor, was then a sort of Gibraltar, scarcely assailable with the least hope of success. The earliest notice of it in Scripture is connected with the celebrated battle in which Deborah and Barak triumphed over Sisera, and which was fought on the banks of "that ancient river, the river Kishon." The battle was won by the descent of what we should call a "corps de reserve" from this mountain. "And she sent and called Barak, the son of Abinoam, out of Kedesh Naphtali, and said unto him—Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go and draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun?" And afterwards it is said:—"So Barak went down from Mount Tabor, and ten thousand men after him; and the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his host, with the edge of the sword, before Barak." It was this descent which turned the tide of battle, and proved the ruin of that proud leader. From that day, even down to so late as the times of Bonaparte, Tabor has been known as a place of strength in military operations. It was to this place that the Turks retreated when the French were in their country; and it was from this high ground, that, like Barak, they descended, and cutting their way through the enemy's forces, made good their flight to the coast and thus were saved.

I said that the eye was richly feasted by the prospect from this eminence. The views are as various as they are extensive,

You stand as on the top of a tower twelve hundred feet in height, and the panorama is magnificent in all directions. You see to the east of you, first, the lake of Tiberias. You perceive its oval form, and catch the reflection of the light from its blue expanse of waters, as it lies imbedded in rocky hills, like a sapphire in its deep setting. Then you see the gentle stream of Jordan, proceeding from the lake and watering a lovely and extensive valley. Then your eye catches the hills of Bashan and Gilead, and wanders delighted over the rich plains of Galilee. Turning toward the south-east, you get a glimpse of the lake Ashphalites, or Dead Sea, and near by, the hills of Moab and Ammon. Due south of you are the mountains of Jerusalem; while south-west rises Mount Carmel by the sea. Westward, you perceive hills which rise between you and the Mediterranean, the Cave of Endor, and the city of Nain. In the north-west you behold the ancient city of Cana, where Christ commenced his series of miracles; and then, amidst a little group of hills, you catch a glimpse of the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Now conceive the assemblage of ocean and lake, mountain and plain, city and valley, river and cavern, all brought together in one grand panorama; and then remember that all these objects, so beautiful, so various, so interesting in themselves, derive tenfold interest from the sacred and affecting associations connected with them, and you will believe me, when I say that I cannot remember a moment in my whole life when time fled so fast. As I stood with my Bible in my hand, looking from the inspired page to the visible objects before me, the very scene of events of which I read, and teeming with spots, in every direction, to which the history alluded, hours seemed minutes while I gazed. I was on the mountain several hours, but had not time to satisfy myself by examining the vast, the grand, the imposing spectacle presented to my eye. If it be true, as has been elegantly said, that time should be measured, not by the hand of the watch, but by the number of sensations which have passed through the heart and of thoughts through the brain, then I must have spent at least a month on the top of Mount Tabor; and long as is the pilgrimage, I would willingly undergo it again to enjoy such another.

The river Jordan can claim no great importance in a geographical point of view.

To none could it seem of less than to you, who are accustomed to such streams as the Missouri and the Mississippi. In the eyes of one of your western voyagers, a stream like the Jordan would appear but as a rivulet. But what it wants in volume, is amply made up by its historical associations. This stream was the eastern barrier of the Promised Land; its waters were twice miraculously divided; once, at the touch of the feet of the priests who bore the ark of the divine presence; and again, by a blow from the mantle of Elijah, just before his ascension, without death, to heaven. But it was honored by a still higher consecration, when it received amidst its astonished waves, the person of God's incarnate Son.

It is peculiar however, in one particular of its physical circumstances; since its origin and termination are both inland. Most rivers are estuaries, by which the surplus waters which fall on the earth and are not absorbed or evaporated, are returned to the sea, thus preserving that perpetual circulation of the waters of the earth which preserves health, irrigates the soil, and subserves the purposes of internal navigation. But Jordan never reaches the ocean. It falls into the Dead Sea, from which it never issues again; its waters being either drained off by some subterranean communication with the ocean, or carried off by evaporation. It is one hundred and twenty miles in length, but in no place more than a quarter of a mile wide. In some places it is not a furlong, and is fordable either on horseback or on foot. Its water is fresh and limpid, leaving no sediment in the cup. Sceptics, from the fact that the Jordan is so narrow a stream and fordable in many places, have taken occasion to display their superior wisdom by sneering at the scriptural account of the miraculous dividing of its waters, when the ark passed over at the head of the Hosts of Israel. But, as usual, their objections are the fruit of ignorance and a want of due examination. The passage of the Israelites took place, not when the Jordan was flowing in its narrow and confined channel, but at the time of its annual overflow, when its waters are sometimes three and four miles wide, and the stream is not fordable at all. The sacred writer, as if anticipating this silly cavil, has thrown in a word by way of parenthesis, which these Solomons have overlooked. "And it came

to pass," says Moses,* "as they that bore the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bore the ark were dipped in the brim of the water, (*for Jordan overfloweth all his banks, all the time of harvest,*) that the waters which came down from above, stood, and rose up upon an heap very far from the city Adam, that is beside Zaretan; and those that came down toward the Sea of the Plain, even the Salt Sea, failed, and were cut off; and the people passed over right against Jericho." What happened then, happens still. Jordan, to this day, overflows "all his banks," every year. The rains on Mount Hermon cause both the lake of 'Tiberias,—into and out of which the Jordan flows, entering it at one end and leaving it at the other,—and the river itself, to rise, the latter most, as being narrowest.

This annual overflow of Jordan gives occasion for another scriptural figure, the beauty of which is not fully perceived by a reader in the western world. The prophet Jeremiah, in announcing the overthrow of Babylon, declares that God will raise up an invader from the North, who shall come against Babylon with irresistible force, and shall take it. "He shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan, against the habitation of the strong." Had the comparison been simply to a lion, all would have understood it as denoting great strength; but when it is said, "like a lion from the swellings of Jordan," the image is far more significant and terrible. A lion driven out by the rising of the waters from his secret covert, is one of the fiercest animals in nature. He comes from his lair with eyes flashing fire, mane erect, and his whole frame ready to burst with rage. The lions of Asia are not, in their ordinary state, as fierce as those of Africa. They seldom volunteer injury against man. I have seen many in a condition of complete languor, in which it would not be very venturesome to pass within two hundred yards of them. They walk slowly, with joints seemingly relaxed, and as it were, loosely held together, their head down, and tail upon the ground. But a lion coming up "from the swellings of Jordan," is quite another matter. It is dangerous even to be seen by one of them. He will instantly pursue, and hunt for a

man as for his prey. I have had the good fortune to see one in these circumstances. His head was erect; his eyeballs glared; "the glory of his nostrils was terrible;" he shook his mane; he lashed his sides with his tail, and his pawing shook the ground. It is in such a state that you behold in perfection the majesty and fire which well entitles him to the title of king of beasts. The lion is then, even more leontic than usual, and becomes, as it were, the poetry of his own nature. In the country where such sights are often seen, what force must there be in the threat, "he shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan!"

The lake of 'Tiberias, through which the Jordan flows, is a body of fresh water, nine miles by six, of an oval figure, its outline being smooth and free from bays and promontories. On its shores stood the cities of Bethsaida, Capernaum and Chorazin, now in ruins. The lake was also called the "Sea of Gennesereth," from the city of Chinneroth, and the lake of Tiberias, from a city of the same name, built by Herod, and named after his patron Tiberius. All the natural circumstances of this lake and its coast, remain unaltered; but all the social circumstances and relations are entirely changed. Here is seen neither ship, boat, or raft, nor any, the slightest indication of human industry; and though the fish are as good and as abundant as ever, the pressure of the Turkish despotism, with the consequent absence of all security to person or property, has spread universal desolation around.

Under the dominion of Rome, a very different scene was witnessed. Then there were ships and boats in abundance, continually passing from one side to the other in the interchanges of an active and flourishing trade. In one of these the Savior slept during a storm, and rising, rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. From a ship lying near the shore, he taught the multitudes, who, flocking round to hear his divine instructions, stood in crowds upon the beach. From this sea it was that he drew, at a word, his best loved apostles, Peter, James, and John. Here, as we learn from Josephus, were fought very sanguinary engagements between the triremes of the Romans and Jewish marine force upon the lake, wherein such numbers were slaughtered as to occasion a disease to spread through the vicinity.

The Dead Sea forms another very striking

* Not Moses, but the author of the Book of Joshua. See Josh. iii, 15-17.—Ed. Observer.

peculiarity among the natural objects in Palestine. It is much larger than the sea of Tiberias, being forty miles in length by fifteen wide. It has never been accurately surveyed, but its coast is known to be of a very irregular shape. It is called the lake Asphaltites, from a bituminous substance denominated asphaltum, which is dislodged from the bottom and floats upon its surface.

Of the name "Dead Sea," three etymologies are given: first, because its waters are as if dead, being so slow and heavy in their movement as with difficulty to be ruffled by the wind: again, because it is the sea of the dead, the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah having been submerged beneath its waters, when they were destroyed by a divine judgment: and lastly, because it was supposed that no living thing inhabited it or ever flew over it; so that it might emphatically be called the Sea of Death. These reasons strike us as bordering on the romantic; and, indeed, they may be set down as romance. The peculiarities of this lake may, I believe, all be attributed to natural causes. It is very true, that those who know most, are often the least disposed to doubt what appears at first view very wonderful; for the universe is filled with what is truly wonderful, and the better it is known, the more wonderful it is found to be. The infinitude of space, the vast extent of creation, the more they are thought upon, make the heart quail at the contemplation; while on the other hand, the infinitude of littleness, constantly diminishing till it eludes the sight, is not less amazing; while we are, ourselves, the greatest wonder of all. Yet there are some who deem it a proof of wisdom, to doubt whatever they are unable to comprehend; a principle which would reduce human knowledge and human credence within narrow limits indeed. But in the peculiarities which so strongly distinguish this sheet of water, there seems to be nothing which cannot be sufficiently accounted for by natural causes. It is a fact that its waters are comparatively motionless; wind, unless it be very violent, making little or no impression on its surface. An ordinary breeze, or such an one as would curl the waves of the Sea of Tiberias, and crest them with foam, passes over the Dead Sea as over so much glass; and even a tempest does but slightly ripple its sluggish waters, but rather sets the whole mass in an oscillating motion,

resembling that of the ocean in a calm, when the whole surface is smooth as glass, yet the the body of water heaves and swells in a manner very dangerous to ships. This is but a natural consequence of the greater specific gravity of the sea water. We all know, respecting solids, that they are of different densities; gold, for example, being heavier than tin, and tin than wood. It is the same with fluids. Salt water is heavier than fresh. The water of your river Potomac, at its mouth on the Chesapeake, will be found to be heavier than the same bulk weighed here; because they have a larger measure of the waters of the ocean. The heaviness of sea water is probably owing to the stores of rock salt beneath its surface, which the water absorbs nearly up to the point of saturation. The waters of the Dead Sea, in like manner, absorb the salt bitumen which are at its bottom, and become yet heavier than those of the ocean. It is also true that no fish have been found in them; but I believe this to be the consequence of the saturation and bitterness of the waters, which renders them unfit to sustain animal life, insomuch that if fish enter the lake from the Jordan, they soon die.

It is not true, however, that birds cannot fly over the Dead Sea without being destroyed by its deadly fumes; for they do pass over it, and ducks, it is said, do swim on its surface. Very few, however, are seen there; and for an obvious reason. Water-fowls frequent waters which abound in fish, on which most of them feed; and instinct would be sufficient to teach them not to frequent those places where none is to be found. On the same principle, the total sterility of the banks of the lake, and of all the adjacent country, occasions a similar absence of animals. Thus the air of mystery which has sometimes been thrown round the phenomena of this solitary sheet of waters, as if there were a perpetual miracle kept up by the intervention of divine power, is at once dissipated; while, at the same time, the whole condition of the Dead Sea and its neighborhood affords a striking and a solemn confirmation of what we find in holy writ, respecting the destruction of the Cities of the Plain; the unbelief of the skeptic and the credulity of the enthusiast being alike rebuked by a simple statement of the facts as they exist.—*New York Observer.*

ESCHINES AND DEMOSTHENES.

WE now come to that extraordinary contest between the two greatest orators of ancient times: for, in our opinion, Cicero ranks below Eschines in the true attributes of eloquence. The world never before witnessed such a singular exhibition, and never will again. The stakes on both sides were mighty, and the game was played with a desperate energy commensurate with the importance of the struggle. The ruin of Demosthenes engrossed the whole mind of Antipater, as it did before the minds of Philip and Alexander. His person was demanded of the Athenians; but, with a heroism worthy of better days, they sent back the generous reply, "Let us first know his crimes against Athens." The Macedonian party was powerful; and as no more plausible mode presented itself, they forced Eschines, their leader, and the most eloquent of their party, to conduct a prosecution against Ctesiphon for having voted a crown of gold to Demosthenes for his services to the republic during his administration. The attack was nominally against the former, but really against the latter; his condemnation or acquittal involved the glory or disgrace of Demosthenes. This he felt acutely;—a powerful and merciless faction was opposed to him,—the Macedonian soldiers almost at the gate—the hand of Antipater on his throat—everything was lowering, dark and hopeless,—the hearts of all were depressed, but the spirit of Demosthenes was unbroken—that remained immovable, unshaken. The vulgar demagogues, ever prompt to treachery when their own interests were secured, were profusely bribed to stir up the enmity of the people—the very judges were partisans; but he trusted to the justice of his cause and his invincible eloquence.

What a day must that of the impeachment have been in Athens! How busy—how bustling! The intellect, the genius, the wisdom of the continent and islands congregated in the sacred city! Prayers were offered up in the temples of the gods, and at noon the multitude ascended the Onyx. What eagerness—what interest—what intense anxiety—must have pervaded that assembly! All the civilization of Greece was there, and with it the civilization of the world. There was no mob—Athens had none in the modern acceptation of the word—they were all intelligent citizens. Their passion for

liberty—their information arising from the freedom of debate which characterised their discussions—the great and interesting subjects which for more than a hundred years were canvassed before them, and whose rejection or adoption depended on them—their general knowledge, grounded on the excellence of their early education, and improved by lectures on every branch of human science—all rendered them the finest popular audience in ancient or perhaps modern times, and suitable spectators of so momentous a trial.

On one side were ranged Eschines and the numerous partisans of Macedon—on the other, Demosthenes and the friends of liberty and of Greece. The Clypsedra was at last set, and Eschines ascended the rostrum. His oration was certainly one of wonderful power, and must have left an impression not easy to be erased. It embraced a vast range of subjects, including not only the several administrations of Demosthenes, but the history of Greece for almost half a century, and all so skilfully interwoven and connected, that nothing could be well omitted. The cautious subtlety of the pleader is more conspicuous throughout than the open warmth of the advocate; and he strives more to fasten guilt on Demosthenes than to justify his own public conduct, which he well knew was suspected. He draws a curtain over this, except some very trivial points, which he takes care to dress up in the most favorable manner. He must have been a great lawyer, far superior to Demosthenes, whose inferiority in that respect is very striking. His exposition of the laws was very masterly and judicious, and most satisfactorily established, by a chain of the clearest and most cogent reasoning, that Ctesiphon and Demosthenes were guilty of their infraction. Had the latter no better support than the laws, Eschines had never gone to Rhodes. The law was his stronghold; there he exults in the fulness of triumph. He had all the state documents, decrees, and ordonnances at his finger's end, of which he made the greatest use, and which he discussed with the most statesmanlike sagacity. But his power is not confined to this alone; his oratory is of the finest order—bold, rapid and convincing. His mind was first-rate, and so was his eloquence. Between him and Demosthenes the difference is not very great. Some even go so far as to place him on the same level, to which we cannot assent; but certainly he

is as far above Cicero as Demosthenes is above him. He often rises to the highest points of eloquence, but he also often overdoes and spoils the effect by tacking a declamatory flourish which detracts from its force. He had not the judgment of Demosthenes, who, in the whirlwind of his inflammation, never lost sight of the argument, or of good taste.

His most nervous passages are the vituperative, which few knew how to handle with better effect, and which he dealt out unsparingly. Far better for him to have omitted the display of that unenviable attribute, for never was such a headlong torrent of abuse heaped on the head of man as on the devoted head of Eschines. Two could play at that game, and certainly the odds were in favor of Demosthenes. All the unsavoury coarseness of Billingsgate was musk and sweet marjoram compared to it.

Any person who had never heard the issue of the contest, and read the speech of Eschines, must conclude that conviction was inevitable. He will seek in vain for some loophole through which Demosthenes could hope to escape. The laws are clear and decided—it is impossible to set on them a different construction. The misdemeanors, too, appear manifest; time, place, every circumstance which could give color to their truth, are brought together. His personal conduct before Philip, his cowardice and shameful flight from Cheronæa, all conspire to leave a brand on the character of Demosthenes, which the perusal of the immortal Crown could alone efface. Let it be read after Eschines, and it appears in all its marvellous felicity and power of reply and retort. Like the calm strength with which the *Paradise Lost* opens, he began this transcendent display of more than mortal eloquence without the appearance of an effort. Cool, unimpassioned, self-collected, without the least spark of that terrible fire which was to envelope and consume everything in its progress, he begins, like Pericles, with a prayer to the gods, with which he artfully combines the conciliation of his audience, and which we have no doubt was wholly successful. He knew well under how great difficulties a man labours who is compelled to speak for himself; to his stern character egotism was very unpalatable; besides that, self-commendation is odious to a hearer, and he dexterously gets rid of the difficulty by throwing the entire *onus* on Eschines.

The exordium is short, but highly artistic. After winning over the audience, he softens the great difficulty, the infraction of the laws. He then takes a cursory view of the general conduct of Philip, and, as he goes along, flings a bolt at Eschines, proving his intimate connexion with the enemies of Greece. He then recurs to the laws, and attempts to show the ignorance or malevolence of his opponent, by quoting laws which were unconnected with the issue, and mutilating others to suit his vicious purposes. He meets the argument with affected boldness; but instead of laying himself down to it closely, he draws off the attention of the audience with bursts of vehement eloquence, which dazzles their judgment, leaving behind impressions of the most sovereign disgust for Eschines. The Sacred War, of which the latter had made so much, he takes asunder, giving a wholly different statement, and, instead of his own guilt, proves to conviction the treachery of Eschines. This is perhaps the most successful part of his defence. We shall now give a few extracts. The capture of Elatæa is one of the finest pieces of descriptive eloquence ever spoken. It is a vivid and stirring picture of the tumult and consternation that pervaded the city on the arrival of the intelligence.

"It was evening. A messenger came to acquaint the Prytanes that Elatæa was taken; whereupon, some of them, instantly starting from the table at which they were sitting, cleared the booths in the Forum, and set fire to their wicker coverings; others summoned the commanding officers, and ordered the alarm to be sounded. The city was filled with consternation. When the next day dawned, the Prytanes convoked the senate in the senate-house;—you repaired to your own assembly, and before they could adopt any measures, or even enter upon their deliberations, the whole people took their seats upon the steps. And now when the senators came forth, and the Prytanes announced the intelligence and presented the bearer thereof, and he had himself related it, the herald made proclamation if any one desired to speak. No man stood forward. He repeated the proclamation again and again. No person rose the more, of all the captains, of all the orators, who were there present, though the cries of our common country were heard imploring some one to lift his voice and save her. For we may justly regard the call which the herald then

made, in the solemn form of the law, as the voice of our country. And, truly, if the only qualification to come forward then, had been an anxiety for the public safety, all of you, and every other Athenian too, might have risen and ascended the rostrum, for I am well aware that all were anxious to save the state. If wealth had been the qualification, we might have had the Three Hundred; if munificence, those who in the sequel, became such ample voluntary contributors, evincing at once their riches and their patriotism. But that was manifestly the crisis—that the day not merely for a wealthy and patriotic individual to bear a part, but for me, who had from the very first kept pace with the progress of affairs, and happily penetrated the motives and designs of Philip. For a man, unacquainted with these—one, who had not anxiously surveyed them from their first appearance, might be ever so rich and ever so zealous, and yet be none the more likely to descry the best course, and to give you the soundest counsel. In that day, then—such a man was I—and standing up, I spoke to you, what you must once more attentively listen to, with two views—first, that you may perceive, how alone of all the orators and statesmen, I did not abandon the post of patriotism in the hour of danger, but both by my words and by my actions, discharged my duty to you in the last emergency;—next, that at the expense of a little time, you may acquire a fuller insight into our whole policy for the future.”

There are few who will not admire this, not more for its pictorial beauty than the noble light in which it displays the character of Demosthenes. All these had witnessed the occurrence to which he alludes, so that he would not dare to misstate. When a terrible panic had struck the city, none had the boldness to come forward: he alone was found true to his own convictions, as well as to his country. Where was Eschines—where were the factious demagogues then?—chucking at the success of Philip. Statesmen, orators, and all, abandoned Athens; one man alone was found to stand between her and destruction; his honest and patriotic advice restored public confidence, and for a season, upheld the liberty of his country. In no one part of his character, did he plume himself so much as on the alliance effected with Thebes. It was a great master-stroke of policy, and he not only succeeded in gaining over that state,

but in kindling its enthusiasm for the glory of universal Greece. All his and their hopes fell prostrate at Cheronæa, but how nobly does he justify his conduct!

“This decree (drawn up by himself, and unsurpassed for its wisdom and eloquence) caused the danger which then environed the city to pass away like a cloud. Now the duty of a good citizen was to declare publicly at the time if he had any better measure to propose, and not now to condemn them. For an honest adviser, and a false accuser, resembling each other in no one thing, differ most of all in this—that the one declares his opinion before the events happen, and renders himself responsible to those who adopt his counsel, to fortune, to events, to any one who may call him to account; but the other, keeping silence when he ought to speak out, and making a reverse of fortune, if any should happen, the foundation of unjust accusations. That, then, was the season, as I have already said, for a man to come forward who had the good of his country at heart and give honest advice. But I go further, and to so extravagant a length, that if at this moment any one can point anything better to be done, or if, upon the whole, anything was possible, except that I adopted, I will admit that I did wrong; for if any can now be discovered that would have been of advantage had it been then resorted to, I avow that it ought not to have escaped me. But if there neither is nor was—and no man even at this hour, can suggest any such thing—what ought a statesman to have done? Ought he not to have chosen whatever was the best under existing circumstances, and out of the means within his reach? This is the very thing I did, Eschines, when the public herald demanded, ‘Who wished to address the people,’ not ‘Who wishes to find fault with past events!’ or ‘Who wishes to pledge himself for what is to happen!’ Whilst you at this crisis, sat silent in the assembly, I came forward and spoke. But if you could not *then*, at least point out *now*—let us hear what resource, which I ought to have discovered—or what opportunity which I ought to have improved, was then omitted by me in behalf of the country? What alliance? what single measure? what should I have actually persuaded the people to pursue in preference to what was actually adopted?”

How overwhelming must this candid exposition of his conduct have been to his

adversaries! What influence must it have had on his audience, who remembered the great hopes entertained by all the friends of Grecian freedom when that alliance was effected? However, the greater part of mankind will always test the soundness or unsoundness of measures by the most irrefragable of all arguments, the actual result; and laboring on this unfair mode of estimating the policy of a measure, Eschines bitterly taunted him with Cheronæa. He charged him with imbecility, cowardice—with “those runaway feet of his” which had so shamelessly betrayed the best interests of his country. With a people so sensitive of valour as the Athenians, this must have told severely; it required all the skill of Demosthenes to remove it, and it is removed with a beauty, and feeling, and wisdom, that must have evoked some tears, and not a little applause. How weak are the calculations of man! What little knowledge has he of the course of events! How poor his insight into the mysterious workings of Providence! He founds results on data to him fixed and immutable; they are changed, they vanish, he cannot tell by what agency. It is not human, for he has guarded against that with foresight, wisdom and caution. Fortune alone is to blame—the charge lies at her feet!

“Oh, Athenians! examine the character of my public conduct—I invite you to it—and do not unjustly upbraid me with the event. For the termination of all things must ever be at the disposal of Providence, and it is only from the measures he proposes that any judgment can be formed of the intelligence of the statesman. Never let it be attributed to me as any offence, if it did so fall out that Philip won the battle, for the issue of that was in the hands of God, and not of me. But show that I did not select such measures as, according to human foresight, and what was practicable, were the best—and that I did not faithfully, and honestly, and laboriously (even beyond my strength) execute them, or that the course proposed by me was not honorable and worthy of our country, and necessary—show me this, and then accuse me. But if that tempest or thunder-clap which came upon us was too powerful, not only for us, but for all the rest of Greece to resist, what was to be done? Just as if the master of a vessel, after having done every thing possible for security, and equipped it with

everything for the purpose, and with the prospect of safety, should encounter a storm, and upon his tackle being strained, or wholly giving way, were to suffer shipwreck, and then some one should blame him—‘Why I had not the control of the vessel,’ he might reply—any more than I had the command of the army, or was the master of Fortune, instead of her being the mistress of everything.

* * * * *

“That scoundrel, for whom the misfortunes of the Greeks are reserved as a source of glory, ought rather to suffer death himself than accuse another; and he cannot be well affected to his country, who has such an identity of interests with its enemies, as that the same circumstances should be at once profitable to both. By the habits of your life and private conduct—by what you do in public affairs, and by what you decline doing, you manifest what you are. Is there anything going on from which there is a prospect of advantage to the country—Eschines is dumb. Has there been any failure, or a result different from what there ought to be—forth comes Eschines, *just as old fractures and sprains rack us afresh, when the body is attacked by disease.*”

It would be no difficult matter to multiply forcible extracts from this magnificent speech; but to give the English reader a fair notion of its great excellence, we should far surpass the limits allowed in this paper. It is from beginning to end an intense furnace of boldness, freedom, contempt, and indignation—all supporting and never falling short of the argument. In the midst of his inflammatory career this is never abandoned. Here is the celebrated oath which he seems to have derived from the peroration of Eschines, but which throws that and all the appeals that ever were uttered into oblivion.

“If now I affected to say that I induced you to adopt opinions worthy of your ancestors, there is no man who ought not justly to reprehend me; but as it is, I am showing that before my time the state entertained those sentiments, though a share in the execution of everything that has been done I do affirm to be mine. But this Eschines, in condemning the whole in a lump, and exhorting you to regard me with aversion, as the cause of the terror and danger that befel the country, is indeed desirous of de-

priving me of my temporal glory, but is at the same time robbing you of the praises which are your due through all future ages. For if you should condemn Ctesiphon on the ground that my public measures were not the best possible, you will appear to have been in error, and not to have suffered that which had happened through the blind caprice of fortune. But it cannot be—it cannot be that you have erred, oh men of Athens, in encountering danger for the common liberty and safety of Greece. *No!—By those ancestors I swear, who for this cause courted death at Marathon, and who stood in the van of the battle at Platæa—and by those who fought the sea-fights at Salamis and off Artemisium, and so many other valiant men who lie buried in the public sepulchres of their country, all of whom this state interred, Eschines, without distinction, deeming them worthy of equal honor, and not only those who were successful and won the victory. And justly—for the duty of brave men was equally done by all, but the fortune which they met was at the disposal of Providence.*"

In those days, when the eloquence of reason is substituted for that of passion, and men are more governed by what appeals to their understanding than their sensations and feelings, it is impossible to form any notion of the effect produced on the lively and enthusiastic spirit of the Athenians. They looked, as the orator from the rostrum conjured up the illustrious dead, to the immortal plain of Marathon—below them rolled the blue waves of Salamis—around them stood the sepulchres where rested the sacred ashes of their heroes—the statues that gave them all but life—the temples consecrated to their memory—and when Demosthenes, with an inspired eye and convulsive frame, pointed to the very scenes where the swords and triremes of the eternal city accomplished those imperishable deeds in behalf not of her own, but of human liberty, must not the reader fail in picturing the almost insane excitement? Before it the most powerful declamations of Burke, or Fox, or Erskine, dwindle into insignificance. Chatham may have produced something like it in the speech on the American war. We can only again repeat with his adversary, "What if we had heard him?"—*Recollections of Ancient Literature, by an Irish Barrister.*

ORATORY OF SHERIDAN.

THOUGH his education had not been neglected, for he was bred at Harrow, and with Dr. Parr, yet, he was an idle and listless boy, learning as little as possible, and suffering as much wretchedness—an avowal, which to the end of his life, he never ceased to make, and to make in a very affecting manner. Accordingly he brought away from school a very slender provision of classical learning; and his taste, never correct and chaste, was wholly formed by acquaintance with the English poets and dramatists, and perhaps a few of our more ordinary prose writers; for in no other language could he read with anything approaching to ease. Of those poets, he most professed to admire and to have studied Dryden; he plainly had most studied Pope, whom he always vilified and always imitated. But of dramatists his passion evidently was Congreve, and after him Vanbrugh, Farquhar, even Wicherly: all of whom served for the model, partly even for the magazine, of his own dramatic writings, as Pope did of his verses. *The Duenna*, however, is formed after the fashion of Gay, of whom it falls further short than the *School for Scandal* does of Congreve. That his plays were great productions for any age, astonishing for a youth of twenty-three and twenty-five, is unquestionable. Johnson has accounted for the phenomenon of Congreve, at a still earlier period of life, showing so much knowledge of the world, by observing that, on a close examination, his dialogues and characters might have been gathered from books "without much actual commerce with mankind." The same can hardly be said of the *School for Scandal*; but the author wrote it when he was five years older than Congreve had been at the date of the *Old Bachelor*.

Thus, with an ample share of literary and dramatic reputation, but not certainly of the kind most auspicious for a statesman—with a most slender provision of knowledge at all likely to be useful in political affairs—with a position, by birth and profession, little suited to command the respect of the most aristocratic country in Europe—the son of an actor, the manager himself of a theatre—he came into that parliament which was enlightened by the vast and various knowledge, as well as fortified and adorned by the more choice literary fame

of a Burke, and which owned the sway of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. His first effort was ambitious, and was unsuccessful. Aiming at but a low flight, he failed in that humble attempt. An experienced judge, Woodfall, told him "it would never do," and counselled him to seek again the more congenial atmosphere of Drury Lane. But he was resolved that it should do; he had taken his part; and, as he felt the matter was in him, he vowed not to desist till "he brought it out." What he wanted in acquired learning, and in natural quickness, he made up by indefatigable industry; within given limits, towards a present object, no labor could daunt him; and no man could work for a season with more steady and unwearied application. By constant practice in small matters, or before private committees; by diligent attendance upon all debates; by habitual intercourse with all dealers in political wares; from the chief of parties and their more refined coteries to the providers of daily discussion for the public and the chroniclers of parliamentary speeches, he trained himself to a facility of speaking absolutely essential to all but first rate genius, and all but necessary even to that, and he acquired what acquaintance with the science of politics he ever possessed or his speeches ever betrayed. He rose by these steps to the rank of a first rate speaker, and as great a debater as a want of readiness and need of preparation would permit. He had some qualities which led him to this rank, and which only required the habit of speech, to bring out into successful exhibition; a warm imagination, though more prone to repeat the variations of others, or to combine anew their creations, than to bring forth original productions; a fierce, dauntless spirit of attack; a familiarity, acquired from his dramatic studies, with the feelings of the heart, and the ways to touch its chords; a facility of epigram and point, the yet more direct gift of the same theatrical apprenticeship; an excellent manner not unconnected with that experience; and a depth of voice which perfectly suited the tone of his declamation, be it invective, or be it descriptive, or be it impassioned. His wit, derived from the same source, or sharpened by the same previous habits, was eminently brilliant, and almost always successful; it was like all his speaking, exceedingly prepared, but it was skillfully introduced and happily applied, and it

was well mingled also with humor, occasionally descending to farce. How little it was the inspiration of the moment, all men were aware who knew his habits; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr. Moore when he came to write his life; for we there find given to the world the secret note books of this famous wit; and can trace the jokes, in embryo, with which he has so often made the walls of St. Stephen's shake, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden, unpremeditated effusion.*

The adroitness with which he turned to account sudden occasions of popular excitement, and often at the expense of the whig party, generally too indifferent to such advantages, and too insensible to the damage they thus sustained in public estimation, is well known. On the mutiny in the fleet he was beyond all question right; on the French invasion, and on the attacks upon Napoleon, he was almost as certainly wrong; but these appeals to the people, and the national feelings of the house tended to make the orator well received, if they added little to the statesman's reputation; and of the latter character he was not ambitious. His most celebrated speech was certainly the one upon the "Begum charge," in the proceeding against Hastings, and nothing can exceed the accounts left us of its unprecedented success. Not only the practice then first began, which was gradually increased till it greets every good speech, of cheering, on the speaker resuming his seat; but the Minister besought the house to adjourn the decision of the question, as being incapacitated from forming a just judgment under the influence of such powerful eloquence; whilst all men on all sides vied with each other in extolling so wonderful a performance.

* Take an instance from this author, giving extracts from the common-place book of the wit: "He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit." Again, the same idea is expanded into—"When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory; and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a common-place book. So forth it came at the expense of Kelly, who, having been a composer of music, became a wine merchant. "You will," said the ready wit, "import your music, and compose your wine." Nor was this service exacted from the old idea thought sufficient: so in the house of commons an easy and apparent off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it at Mr. Dundas' cost and charge—"who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts.")

Nevertheless, the opinion has now become greatly prevalent, that a portion of this success was owing to the speech having so greatly surpassed all the speaker's former efforts; to the extreme interest of the topics which the subject naturally presented, and to the artist-like elaboration and beautiful delivery of certain fine passages, rather than to the merits of the whole. Certain it is, that the repetition of a great part of it, presented in the short-hand notes of the speech on the same charge in Westminster Hall, disappoints every reader who has heard of the success which attended the earlier effort. In truth, Mr. Sheridan's taste was very far from being chaste, or even moderately correct; he delighted in gaudy figures; he was attracted by glare, and cared not whether the brilliancy came from tinsel or gold, from the broken glass or the pure diamond; he overlaid his thoughts with epigrammatic diction; he "played to the galleries," and indulged in, of course, an endless succession of claptraps. His worst passages by far were those which he evidently preferred himself—full of imagery, often far-fetched, oftener gorgeous, and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far, were those where he declaimed, with his deep, clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some oppressive act; or reasoned rapidly, in the like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, or exposed as plainly to homely ridicule, some puerile sophism; and in all this his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing, and a countenance which, though coarse, and even in some features gross, was yet animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of rage and menace and scorn. The few sentences with which he thrilled the house on the liberty of the press, in eighteen hundred and ten, were worth, perhaps, more than all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum charge, or all his denunciation of Napoleon, "whose morning orisons and evening prayers are for the conquest of England, whether he bends to the god of battles, or worships the goddess of reason;" certainly far better than such pictures of his power as having "thrones for his watch-towers, kings for his sentinels, and for the palisades of his castle, sceptres stuck with crowns." "Give

them," said he, in eighteen hundred and ten, and in a far higher strain of eloquence, "a corrupt house of lords; give them a venal house of commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling court—and let me but have an unfettered press, I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England." Of all his speeches there can be but little doubt that the most powerful, as the most chaste, was his reply in eighteen hundred and five, upon the motion he had made for repealing the Defence act. Mr. Pitt had unwarily thrown out a sneer at his support of Mr. Addington, as though it was assiduous. Such a stone, cast by a person whose house on that aspect was one pane of glass, could not fail to call down a shower of missiles; and they who witnessed the looks and gestures of the aggressor under the pitiless pelting of the tempest which he had provoked, represent it as certain that there were moments when he intended to fasten a personal quarrel upon the vehement and irreplaceable declaimer.*—*Edinburgh Review*.

A SKETCH,

FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

GRACE was the pet of the village—pretty, lively, and, like all other pets, very self-willed; but the effects of this latter quality were softened down and rendered quite loveable by her open, generous disposition, which would not allow her to injure another, even to gratify that ruling passion. Some said that Grace thought herself sufficiently handsome, and termed it vanity. True, perhaps, when each Sabbath morning found her ready decked for the sunny walk to the parish church on the hill-side, or the weekday's evening saw her in her little chamber window plying her needle—yes, perhaps then, as she caught a side-long glance at herself in the little mirror, she might think it no such great wonder that the young men gazed as they passed her, or that they looked so curiously at the bow-pots and flowering geraniums perched on the sill of her casement—perhaps, too, she might think

* Mr. Sheridan wrote this speech during the debate at a coffee-house near the hall, and it is reported most accurately in the parliamentary debate, apparently from his own notes.

they cast a glance beyond. But was this vanity? No. Grace was as free of that hateful quality as the bird which carolled so joyously in his bright cage on the cottage wall. Vanity cannot be justly attributed to those who are only conscious of possessing the qualities which are theirs in reality, but to those alone who boast to themselves of perfections which they can never hope to possess. Such was the case with those who termed Grace vain.

One fine autumn evening she sat, as usual, beside her geraniums, over which was hung her little bird Pet; but the leaves of the former hung droopingly, as though to ask of their sweet mistress the usual drop of spring-water, and poor Pet chirruped and hopped from perch to perch, and ruffled his yellow feathers to attract her attention, but in vain. No cooling drop greeted the sickly leaf—no tiny finger placed a bit of sugar between Pet's cage wires. And how was this? Was Grace ill? No; but her thoughts were wandering, and although her eyes were fixed full on poor Pet and his companion plants, she neither saw one nor the other. And whither were her thoughts wandering? Only into a neighboring lane, up which she strolled when the sun was beginning to dip his bright head 'neath the blue tops of the neighboring hill. It was a very pleasant lane, but as its sides were bounded by high hawthorn and wild rose-bushes, it may be supposed that Grace did not go there for the sake of any beautiful prospect, for her whole height was not more than the top of the banks on which the bushes grew. For what, then, could it be? In truth it was that there generally accompanied her thither a very pleasant companion—not her mother—not one of the neighbor's daughters. No: but a young man, the son of a farmer not far distant.

Yes, the truth may as well be told. Grace had given, or thought she had given, her little heart to this companion of her strolls; and, indeed, any one to look on him, might imagine a better choice could not be made. Tall, handsome, and athletic he was, and his eye beamed when he looked on her. But they who knew him better than Grace, said that he was wild and fickle. Neither did they scruple to warn her of that knowledge. But Grace would not believe. How could she, when she saw that, although they spoke against him, they were always ready to welcome him to their own homes?

Besides, there was an eloquence far more powerful to the heart and understanding of Grace—more eloquent, more easily believed than aught they could utter. Yes, the eye and tongue of William Clively were the monitors most eagerly sought, and most willingly listened to when found. How could she think he was deceiving her—no harshness in his soft voice. But there was one who did not like him, to whom Grace had ever yet been accustomed to pay the most profound submission, because that humility had never been forced, but ever won from her by love. That was her mother!

She had now been sitting in this deep reverie some ten minutes, from which she was roused by a light hand being laid on her shoulder. The blood mounted to her temples and cheek, for she knew, without raising her eyes, that it was her mother, and she felt conscious that that mother's eye was reading her innermost heart. She also knew she had nought to fear, for though at this moment her little heart had been rebelling, her parent's chiding was ever one of gentleness.

"Grace, love," spoke the mother, gently placing her hand on the half downcast head, "why do you not go forth this evening? See, the sun has almost lost his last bit of crimson in the deep gray. Come, love; you have been sewing all day. Just throw your scarf around you and walk in our garden."

"I would rather not, mamma," answered Grace in a low tone, turning her head still more around from her parent, and then, for the first time, casting her eyes on the drooping plants, and now sulky little Pet. But she quickly added, "I will water my trees and chirrup to Pet a little, for he seems quite to have the mopes."

"And how comes it that he has the mopes, love?" again spoke her mamma.

"Ah! I see, mamma," returned the now half-tearful, half-smiling maiden; "I see you have been reading my heart, and that it is useless to keep anything from you. But though you have seen part that was passing there, you cannot tell all!"

"But I can guess, Grace; and that, perchance, will do as well. I doubt not you thought me very cruel—very inconsiderate in not allowing you to have quite your own way; and I doubt not that you thought I knew very little about it; but sit down, love, and I will tell you a little passage in

my own life, and after that I shall leave you to judge for yourself, only first assuring you that I have every proof that William Clively is very wild, and his father quite unable to support him in his present extravagance. See here, love, I have brought my knitting; so take up your work from the window-sill, and thus, while we are quite industrious, I will proceed to tell you that my sketch commences when I was about a twelvemonth older than you are now. At that time, Grace, I was circumstanced, too, somewhat as you are. You understand me, love?" Grace blushed and smiled. "I had a rebellious heart, too; and there was one for whom it was rebellious—one whom it had set up as the idol of its idolatry, and one whom, unfortunately, neither of my parents approved. But yet, Grace, I own that I thought my knowledge of his habits far exceeded theirs; and all I knew of him was fair and open. Things continued thus for above eighteen months, at the end of which time my eyes were fearfully opened to his vices—he committed a forgery and absconded; though it is probable, had he staid, no injury would have awaited him, for his friends, who were wealthy and powerful, made up the sum for which he had risked so much, and paid it. Grace, it was some time, even then, before I could perfectly win my heart from its idolatry; but it had seen its error, and my mind was made up to overcome such perversity, and I did. Yes, Grace; I knew what it was to feel cherished affections warring against my own convictions of right. You will perhaps say that he had deserted me, and it might be that pride rose superior to neglect and slight; but not so. He did not desert me—he did not slight me; for though all others were ignorant of his destination, I knew whither he had fled, and from thence received a letter full of affection and repentance for past follies. But, Grace, had I forgiven, or rather overlooked his vice, (for I did forgive,) I never could have placed confidence in him again; so I wrote him once, but that once was to discard him forever. From that time I busied myself in work, in tending my garden, in assisting my neighbors, and, indeed, in various ways of which I had not thought before. I saw that people approved my conduct, too; every eye greeted me, every tongue welcomed me in joyous tones; and in time my own heart grew joyous, and felt a lightness

it had never known till then, even in its wildest moments of affection for the now unworthy. But I did not know the fullness of the happiness I was to reap from that one era of my life till five years had elapsed. During that period, love, your dear father had wooed me, and knowing from all that he was beloved and respected, he won me, although not a fiftieth part so handsome or so engaging in his manner, as he of whom I have been speaking. But he soon taught me to love him—I do not mean with the girlish wildness I had loved before—but with an affection which might last through sorrow, sickness, death! dear Grace!"

The tears started to the sweet eyes of Grace, and fell thickly upon the little border on which she was so busily plying her needle, as the thought of her fond father passed across her heart, and smote it for its rebellion against her will to whose care he had so solemnly entrusted her on his death-bed. The mother was also silent for a few moments.

"Well, love," she at length resumed, "you were but a few months old when, one day, I was sitting with you in a small arbor in the garden of the dwelling where we then resided. On a sudden I heard the latch of the garden gate raised, and a poor, emaciated looking man toiled up the sunny walk. He appeared in the last stage of wretchedness, and sickness seemed to add its heavy load of misery where already there appeared to be an accumulation of ills. I rose with an intention of inquiring into his condition, and relieving him as far as my means would permit; and, taking you in my arms, I stood before him. But, Grace, I suppose that time had not so changed me as it had done him, for he instantly ejaculated my maiden name! Yes, love, you may well drop your work and raise your eyes. It was indeed he whom I had loved, and persisted in loving, in opposition to my parents' judgment. At that moment your father appeared at the door, and when I looked on you and on him, contrasted with the wretched being that shrunk before me, my heart leaped with gratitude to God for teaching me to subdue my own evil passion. Your father had known, before our marriage, all the circumstances concerning him and myself, so that a few words made known to him the cause of the surprise pictured in both our countenances; and to make me love and reverence him still more, that

good man relieved his present wants and provided for his future ones. Yes, Grace, your father fed, clothed, and lodged that repentant creature in a neighboring cottage till he recovered health and strength—nay, more, he concealed his name from all inquiring ears, and not an eye which had once known could now recognise Charles May!"

"Charles May, mamma!"

"Yes, love; Charles May! The same who used to pay us the yearly visit from London, to evince his gratitude for your father's kindness. The same who died in our village of decline seven years after, leaving you the Bible and prayer-book as the only legacy which could be bestowed by poor, but repentant Charles May! But now, dear, it is growing quite dark; I will go and see our evening meal prepared, and when we have taken that, pray to your Maker, and then retire to your pillow."

And so Grace did; and the next morning when she entered the breakfast-room, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered that she had gained the victory; *she*, too, would try if her mind might not overcome the erring inclinations of her heart. Yes, and Grace succeeded; and twenty years after, when she saw a daughter of her own grown up, she remembered how mildly her own mother had won her from her folly; and she felt that, to be obeyed by that daughter, she must remember that herself had once been a wild and wilful being, and that it is only by placing our own hearts in the situation of others, that we can hope to influence them by our precepts.—*Foreign Magazine.*

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCE.

HAVING arrived in our very hasty and imperfect sketch, at that epoch, at which the history of the ancient science is considered as terminating, and from which that of the modern science begins; the question naturally presents itself to us—*What is the estimate which is to be formed of the ancient learning and education, in comparison with the learning and education of modern times; and what are the reflections which arise from a view of the subject?*

As the Greeks, and, after them, the Romans, of all the ancients, carried learning and education to much the highest degree of

attainment, and as what the middle ages accomplished in respect to these subjects, was, at its best estate, no more than an attempt to follow, at a far distance, the footsteps of these masters, our remarks on the ancient learning and education, in the comparative estimate which we make, will have reference principally to these two nations.

First, then, I remark, that in the actual state of advancement of learning and education, the present age possesses an immense advantage over former times.

In the arts of design alone do we confess the superiority of the ancients. In poetry, while we acknowledge their excellence, we claim to have surpassed them—if not in the mere subjugation of syllables to the laws of *Dactyl* and *Spondee*, *Iambic* and *Trochee*, yet in the highest attributes of song—the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." We should be sorry to want the *Iliad*, or the *Æneid*: but we would not exchange the *Paradise Lost* for them both. We acknowledge the genius of Ovid, the satiric power of Juvenal, the wit and the melody, the *curiosa felicitas—simplex munditiis* of Horace: and we set over against them Pope, and Swift, and Byron. Can Sophocles and Euripides come into competition with our incomparable Shakspeare? And can the residue of the ancient bards balance that great host of the modern sons of song—both of the illustrious dead, and of those whose harps are yet strung, and whose rods still sweep the lyre? In oratory, while we own the elegance of the Roman and the power of the Athenian, we allege that in our own country and in our ancestor-land, within the last and the present age, from the pulpit, the bar, and the senate, there can be brought, ten times told, the number of all the ancient orators whose names have come down to us, by whom these are excelled in all the elements of the highest eloquence. In all that constitutes the higher excellence of history, the Greek and Roman writers fall far below those of the present times. The poverty and meagerness of their sources of information gave no opportunity for the laborious and learned research which characterizes modern works of this class. Where the annals were scarce, the writer drew upon his own imagination, and the merit of the historian consisted in weaving out of "the scanty shreds of vulgar recollections," and of common fame, an ingenious and enterprising narrative. But to exhibit, in the

transactions which they relate, the springs of human action; to point out the dependence of effects on their causes, proximate and remote, and how these effects became in turn the causes of other succeeding events, to show in what nations promoted their true interests, and in what they acted against them, and what were the circumstances, arising either from extraneous sources, or from the internal state of laws, government, manners, or education among themselves, which influenced them in each case, and thus to afford lessons of instruction;—in these which constitute the true uses and the chief excellence of history, the ancient historians appear to be comparatively very deficient. In some branches of the mathematics, and their applications, the Greeks had made considerable progress. Yet, here also, their attainments, in comparison with those of the moderns, lay within a very narrow compass. The history of mathematical science, it has been remarked, may be divided into three great periods;—that in which the ancient geometry was exclusively cultivated;—that of the invention of the algebraic calculus, and its application to geometry, regarded as “a transition-state of the science,” in which the advantages of the new methods were perceived, but the knowledge of the symbolic analysis and its application was not sufficiently mature to serve fully the purposes of investigation;—and that in which the symbolic instrument, in the highest subjects of mathematical inquiry, superseded the ancient geometry, and has afforded the means of discoveries to which it was inadequate. To that state of advancement, embraced in the first two of these periods, the mathematical knowledge of the ancients was confined; nor even in this do they appear to have advanced beyond what has been regarded by modern mathematicians as the elements of the science. In astronomy the Greeks had, indeed, collected a large and interesting body of the more obvious and common phenomena, and had made some attempts to form from them a theory of nature. But in comparison with the later discoveries, their knowledge of the celestial phenomena was very limited, and they had made little real progress in harmonizing and reducing such facts as they were acquainted with, to a uniform and consistent system. When we consider that the whole body of the Greek Philosophers, the claims of Pythagoras to the contrary notwithstanding,

and after them their followers to the time of Copernicus and Galileo, held that the earth was fixed, and the centre of the system, that they had no knowledge of, nor means of demonstrating the heliocentric theory; that Hipparchus, about a hundred years before Christ, was the first who attempted to give a catalogue of the fixed stars, without which there can hardly be such a science as astronomy; that the chief practical uses to which the ancients were able to apply their knowledge was the designation of the proper seasons for agricultural operations; and finally, that through its whole course, the astronomy of the Greeks, as well as that of the more eastern nations, was confounded and mixed up with the ridiculous fooleries of astrology; we shall not form any very exalted idea of the state of the science among them. In the other branches of natural science, their knowledge was even more imperfect.

In reference to the whole subject, the distinguished natural philosopher, Sir John F. W. Herschel, who certainly is high authority, has pronounced without qualification the judgment that, “previous to the publication of the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, natural philosophy, in any legitimate and extensive sense of the word, could hardly be said to exist.”* In law, government, and political economy, while many of the particular laws and institutions of the Greek states, and of Rome, evince sagacity in their framers, and are, especially the code of Justinian, sources from which much at least of illustration is drawn, they yet do not appear in these subjects as matters of scientific knowledge, to have made any considerable attainments. To exhibit general principles, to demonstrate how these operate in particular instances, to point out the ends at which they ought to aim, and to show in what manner they may be directed to these ends,—these, which are the business of science, are designs which their works seem hardly to have contemplated. Their metaphysics are for the most part occupied in vain endeavors to penetrate and explain things that lie beyond the sphere of human inquiry, or in subtleties that were of no practical utility. Even Aristotle, who, of all the ancients, was in the philosophy of the mind the *caput et princeps*, does not appear to have proceeded from a careful and extensive

*Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy.

observation of the phenomena of mind, and the induction thence of general laws and principles, to the formation of a system of mental science. The single fact, which has been remarked, that none of the ancient philosophers seem to have had any clear conception of that power which we call *abstraction*, as a distinct faculty of the mind, nor of the nature and use of general terms in reasoning, sufficiently indicates the very imperfect state of the science among them. The logic of Aristotle, it is safe to say, while a monument of the author's genius, and the source whence later writers have drawn no inconsiderable help, yet has left the subject entangled in such mazes, as to be, without great additional assistance, of no real utility. In respect to ethics, it may be sufficient to say of the Greeks what is true of all the other ancient nations, the Hebrews only excepted, that their ethics were the ethics of *Paganism*,—of those who, though not without some just notions in regard to some particular duties, were fatally mistaken in the first principles of morals, ignorant of their true moral relations arising from the actual state of man in the world, and whose minds were grievously darkened as to the true knowledge of God, the great fountain of moral obligation. What could be expected of systems of moral philosophy, which, like that of Aristotle, began by defining virtue to be *the medium between two extremes*;—that of the stoics, which made it consist in *living according to nature*;—or that of Epicurus who declared it to consist in *its utility in promoting pleasure*? Such were the definitions on this fundamental question of the three principal sects of moral philosophers among the Greeks. Vain in their imaginations, their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corrupt man: wherefore God also gave them over to a reprobate mind.

As to the Romans, they had no science which was of indigenous growth. They always acknowledged that whatever of this kind they possessed, they had derived from Greece; and they always confessed themselves, and were regarded by others, as inferior to their masters from whom they learned.

If, then, we compare the learning of the ancients with the splendid and magnificent

discoveries of modern philosophy,—if we contrast their scanty and meagre information, and the vagueness and confusion and error of their philosophical notions, with that vast body of extensive and various and rich knowledge on every subject of literature and natural and moral science, and the clear and comprehensive and well-digested principles to which the last two centuries have given birth—it is evident that we possess in the actual advancement of learning at the present period an incalculable advantage over all former times. In truth, there is between ancient and modern times, in this respect no comparison. We will not be understood as deprecating the study of ancient learning. The study of the ancient classics furnishes a means of academical discipline, of which nothing else can supply the place; and the relations of the Greek and Roman literature to our own, are such, as to justify the unanimous judgment of all scholars, which makes some competent knowledge of the former indispensable to a liberal education. But whatever was of worth in the literature of the ancients has been revived and is preserved to us; and is incomparably surpassed by the superadded literature of recent times. And as to science, properly speaking, it scarcely existed among the ancients.—Almost all that deserves the name of science is the product of the last two hundred years.—*Mac Master's Inaugural.*

THE DIGNITY AND IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

BY LEONARD E. LATHROP.

THE pursuit of national objects is directed by the influence of public opinion, and it is by this influence that habits prevail which eventuate in the formation of national character. In every country which has been called civilized, the splendor of wealth has engaged the attention of vulgar minds, and attached to its possessor a superiority to which merit or talents could have no claim. This senseless admiration of the show and parade of wealth has been too much encouraged by the influence of public opinion, in states which have been reputed to be virtuous and free. The possession of wealth does not necessarily tend to improve the virtues or capacities of men; these are to be

improved by the pursuits and the exercises in which they are engaged. Hitherto a large portion of the American people have been amused with the idea that the duration and perfection of political happiness depend entirely on a free constitution written on paper. But many have ever believed, that when the manners of the people arrive to a certain degree of degeneracy, the laws which have usually governed human actions and passions will decide its fate; and that such a state of degeneracy can be prevented only by habits of industry in the pursuit of objects best calculated to meliorate the human condition. Should our republic exhibit the phenomenon, which has never yet been exhibited in the civilized world, that of a nation of husbandmen making commerce and the mechanical arts wholly subservient to the interests of agriculture, and enforcing upon our citizens, as it were, by national discipline and the influence of public opinion, habits of rigid temperance and industry, we might indulge more sanguine hopes of its immortal duration. History, that monumental record of national rise and national ruin, has taught us that through every stage of civil society, the miseries attending the condition of man have been accumulated, in proportion to their neglect of the peaceful and happy employment of cultivating the earth. It has been justly remarked by one* who has heretofore directed the destinies of our country, that "God has made the breast of those who labor in the earth his peculiar deposit for substantial virtues; the focus in which he keeps alive the sacred fire, which otherwise might escape from the face of the earth; that corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age or nation has furnished an example; it is the mark set on those, who not looking up to heaven, to their own soil and industry, as does the husbandman, depend for it on the casualties and caprice of customers; and that the proportion which the aggregate of other classes of citizens bears in any state to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts."

The voice of reason and nature confirms the truth of these remarks. There is no occupation which like agriculture, contributes to the health and energy of the human constitution; and when attended to as a science, it presents a vast field for the display of

intellectual improvement and philosophical investigation.—The mechanical arts, such as of masons, carpenters and smiths particularly, are necessary, not only to aid the farmer in the progress of his occupation, but contribute essentially to his convenience and comfort. But a small proportion of this class of citizens are however sufficient for all the necessary purposes of their respective arts. It is very obvious that without the plough, the hoe and the harrow, the productive powers of the soil would never have been developed in any degree adequate to the great objects of civilization, and of improving the natural condition of man.

But in the invention of these arts which were necessary to improve the science of agriculture, mankind were gradually led to the discovery of those which increased their riches; and when by the acquisition of a surplus of the produce of the earth, and the introduction of commerce, money was invented as the representation of property, and by that means it was found practicable to purchase not only the necessaries but the conveniences of life, the natural indolence of the human disposition began to yield to the fascinating charms of luxurious ease.

According to the christian chronology, it was more than three thousand years from the creation of our world, before the use of silver and gold metals were introduced as a circulating medium, and a substitute for the value of property; during which period empires rose and flourished and fell. It would be a curious subject to investigate the history of the use of money, and its progressive influence on the manners of civil society.

But for any important practical use to Americans, in their present condition, it is sufficient for them to learn whether its present use, or the means which are practised to accumulate it, have a tendency to advance our political happiness, or to perpetuate the duration of our own republican privileges.

If the great object of accumulating money is not to meliorate the condition of our country by facilitating the means of subsistence generally, and making our citizens wiser and better, it is not questionable, whether the increase of our money capital and our population, will essentially advance the happiness and the durable strength of our republic? It has been remarked that the strength of a nation is derived from the

*Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States.

character, not the wealth, nor the number of its people.

And of the truth of this remark, ancient Sparta has furnished us with an example. The republic of Sparta, after Lycurgus had suppressed the circulation of gold and silver coin, and introduced money made of iron, as the only circulating medium, and enforced, by law, such a distribution of property, that there were no citizens either rich or poor, and with a less population than the surrounding nations, flourished for ages, the most powerful and happy republic of Greece, and perhaps of any other that has ever existed.

The object of the celebrated institution of Lycurgus, was, to make her citizens powerful and happy, by making them wiser and better, by improving their manners and habits, rather than by accumulating their wealth, extending their dominion, and increasing their population.

And Americans should not forget, the policy of Lycurgus, so far as it related to the importance of forming the habits of our citizens to industry, and their morals to virtue, in establishing a national character, was enjoined on us by advice, and exemplified in the character of our Washington.

When on the occasion of his inauguration to the office of our first chief magistrate, he admonished them to honor men who with their own hands maintain their families, and raise up children who are inured to toil, he doubtless saw in this class of citizens, the surest pledge of their welfare and the permanency of our privileges.

This remark of our illustrious chief was a salutary reproof to that class of overgrown planters and farmers, who would degrade the condition of the laboring husbandman to that of the slave.

In giving lessons to posterity, his exalted policy was not influenced by partial views or personal motives; by the pride or prejudice of the world.

In the experience of a life devoted to the welfare and glory of his country, he found in the employment of agriculture, the best resources of individual happiness and national prosperity.

But although there have been characters renowned for wisdom, for intellectual capacity, and for patriotism, who have in every age and every country, been disposed to raise the dignity and improve the science of agricultural pursuits, yet strange as it may

appear in republican America, to labor in the field is unfashionable! Cincinnatus was called from the plough to direct the destinies of an empire, that gave laws to the world; and to the proffers of unbounded wealth, and the splendors of ambition and of power, preferred his cottage and the cultivation of his little farm. Yet among Americans, a large class of our citizens, who would claim the exclusive right to the title of gentlemen, would think it degrading to their dignity to be found, as the Deputies of the Roman senate found Cincinnatus, holding the plough and dressed in the mean attire of a laboring husbandman. In republican America, too many of our sons and daughters would excuse themselves from honest industry, because it is supposed to be unworthy of the capacity improved by science. But Americans should not forget what the lessons of history and experience have taught, that degeneracy of morals and manners has invariably originated in that class of citizens who have shunned honest industry as degrading; and that when that class becomes so numerous as to control the current of popular opinion, the ruin of political happiness and of liberty is inevitable.

If, then, we love our country, and would transmit to our posterity the blessings we enjoy, we should adopt the advice of our greatest political benefactor, honor the men who with their own hands maintain their families, and thereby render agricultural pursuits popular, render them fashionable, and raise them to that dignity to which they should be elevated, and to which they must be elevated, to preserve the happiness and secure the permanency of our republic.

THE love of praise should be preserved under proper subordination to the principle of duty. In itself, it is a useful motive to action; but when allowed to extend its influence too far, it corrupts the whole character, and produces guilt, disgrace, and misery. To be entirely destitute of it, is a defect. To be governed by it is depravity. The proper adjustment of the several principles of action in human nature is a matter that deserves our highest attention. For when one of them becomes too weak or too strong, it endangers both our virtue and our happiness.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"TELL me, gentle trav'ler thou,
Who hast wander'd far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide,
Say, of all thine eye hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide.
And that little spot is best
Which the lov'd one's foot hath press'd.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place:
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

THE SABBATH WRECKS.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577; a few small clouds, tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sunbeams, while on its bosom, slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength—the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a leviathan sunning in its rays—and the giant Bass, covered with sea fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster, in the midst of the waters.

A thousand boats lay along the shores of the Dunbar. It was the herring season—and there were many boats from the south and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was upon the coast; and, regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and to go out to set their nets. The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then minister of Dunbar; and, as he went

forth to the kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them and reproved them sternly for their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate—the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher.—Yea, some of them said unto him, in the words of the children to the prophet—"Go up, thou bald head." He went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, expostulating with them and praying for them.

"Surely," said he, "the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold ye guiltless for this profanation of his holy day." But at that period, vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the Borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging upon the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and his children, while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group—"John Crawford"—he exclaimed, addressing the husband, "you may profess to mock, to laugh, to scorn the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire into your own bosom when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the sea as well as of the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him, before whom the mighty ocean is but a drop, and all space but a spar? Will ye, then, glory in insulting His ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox—the great apostle of our country—ye have trembled beneath their power, and the convictions that they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word *apostate* burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood have embraced the stake for the sake of the truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified? The

Scotsman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife and that of your bairns, (whose bringing up is a credit to their mother,) and not be guilty of this gross sin." But the fisherman, while he regarded not the supplications of his wife, became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and with his comrades began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and her children followed him. That day he took for his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and as he fearlessly and fervidly denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also, because she wept. But, ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of Omniscience. The loud voice of Psalms was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immoveable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. There was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved. Pale, powerless as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and as it bent, a knell, untold by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was uplifted on the wings of the tem-

pest. Darkness was spread over the earth, lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the awful voice of the deep thunder the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of embattled worlds. The congregation still sat mute, horrified, death-like, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines—

"When in thy wrath, rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me,"

when the screams and the howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children, also, in terror, with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them, wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon, an additional scream of grief arose, as the lifeless body of one or other such relations were found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro; but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats and their crews, were whelmed in the mighty deep; and, dwelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty widows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busied carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tidemark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See! see!—one still lives, and struggles to make the shore!"

All rushed to the spot whence the voice

proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained with desperate eagerness, towards the projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp, but in its stead, he clutched the deceitful wave that laughed at its deliverance.—He was whirled around it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random, and his deep groans and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock—he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multitude. They gazed upon one another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak—to implore assistance.—His strength gave way—the waters rushed around the rock as a whirlpool. He was again uplifted upon the white bosom of the foam and tossed within a few yards of the waiting but unavailing crowd.

“It is John Crawford!” exclaimed those who were enabled to recognize his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name—a female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford, was seen floating on the wild sea. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue, but, before the scream of horror and surprise raised by the spectators when they beheld her devoted but desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt at home upon their bosom; and now the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the drowning man! A shout of wild joy rang back on the deserted town. Her father, who was amongst the multitude, fell upon his knees. He clasped his hands together—“Merciful Heavens!” he exclaimed, “Thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of Thy hand, protect—protect my child!”

The waters rioted with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of

hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenances of her friends. For a moment, she disappeared amongst the waves; but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few moments she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to, in order to effect his resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and, at length, beneath her hand his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

“He lives!—he breathes!” she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by the bedside, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed—he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered, and returned to the room, fell upon his bosom. “My Agnes!—my poor Agnes!”—he cried, gazing wistfully in her face—“but where—where am I?—and my bairnies, where are they?”

“Here, father, here!”—cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously round. A recollection of the past, and a consciousness of the present, fell upon his mind. “Thank God!” he exclaimed, and burst into tears; and when his troubled soul, and his agitated bosom had found in them relief, he inquired, eagerly—“But oh, tell me, how was I saved?—was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel grasped me when I was sinking and held me. But my head is confused, it is fearfully confused, and I remember naething, but as a dream; save the bursting awa o’ the dreadful storm, wi’ the perishing o’ hunders in an instant, and the awful cry that rang frae boat to boat—“a judgment has come owre us!”—And it was a judgment indeed! O Agnes! had I listened to yer words, to

the prayers o' my bits o' bairns, or the advice o' the minister, I wad hae escaped the sin that I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi' which it has been visited. But tell me how, or in what manner I was saved?"

"John," said the aged elder, the father of Agnes, "ye was saved by the merciful and all-sustaining power o' that Providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—the judgment, as ye hae weel described it—which has this day filled our coast with widows and with orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naething short of a miracle. We a' beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled with the raging waves, we knew not who ye were, and knew it was na in the power o' ony being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance.—We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept round it; and, when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it with the grasp of death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognised your face, and they cried out your name! A scream burst upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd—and then John!—oh, then!"—But here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and pausing for a few moments, added—"Tell him, some o' ye." "Oh, tell me," said the fisherman; "a' that my father-in-law has said, I kenned before. But how was I saved? or by whom?"

The preacher took up the tale. "Hearken unto me, John Crawford," said he. "Ye have reason this day to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel and set at naught my reproof. True, it was not the speaker, but the words of truth that were spoken, that ye ought to have regarded—for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye.—But ye despised them: and as ye sowed, so have ye reaped. But, as your father-in-law has told ye, when your face was recognized from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant she was beyond the reach of help!"

"Speak!—speak on!" cried the fisherman eagerly; and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again towards his Agnes, who wept upon his shoulder.

"The Providence that had till then sustained you, while your fellow creatures perished around you," added the clergyman, "supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm—After long struggling, she brought you within a few yards of the shore; a wave overwhelmed you both and cast you upon the beach, with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom—"my ain Agnes! was it you!—was it you!—my wife!—my savior!" And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. "There is nae merit in what I've dune," replied she, "for wha should have attempted to save ye, had I not! Ye were everything to me, John, and to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm-bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and on the following day, widows, orphans, parents, and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned that had been gathered together; or, if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them where the sea might have cast them forth. Such is the tale of the Sabbath wrecks—of the lost brave of Dunbar.—*Foreign Magazine.*

A MAN of a weak, complying disposition, whom no one fears, no one will be at the trouble to oppose; while a man of a strong and fixed character will be liable to opposition, at least from those who expect to derive a certain kind of importance from the dignity of their adversary.—But he will compel even this opposition into subserviency to himself; just as the mariner obliges the wind that opposes him to help him forward.

MERCANTILE LAW.

It is well known that *Books of Original Entries* are the only vouchers of millions of dollars annually; yet few know, or seem to care to investigate the rules of law which must be observed to allow them to be used in a Court of Justice; rules that all must concede to be salutary and just, and absolutely requisite, when it is considered that such books are evidence of a man's own manufacture, and may be employed as instruments of fraud by the unprincipled.

They are a species of evidence admitted from the *necessity of the case*; else a debtor might escape from the enforcement of a just demand, because it would be impossible to prove the sale and delivery of every minute article in an account.

The law has, however, laid down certain standard and inflexible rules in regard to them, which should be universally known. The occurrence of a debt, lost by illegal books of entry, repeatedly happens in our courts; and may be easily guarded against, for the system in regard to them is free of complication.

It has been wisely said, that while Books of Original Entries are a *convenience* to the creditor, they are a *protection* to the debtor; for the chances are, that a fresh memorandum of a transaction, made at the moment of sale, is more likely to be precise and honest, than an account made up long afterwards, with a view to litigation and in ill blood, depending for proof upon the uncertainty of human memory, and the pliability of willing witnesses. Besides, it is rare that a fraudulent Book can go long undetected in any community; and such a case rarely makes its appearance in our courts, nor, indeed, can exist, except in the concoction of cool and deliberate villany. The Bench and the Bar find this kind of evidence of great value, easily investigated, and little harm; and neither the Judges, nor any Legislature have evinced any disposition to expel it from our jurisprudence.

Books of Original Entries are only evidence of two descriptions of debts, viz: *goods sold and delivered*; and *work and labor done*; with this exception: the day-book of a consignee and agent is evidence to prove his disbursements in the outfit of a vessel in a foreign port, in an action against the owner. But they are not ad-

missible to prove cash lent, advances, or cash paid for another. Nor to prove that goods were given to the defendant to sell on commission. Nor is a book, kept by a man for the purpose of settling with his workmen, in which are entered their names, the quantity of goods delivered and sometimes the prices, such a Book of Original Entries as is evidence against the purchaser of goods, although it contain, also, the names of purchasers, nor an invoice book. In all such cases, the creditor should arm himself with sufficient evidence, at the time the debt is contracted. The book is only evidence against the original debtor; therefore, it cannot be used to prove that one person has assumed the debt of another, even if made at the time the debt was contracted and assumed.

A Book of Original Entries is evidence of the *sale*, and *delivery* of goods, or of work done, and, *prima facie*, of the *prices*; (i. e. sufficient until disproved of by the debtor) but it is not *conclusive* evidence; either party may give other proof of the prices on the trial; and the book may be set aside on sufficient proof of incorrectness; the judgment of the jury is to be formed on the whole case.

The book must be proved by the oath or affirmation of the person who made the entries; or if such person be dead, or out of the reach of a subpoena, proof of death or absence, and of the hand-writing, is sufficient. In Pennsylvania the store-keeper may prove his own books; this is a variation from the English rule, which requires the assistant oath of the clerk who made the entry.

It must appear, *first*, that the book is a *Book of Original Entries*; *second*, that the entries were made at the time they bear date; and *third*, that such entries were made at, or near the time of the delivery of the goods, or the doing of the work.

First: The book must be a Book of Original entries. Therefore, if it be a transcript of another book, or a ledger, it is not evidence; although it is no objection to an original book that it is kept in ledger form. But a book is clearly competent if the entries be transcribed from any temporary memorandum, made on a slate, card, or board, or scratcher, on which they are entered for the moment, with the intention of *immediate transfer* to the Book of Original

Entries intended to be the permanent evidence of the charge. But they must be transcribed into the permanent book on the same or next day. Thus a book made up from entries on a slate, some transcribed the same day, and some not for one or two weeks afterwards, was rejected altogether; and entries made up of loose slips of paper, carried in the pocket for one or more days, always were rejected.

Second: The entries must be made the day they bear date: in regard to books as well as papers, ante-dating is suspicious, and, unless satisfactorily explained, by strict proof, fraudulent. The law views ante-dating of documents, as an afterthought, indicating a dishonest purpose, and presumptive of a contrivance to overreach. But this presumption, like every other presumption, may be negated by satisfactory proof. It is improper to make erasures or interlineations; the former especially, as they allow, and encourage suspicions of foul play. The advisable mode of correcting a slip of the pen, is to write across the entry the word "*void*," and make the correct entry below it. This process proves that the error was corrected at the moment, and prevents all doubt of fairness. There should be no marginal, or extraneous remarks made on the book; the entry should be simply a charge against the debtor, and the goods, or work, detailed by items.

Third: The entries must be made at, or near the time the work is *done*, or goods *delivered*; not when the work or goods are *ordered*. Strictly, the entry should be made at the time of delivery; but the courts allow entries to be read, made the same evening or the next day. It is advisable, however, to make them on the day, to prevent doubt or controversy of fairness. In some trades, the work is in several hands, many days, and goes through more than one hand; if the entry is made during the period of manufacture, at a time when it proceeded a certain length, it was lawful; thus goods ordered or bespoke, as for instance, clothing, may be charged when cut and delivered to the journeyman; if charged before, the entry is irregular, and will be rejected. It is always better, not to make the charge until the time of actual delivery. Entries made up, the same evening, from the reports handed in to an employer, by his men, are clearly admissible.

In all cases where it appears, on investi-

gation, or the examination of the party, or clerk in court, that the book is not a Book of Original Entries, the court may reject it at once, as incompetent; but if this do not clearly appear, the court will allow it to be read to the jury, with instruction to disregard it, if in their opinion, the legal requisites do not exist. And if it appear that some entries were made at an undue period of time after the debt accrued and some made at the time; unless the party, or clerk, can distinguish the bad from the valid entries, the whole book will be rejected by the court. If the book contains receipts for goods sold, signed by the debtor, the book is not evidence, without proof of the hand writing of the debtor. It is competent to the creditor to prove a sale and delivery of goods to his debtor, without relying on his book; but if his book be in his possession, the court will compel him to produce it on trial; and in some cases the court have decided, that evidence of goods sold, shall not be received at all until the non-production of the book is accounted for. A book containing entries without date, or not mentioning the name of the debtor, is not evidence. But it is not necessary that the entry should be in any book: it may be kept on a slate, door, slip of paper, or cards, in ink or pencil, but the evidence must be carefully preserved and actually produced. In one case, a barn door with chalk entries was brought into court, and proved to be the original entries against the debtors.—*Philadelphia Evening Star*.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

BY A LADY.

I HAVE met with a very few unmarried ladies, who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of thirty, that their existence was thoroughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly; and that such is the fact, can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain that three out of every five of the young English ladies of the present day must remain unmarried, because no man can *exist* on less than two thousand a-year when married; and how few young men there are with two thousand a-year, compared with the number of

young ladies! Five, six, eight, sometimes in one family; generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet, perhaps, in our *saloons* these lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, “because,” (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion,) “I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man—my friend — flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving ill—I don’t like to excite false hopes—I shall never marry unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a-year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have.” It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might perhaps be useful in procuring them, in a state of *single blessedness*, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery, than they at present appear to possess after the awful age of thirty. A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*—she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father’s house, and who, perhaps, remarks, “Miss — is rather *passée*—a good old girl—and I must do my duty there; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss —.” My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor old girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered in society as they ought to be; but then I have generally observed that they have fortunes, or have had advantages above others to bring into notice, and to give to the natural ambition of the human species some scope of action. I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a-year. The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman, if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession; of course, he can never marry without a large fortune; unless at the age of forty-five, he has made one for himself. The eldest son, having been to Eton and Cam-

bridge, has learnt that fifteen hundred a year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines (not to be *taken in*) not to marry any lovely girl, without at least, forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, and the other three rather plain. They have been educated, in all probability, as the greater proportion of English girls are. First of all, they go every Sunday to church; and are, as I conceive, all, or nearly all, the class of moderately rich English gentry, to be perfectly honorable, upright, and well-principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose *any* change in the education of a class for whom I have so high a respect. To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers, and taught to cherish those natural affections which, if by some remote chance one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are all allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now, I maintain that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honors of her last notice; but where is the novel which represents four poor, pretty, unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years, without, perhaps, so much as one admirer amongst them? Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm-hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles fall one by one, become listless and unhappy. They have little in life to interest them; one dies of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on calf’s foot jelly, and is enveloped in flannel even in July; a third is under the care of Doctor S. for indigestion; and perhaps the fourth, who is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others—or perhaps from having something to occupy her mind in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings, prescribed by Doctor S. for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother’s children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which

are implanted by nature in the breast of woman, she becomes happy. This, then, appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them, by all means, that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be felt for a lover or husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in many objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a lottery, and, at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value.

Foreign Magazine.

CHOICE OF DEATH.

THE count of Lannoi, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the court of the treacherous Louis XI. of France, was condemned to death by that monarch on a wrongful charge of having carried off the daughter of the celebrated painter Fouquet. To add to the torture of his situation, the king, by an exquisite refinement of cruelty, sent his barber, Oliver le Dain, (so familiar to the readers of *Quentin Durward*), to announce to him, as a special favor, that the king allowed him to choose whatever mode of death he might prefer. Lannoi was a man of courage; he knew, too, that the king, himself brave, loved to see that same quality in others; he therefore did not lose heart, but announced his choice in the following letter:

"SIRE—I am penetrated with gratitude for your majesty's extraordinary kindness, and for the anxiety you testify on the subject of my punishment. You will believe me when I say I had far rather have lost my life in your majesty's service than on such a charge as this; but since my death is determined, I send you for that purpose the chain of gold you wore at the battle of Quesnoi, and placed yourself on the neck of my father, Raoul de Lannoi, in the thickest of the danger, with these memorable words—'*Paque Dieu*, my friend, you combat too fiercely; you must be chained up, for I do not want to lose you, but want you to serve me many times more.' With this chain, sire, I wish to be hanged at the foot of the Tower du Nord, where I was wounded by an ar-

row meant for you on the night you went the rounds, I carrying a torch before you."

The appeal was such as not even Louis XI. could resist, and Lannoi's punishment was delayed until time proved his innocence.

GOD SEEN IN ALL THINGS.

It is a poor philosophy and a narrow religion, which does not recognize God in all things. Every moment of our lives, we breathe, stand or move, in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony of His power, the impress of His hand, are there. Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of Him, whose power launched them on their courses. Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow-clad summit of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency, which hath laid their deep foundations. Ask of the ocean's waters; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, "Hitherto shall you come and no further." Ask of the rivers; and, as they roll onward to the sea, do they bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-working Energy which struck open their fountains and poured them down through the valleys? Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock-bound coast to the plain covered with its luxuriant vegetation; and will you not find on them all the record of the Creator's presence? Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals; and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of life? Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice; every where we hear thy name, O God; every where we see Thy love. Creation in all its length and breadth, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were dark and dead. The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy. How then can we speak of that Presence as peculiarly in the sanctuary which is abroad through all space and time?—*Francis.*

MECHANICS.

"Look at that tailor, driving his barouche and horses," said a whiskered dandy in Broadway; "how can America ever arrive at distinction, when all classification of persons is thus annihilated, and the coach of your tailor runs against the wheels of your own tilbury." This is the opinion, no doubt, of many who never earned a dollar by their own industry. Bonaparte, the best judge of human nature and of merit, never visited a great painting, or a specimen of ingenuity or mechanic art, that he did not, on taking leave, walk up formally to the artist, or mechanic, or engineer, and taking off his hat, salute him with a low and respectful bow; it was a homage due to merit, and he always paid the debt. Nothing gives me more pleasure than seeing a mechanic in his own coach, that is to say, if he drives his own coach on the actual profits of his occupation; if he mistakes the time, and begins too early, he is lost; for a mechanic who sets up in his coach, and is compelled to set it down again, from a premature commencement and not understanding his position, is a poor creature indeed, and runs ahead of his business.

It is a custom, and a bad custom, in England, to look on tradesmen and mechanics as an inferior class of men, without reference to their character or wealth. This, however, grows out of the distinctions and classifications of society in a monarchical form of government, and keeps mechanics, excepting in the city of London, continually under the ban, and consequently prevents their ever attaining high rank; and we regret to add, that we are tinctured a little too much in this country with the same feelings. Accustomed to believe that there is in a mechanic something grovelling, many prefer bringing up their sons to a profession, or in a counting house, or in a retail fancy store, and when they come of age, they have no capital to give their children to commence business with, and they drag out a wearied and poor existence, depending on chance, and seldom attaining affluence. This is not the case with the sober, industrious mechanic: he has a business, a capital of which he cannot be deprived, and if he possess ingenuity and enterprise, and above all sobriety and industry, he is very likely to attain fortune. The secret, therefore, in this republican country, is to give your sons a

good education, an education suitable for any profession, and then make mechanics of part of them, because, if they are temperate, ingenious, industrious, and frugal, they must make a good living, and if these principles are engrafted on a good education, such mechanics not only become rich, but they become great.

The education which qualifies them for the bar or the bench—for the highest honors of a profession, imparts a greater value to their mechanical pursuits, and enables them to take a high rank in the political world, sustained by a powerful interest, and if we had a larger portion of mechanics in Congress than we now have, the country would repose in safety on their sagacity and intelligence. True, there are privations and inconveniences in learning and working at a mechanical business—boys must be up early and late—live hard—work hard; they must make great sacrifices of their ease and comfort for a term of years, and then they will begin to realize the good results, to taste of the good fruits—besides, what is above all price, their habits from fourteen to nineteen are formed in a proper and safe mould, free from indolence, vice, and extravagance.

The very dandy who turned up his honorable nose at the tailor driving his barouche and pair, was actually the son of a mechanic, and inherited a large fortune, which he does not know how to use. In a few years he will have dissipated it in folly and extravagance, and then become a loafer, and without knowing how to earn his bread, he will follow the meanest trade in the world, that of begging.

Let parents who have several sons, and not means to give them all fortunes, begin in time to bend their minds to the consideration of useful occupations—

"Just as the twig is bent,
The tree's inclined."

The other day I held a colloquy on this very subject with one of my boys—a little fellow, of sprightliness and ambition. "Father," said he, "what trade am I to learn?" "A lady's shoemaker, my son." "A what?" said the little urchin, his full blue eyes widening with a stare of astonishment, as his broad cheeks reddened to the crimson of pulpit cushions—"a lady's shoemaker? Why, what is the use of my learning English and French, and Spanish, grammar and the globes, arithmetic and dancing, and playing on the fiddle, and composition, and

elocution, and riding on horseback, if I'm only to be a lady's shoemaker?" "Precisely so, my son—when you have finished your education, you shall learn to be a lady's shoemaker; when you have served out your time I will send you to Paris or Madrid, for a year or so, to finish your trade with the very first masters—there they make beautiful shoes—then you shall have a store in Broadway, a small capital will set you up in business, and do you not think that the ladies of the city would prefer a well educated gentlemanly young man, with good address and a perfect master of his art, to take measure of their delicate feet, than a greasy, rough-looking, rude fellow, with his fingers all over wax? Certainly. You would be everywhere patronized—your work would be praised, and your fortune soon made. Now, is not this better than putting a pair of specs on your nose—a threadbare black coat on your back—Blackstone in your hands, waiting day after day for a client?" "Well, but father," said he, "you will give me as much money as I want when I am a man—there is no use in my working." "Yes, but there is, my boy—you must earn money by your industry—were I to give you money and bring you up in idleness, what would become of you when the money was all gone?"

The little fellow did not exactly understand the philosophy of such conclusions, but as he grows older he will view the matter in a proper light. After all said, much depends on the good counsel of mothers in laying the foundation for a sound superstructure in the minds of their sons. Let a widow, left in moderate circumstances, have four intelligent, well educated boys, who have honorably and successively served out their times in some mechanical business, and see how much more comfortable are her prospects in old age, than if she had four boys depending on precarious professional pursuits for a living.

This reasoning partially applies to daughters, who are by far less troublesome and difficult to manage than sons. It is incredible how many avenues to comfort and employment are opened to girls, if they are industriously disposed. There are three young ladies, daughters of a respectable but moderately circumstanced family, remarkable for neatness of dress, and a reserved manner, attributed by many to pride. Calling in at an unusual visiting hour, I found the mother

and daughters employed in making muslin shirts, for which they received only a shilling a piece, and they frankly informed me that they clothed themselves entirely by their needle. The cause of their pride was thus explained—it was the pride of conscious independence.—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

THE DAGUERROSCOPE.

Who has not admired the splendid and wonderful representations in the camera obscura?—images so clear, so full of life, so perfectly representing every object in nature. These living pictures, by traversing lens and mirrors, are thrown down with double beauty on the table of the camera obscura by the radiant finger of light. The new art has been discovered to fix these wonderful images, which have hitherto passed away volatile—evanescent as a dream—to stop them at our will, on a substance finely sensible to the immediate action of light, and render them permanent before our eyes, in traces represented by tints in perfect harmony on each point with different degrees of intensity. We must not, however, believe as has been erroneously reported to the public with respect to these (Parisian) experiments, that the proper colors of objects are represented in these images by colors: they are only represented with extreme truth, by light, and in every gradation of shade; as an oil painting is given by a perfect engraving, consisting of black lines; or, perhaps, more akin to a design made with mathematical accuracy, and in aqua-tinta; for there are no crossings of lines in the designs by the pencil of nature: red, blue, yellow, green, &c., are rendered by combinations of light and shade—by demi-tints, more or less clear or obscure, according to the quantity of light in each color. But, in these copies, the delicacy of the design—the purity of the forms—the truth and harmony of the tone—the aerial perspective—the high finish of the details, are all expressed with the highest perfection.

The formidable lens, which often betrays monstrosities in the most delicate and aerial of our masterpieces, may here search for defects in vain. The creations of nature triumph. Far from betraying any defect, the highest magnifier only tends to show more clearly its vast superiority. At each step we find new objects to admire, revealing to us the existence of exquisite details,

which escape the naked eye, even in reality. Nor can this astonish us when the radiant light, which can only act according to the immutable laws of nature, substitutes its rays for the hesitating pencil of the artist. M. Daguerre has represented, from the Pont des Arts, and in a very small space, the whole bank of the Seine, including that part of the Louvre containing the grand gallery of pictures. Each line, each point, is rendered with a perfection quite unattainable by all means hitherto used; he has also reproduced the darkness of Notre Dame, with its immense draperies and Gothic Sculpture. He has also taken the view of a building in the morning at eight o'clock, at mid-day, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, during rain and in sunshine. Eight or ten minutes at most, in the climate of Paris, is sufficient; but under a more ardent sun, such as that of Egypt, one minute will suffice. To artists and savans, who travel, and who often find it impossible to prolong their stay at interesting places, this process must be most welcome. The French journals and reports of proceedings, however, admit that these admirable representations still leave something to be desired as to effect, when regarded as works of art. It is singular, they observe, that the power which created them seems to have abandoned them, and that *these works of light want light*. Even in those parts the most lighted, there is an absence of vivacity and effect; and it is to be allowed that, amidst all the harmony of their forms, these views appear subjected to the sober and heavy tone of color imparted by a dull Northern sky. It would appear that, by passing through the glasses of the optical arrangements of M. Daguerre, all the views are uniformly clothed with a melancholy aspect, like that given to the horizon by the approach of evening. Motion, it is obvious, can never be copied; and the attempts to represent animals and shoe-blacks in action, consequently failed. Statuary is said to have been well defined, but, hitherto, M. Daguerre has not succeeded in copying the living physiognomy in a satisfactory manner, though he does not despair of success. It could not have escaped chemists that various chemical products are sensibly affected by light. Some gases may remain together in the dark without any effect, but a ray of light will cause instant explosion. Other bodies, such as the chloruret of silver, are modified in color. It at first takes a violet

tint, afterwards becomes black. This property would doubtless have suggested the idea of applying it to the art of design. But, by this method, the most brilliant parts of the object become discolored, and the darker parts remain white. This produces an effect contrary to fact; and again, the continued action of light tends to render the whole dark. Mr. Talbot's method would seem to be based on the use of the salts of silver, with the addition of some substance or covering to prevent the further action of light after the design was complete. This discovery will doubtless make a great revolution in the arts of design, and, in a multitude of cases, will supersede old methods altogether inferior. The temporary interest of many may at first be affected; but whatever has the true character of good, cannot essentially do mischief. The invention of printing soon gave employment to many more than were employed as copyists. Even in our own time, the substitution of steel plates for engraving, instead of copper, although fifty times as many copies may be taken from them, has by the substitution of good engravings for indifferent ones, so extended the demand, that more steel plates are now required than were formerly used of copper.—*Blackwood's Magazine for March.*

INDUSTRY.

THE following anecdote may give encouragement to the industrious. Not long ago a country gentleman had an estate of £200 a year, which he kept in his own hands till he found himself so much in debt, that to satisfy his creditors, he was obliged to sell the half, and let the remainder with a farmer for twenty years. Towards the expiration of the lease, the farmer coming one day to pay his rent, asked the gentleman whether he would sell the farm. "Why, will you buy it?" said the gentleman. "If you will part with it, and we can agree," replied the farmer. "That is exceedingly strange," said the gentleman. "Pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I pay no rent, you are regularly paying me a hundred a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it?" "The reason is plain," answered the farmer, "you sat still, and said go—I got up and said come—you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate—I rose in the morning and minded my business."

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS NATURAL TO MAN.

TRAVELERS inform us, that savages, even in a very rude state, are found to divert themselves by imitating some common event in life; but it is not necessary to leave our own quiet homes to satisfy ourselves that dramatic representations are natural to man. All children delight in mimicking action; many of their amusements consist in such performances, and are in every sense plays. It is curious, indeed, to observe at how early an age the young of the most imitative animal, man, begin to copy the actions of others; how soon the infant displays its intimate conviction of the great truth, that "all the world's a stage." The baby does not imitate those acts only that are useful and necessary to be learned, but it instinctively mocks useless and unimportant actions and unmeaning sounds, for its amusement, and for the mere pleasure of imitation, and is evidently much delighted when it is successful. The diversions of children are very commonly dramatic. When they are not occupied with their hoops, tops, and balls, or engaged in some artificial game, they amuse themselves in playing at soldiers, in being at school, or at church, in going to market, in receiving company; and they imitate the various employments of life with so much fidelity, that the theatrical critic, who delights in chaste acting, will often find less to censure in his own little servants in the nursery, than in his majesty's servants in a theatre-royal. When they are somewhat older, they dramatise the stories they read; most boys have represented Robin Hood, or one of his merry men, and every one has enacted the part of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. We have heard of many extraordinary tastes and antipathies, but we never knew an instance of a young person who was not delighted the first time he visited a theatre.—*Edinburg Review.*

PLAGIARISM.

THE question for the public to ask of a favorite author is not—is he original? but—has he used his materials in a workmanlike manner? Has he added anything to the borrowed stock, and has he carried out the original thought into new applications? If

he really has done the latter, he has done much. If he really has an *original idea*, the chances are ten thousand to one it is good for nothing. Solomon said, long ago, there was nothing new under the sun; and we are at a loss to know what scheme of philosophy, what work of literature, or what art of life has any claims to entire originality.

Fulton did not invent the steamboat. He improved upon borrowed ideas.

Milton borrowed from the Bible, and from all the classics.

Virgil borrowed from Homer, and *Homer* did not borrow, only because we do not know what poets preceded him.

Columbus is now said to have borrowed his ideas of America from the Danes.

Pope borrowed the whole of those beautiful lines, "Vital spark, &c." from some Italian verses.

But these men all *improved* their ideas and put them in new dresses and attitudes, and sent them out into the world more beautiful and useful than the originals. In this lies true genius, to take just ideas, suitable to the existing state of things, and recombine and mould them into new and more powerful results.

ROWLAND HILL.

ON an occasion of his preaching a charity sermon, he said, "I once got a thousand pounds by a charity sermon. I hope I shall get as much to-day. But observe, if any of you are in debt, don't put any money on the plate. Recollect—take time—deliberate. If any of you owe money, be just before you are generous. Stop, though! On second thoughts, those who don't give will be pointed at, 'Oh, he or she is in debt,'" etc. On another occasion he said: "I do think a young idle clergyman will be numbered among the most wicked upon earth: and to tell you the truth, I should have been ashamed to have lived so long (eighty-eight years) if I had not worked hard, and used all my strength in God's service. I am now in the valley; but in my travels, I could never see the top of the mountains, until I got into the valley."

MANY are philosophers in great misfortunes, who lose their equanimity in trifles. Their troubles resemble streams which ripple most where the water is shallowest.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

CAPTAIN KYD.

"CAPTAIN KYD; or, the Wizard of the Sea. A Romance. By the author of 'The South-West,' 'Lafitte,' 'Burton,' etc." 2 vols. 12mo. New-York: Harper and Brothers. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting.—No one can read a work of fiction from the pen that has given us "Lafitte" and "Burton," without warmly admiring its author's high genius, and deeply regretting his execrable taste. Beautiful conceptions, that come of moments of true inspiration, are so marred by bungling embodiment—and glowing descriptions, that warm the blood and quicken the fancy, are so hedged in by villainous weird-doing and diabolical clap-trap—that, when the whole work is compassed, one hardly knows whether praise or blame of the workman should preponderate. That he deserves both, is plain; but in what proportion one to the other, is not so clear. There is, in his volumes, none of that indiscriminate mingling of the good and the bad, which we observe in the fictions of some of our novelists, and are for the present willing to regard as marks of carelessness or haste. But, worse than this, we have the two alternating, at times of nearly equal extent, and so alternating, as to show that the idea of their minglement was born of deliberation, and that their arrangement has been made with care.

That our meaning may be clearly set forth, we will, after naming such of the dramatis personæ as are necessary to our purpose, glance hastily over the second of the "two acts" of which the "dramatic romance" before us consists. The prominent personages of the story, besides "the Kyd," are a young Irish Nobleman, Kate Bellamont, the daughter and heiress of an Irish earl, and Elpsy the Sorceress. "A rocky headland that stretches boldly out into the bosom of one of the lake-like bays that indent the southern shore of Ireland," is the scene, and "the merry month of May, in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-four," the time, of most

of the action of the first division of the piece. Old Elpsy is a very important personage here, and appears to her coactors to do some very supernatural things in a truly supernatural way. But the period and the country, leave no room for objections, by one to whom the power of genius, has made Meg Merrilies and her kith creatures of flesh and blood, against the manner in which the artist has thought proper to employ her, or the amount of use he has been compelled to make of her. The second division of the story, however, is of date some five years later, and has its action on the more familiar coast of North America, among the veritable and palpable burghers of New-Amsterdam. And here it is, that we have to complain of the taste, or judgment, of the artist.

The first chapter of this division, is mostly taken up with a graphic description of "New-York as it was in 1698," some gossiping chat among several old Dutchmen about the mysterious "Kyd," who at that time "infested the American coast from New-England to the Capes of Virginia," and the introduction of Old Elpsy the Sorceress, who is regarded as a "fearful woman," that has made the colony "fare ill the three years she has been in't." In the second chapter, we again behold the prominent actors of the first division, now on American soil, the Earl of Bellamont having been appointed Governor of the province of New-York, by William the Third. In this chapter, we have a glimpse of the bold Buccaneer; and in it, likewise, Old Elpsy is again becoming prominent, and beginning to sway anew the tide of human passion in the breasts of some of those who have before acknowledged her power. In the third chapter, Elpsy, by frightening a couple of Dutch sentinels out of their wits, makes her way out of one of the portals of the city at night, passes "Hell Gate" in "a light Indian birch-canoe of the frailest structure," the waters seething the while like a boiling cauldron and she shouting with the dash of the waves and hissing as they bubbled and foamed in her track, and

reaches in good time the "Witch's Rock," where she is soon joined by the pirate Kyd, about whose neck she hangs an amulet, after weaving a spell that teetotally puts to shame the weird sisters of Macbeth, which is to protect him through life from powder and ball, flint and fire. Chapter fourth is kindly permitted to glide along without her actual bodily presence, though her spirit is busy here through another; but to make up for this omission, we have in chapter fifth "spells and incantations dire" enough to gratify the appetites of all the admirers of Monk Lewis and Monkess Ratcliffe that ever lived. In chapter sixth and last, we behold her again, first in spirit acting by another's body, then in palpable bodily presence, revealing her foreknowledge of things but now coming to pass, explaining clearly what were mysteries to all beside, and fully establishing her claims to sistership with Sathanas.

Now, as one of the "reading community," a citizen of the "republic of letters," we respectfully protest against the use of such tomfoolery as all this, in works of imagination intended for general perusal. The age of witches and wizards is past; seething cauldrons have ceased to work direful spells; incantations have lost their power over the spirits of sea and air; from the "eye of newt and toe of frog" have gone the properties of olden time: the whole machinery, indeed, of *diablerie* and *hecatcraft* has fallen to pieces; and he does no good work, performs no service that should be acceptable, who gathers up the fragments to reconstruct the broken wheel. This is the work attempted by the author of "Captain Kyd," in others of his writings as well as the present. He fails now most signally, as he has failed aforetime, and we are glad of it. We wish no man success in such an adventure, and least of all one so capable as he is of succeeding in better and higher things. Another exhibition of the "Witch's Cauldron" might be endured from Shakspeare, and a reproduction of Meg Merrilies from Scott. We somewhat doubt even this, however; and feel very certain that inferior genius cannot at this day hold up before the mind's eye such non-descript nonexistences, without deserving and receiving rebuke. As a variety of the genus *witch*, Old Elpsy is very respectable; but we joyfully cheer her on the road to oblivion, where she will soon be thick-covered, and will willing-

ly forego, from this time henceforth forever, the pleasure of an acquaintance with any of her like. She sat upon us, during our perusal of the work, like an incubus, marring what else had been most beautiful; and through the author's labor, we doubt not, she was an equal torment to him. We have, however, disposed of her, to our own if not to his satisfaction, and will now take a very brief glance at other and worthier things.

"Captain Kyd, or the Wizard of the Sea," is altogether a very fine specimen of the melodramatic romance, which is what it professes to be. It opens with a trial of skill in archery, in the good old manner of Robin Hood's day, by some noble maidens, gallantly esquired, and gathered together "from many a lordly roof, both far and near, to celebrate a rural fete in honor of the sixteenth birthday of the only child of an ancient house, the beautiful Kate Bellamont, better known throughout the barony as 'wild Kate of Castle Cor.'" In the pastimes of the day, says the chronicle, "archery, then much practised by ladies of gentle blood, was to hold a conspicuous place;" and as the hour of noon approached, "the Earl's chief forester, Cormac Dermot, his gray locks covered with a red cloth bonnet, in which was fastened an eagle's plume, and his goodly person arrayed in a holiday suit of green and gold, made his appearance on the lawn by the west side of the Castle, and wound his horn, long and loud, as the signal that the 'gentle sport of archerie' was now about to begin." This lawn, and the preparations for the pastime, are thus described:

"The place chosen for the trial of skill was an ample lawn of the softest and greenest verdure, lying between the wall of the castle and the verge of the cliff. A few ancient oaks grew here and there upon it; and towards the south it was open to the land-locked bay and far-distant sea, which, wide as the vision extended, seemed to belt the horizon like a shining band of silver. At each extremity of the field, one hundred yards apart, was pitched upon the sward a gorgeous pavilion, one of blue, the other of orange-coloured silk: the hangings of the former were fringed with silver; and from the festooned curtains of the latter pended tassels of silk and gold. In these were laid tables spread with cloths of crimson damask, and covered with every luxury that could tempt the palate or gratify the eye. From the summit of one of the pavilions fluttered a crimson banneret, displaying the arms of Bellamont, its boar's-head crest pierced through with an arrow, emblematical of the occasion; and from the top of

the other waved a white banner, in the centre of which, according to the rules of heraldry, a bow, quiver, target and other signs of archery were tastefully emblazoned.

Twenty-five yards in front of each pavilion, two targets were placed, fifty yards apart, so that after sending all their arrows at one, the archers might walk up to it and gather them, and taking their stand by it, shoot back to the other; thus alternately reversing the direction of their shots, and adding healthful exercise to their graceful pastime. The targets were both very beautiful, and gay with colours; being round wooden shields half an inch in thickness and three feet in diameter, with four circles painted on the faces; the outer white, with a green border; the next black; the next within it orange; and the inner circle red, encompassing a gold centre. They were elevated, at a slight angle, twenty inches from the ground, on a slight frame resembling a painter's easel.

Midway between the targets, but safely placed several paces back from the erratic path of the arrows, was erected beneath an ancient linden-tree a sylvan throne, surmounted by a canopy of silk, elaborately worked with the needle to represent Diana, with her nymphs and hounds, pursuing a herd of deer with flights of arrows. This was the seat of the umpire of the sports—Katrine, the lovely Countess of Bellamont. Altogether, it was an imposing and gorgeous scene; and with its stern castle rising boldly from the verdant lawn topped with battlements and towers; with its boundary on the north side, of green, dark, old woods, and the calm, deep bay beneath, with a yacht sleeping on its bosom; with its extended prospect of the illimitable sea forever breathing with a mysterious life, the field of archery at Castle Cor, for the natural beauty of the spot and the taste displayed in its adornment, has doubtless had no parallel in the annals of archery."

Scarcely have the echoes of old Cormac's horn died away in the forest, when the castle pours forth its gay throng of archers towards the lists. All are animated, and commence instant preparation for the trial. From bundles of bows thrown by the chief forester on the ground before each pavilion, the youths begin busily to select weapons for the fair archers, who are themselves earnestly engaged in choosing arrows from quivers that hang suspended about, fastening braces of thick fawn's leather on the left or bow arm, just above the wrist to preserve it from injury by the rebound of the bow-string, and drawing on the right hand, from parcels reached them by pages, shooting-gloves, with three finger-stalls, fitted with a strap and button to fasten at the wrist, to protect their fingers in drawing the arrow.

"The party of archeresses consisted of seven fair girls, the eldest scarce seventeen. They

were fancifully attired, some in green, and others in orange or blue hunting-jackets, after the tasteful fashion of the period; a costume admirably calculated to display their sylphian shapes. They all wore hats of the colour of their spencers, looped up in front, and ornamented with waves of snowy plumes. Long white trains descended from their waists to the ground, but in shooting, were gathered beneath the belt on the left side, and thence falling down again to the feet in numerous folds, added to the grace and picturesqueness of their appearance. Each archeress was attended by a favoured youth as an esquire, habited in a green or gray hunting-frock, bordered with a wreath of embroidered oak-leaves, with an arrow worked in silver thread on each lapel. They wore broad flapping hats, turned boldly back from the forehead, and shaded in front with a drooping black plume. Each carried a short hunting-spear, decked with ribands of the colour of his mistress' jacket, gifts from her own hand and tied thereon with her own fingers, in token that she acknowledged him as her "Esquire of the Bow." The duty of these youthful cavaliers was to select a bow suited to the strength of the archeress whose colors they wore; to fit it with an arrow of a weight proportioned to its power, having a nock exactly receiving the string; to assist, if the lady is unskilled, in stringing the bow; to draw the arrows from the butt, or collect the far-shot shafts and return them to the owner; and otherwise, as courtesy and gallantry prompted, to do their duty as "esquires of archerie."

Once more the sonorous horn of old Cormac was heard winding, now high, now low, in a long, wild strain, and then ending in three sharp blasts, like the stirring notes of a bugle sounding to the charge. Every archeress now had her brace buckled on her arm, and her shooting glove buttoned about her wrist; every one had two good arrows in the pouch at her belt, and a third on the string; and each fair girl, attended by her esquire, hastened to the stand by the southernmost target, at the sound of the forester's horn—save, in each instance, Kate Bellamont!"

Now the cause of Kate's tardiness is, that she and the young Lord Robert Lester are engaged in some pleasant by-play and love maneuvering, on a part of the green by themselves. Here, after a time, the young noble begins to look and talk as lovers always will, when the fair maiden, laughing, and unwilling to betray the feeling his last words have created, exclaims suddenly, "Do be quick, Lord Robert! my bow is not yet strung with our foolish idling here, and I shall be too late for the lists." In a few minutes she is fully armed and equipped as the law of archery directs, and the trial of skill forthwith commences. Four arrows are discharged with not remarkable skill, and the fifth turn is that of Grace Fitzgerald, a romping beauty, cousin to "wild Kate."

"Now, cousin Gracy, do be steady!" cried Kate Bellamont; "take heed! you will shoot my esquire through the heart if you handle your bow so carelessly."

"And then you would shoot me through the head in return, I dare say."

The laughing girl bounded to the stand as she spoke, carelessly drew her arrow to the head, and ere she had well taken aim, away it flew, and passed through the centre of the emblazoned target waving on the summit of the pavilion, and continued its wild flight into the wood beyond.

"Bravo, cousin Gracy! you have won the silver arrow," cried Kate Bellamont. "Lord Robert, I wonder if that was the arrow you chose for Lady Grace. A taper both ways, or I'll forfeit my jennet!"

"Who makes the broil now, young mistress?" asked the old forester, with a glance of humour.

"You and I, worthy Cormac, are two very different people where a young gentleman is concerned," said the maiden, laughing.

The forester shook his head incredulously, and, turning to Grace Fitzgerald, said, "Faith, but it was a brave shot that, my young lady! You have done what old Dermot could not have done at a target, playing in the wind like that. But with the leave of my lady the queen, you must have a second shot at the real target. Take this arrow, that tapers from the feather to the pile; fit it to your bow-string exactly at the spot where it is wound round with silk; and, if you will follow my directions, I will teach you to strike the centre of the true butt, or never draw arrow to head again." Leave being granted by acclamation, the archeress merrily resumed her attitude and prepared to follow his instructions.

"Hold the bow easily in your hand. Throw your head back a little. That will do. Now keep your bow-arm straightened, and bend the wrist of your gloved hand inward. Now raise your bow, steadily drawing the arrow at the same time—not towards your eye but towards your ear. Be steady! When it is three parts drawn, take your aim at the centre. Keep the head of the arrow a little to the right of the mark. Be cool, and, if you are sure of your aim, draw the arrow quickly and steadily to the head, and gently part your fingers and let it go!"

The shaft, loosened from the string, cut the air and buried itself in the very centre of the golden eye of the target. A shout from every part of the field acknowledged the success of the quick pupil, and bore testimony to the skill of the experienced old archer.

"It is Cormac's shot, not mine," said the archeress; "I am satisfied with piercing the glittering centre of yonder escutcheon."

"The queen shall decide," cried several of the party, turning towards the throne where sat the lovely countess, amid her youthful attendants, participating with girlish interest in the scene, and prepared to decide all appeals to her royal umpirage.

"Gracy is right. Cormac's skill directed the

shaft. She has no honest claim to the honor of the hit, save the credit of having stood quiet longer than she was ever known to before! The banner with its perforated target she is justly entitled to; and," added the countess, with a smile, "I here award it to her."

"And if I ever get a husband he shall carry it before him into battle," said the merry sylph. "Now, divine Kate, see that you don't wound my arrow. I would not have it injured for a silver one."

"It tapers from the middle in each direction, I have no doubt," said Kate, archly, glancing mischievously towards her esquire as she prepared to take her place at the stand.

"Your speech tapers in both directions, wild Kate," retorted the other, blushing. "I wonder what you and Lord Robert could have been doing, that you loitered so long about the pavilion! There, I declare, if you are not holding your bow with the short limb uppermost!"

Kate blushed in her turn, and reversed it.

"Why cousin Kate Bellamont, you are going to shoot with the feather towards the target!" cried the tantalizing little maiden. "Really, I do begin to wonder what you and Lester *could* have been about, that the mention of it scatters your wits and makes you look so very foolish!"

At this, Kate shakes her head with a playful menace at her tormentor, places her arrow with the right end to the bow-string, and takes her stand. The instant she fixes her eyes on the target, her self-possession returns, and, elevating her bow, she throws herself with careless grace into the attitude of an accomplished archeress: And this gives the author a fine opportunity to describe the person of his heroine, which he does in a manner almost any artist we wot of may envy.

"A more beautiful object than this young creature, standing in the strikingly spirited attitude she had assumed, can hardly be imagined. Though but sixteen, her form was divinely perfect. Every limb—foot, hand, and arm—was a rare model for a sculptor's chisel. The undulating outline of her shoulders was faultless; and her figure, perhaps, was the more beautiful that her bust and waist, and the wavy symmetry of her whole person, was just receiving that harmony of touch and roundness of finish which marks the era when the wild romping girl is merging into the blushing, conscious, loving, and loveable maiden of seventeen. Descended from an ancient Milesian family, she betrayed her origin in her complexion, which was a rich brunette, reflecting in warm, sunny tints the mantling blood, which came and went at every emotion. Her eyes were dark and sparkling as night with its stars, and as, with a slightly bent brow, she fixed them on the target, they had a cool and steady expression remarkable in one of her years and sex. She

wore a dark ruby velvet jacket, laced over a stomacher rich with brilliants, and a velvet hat of the same dark ruby, surmounted by a plume of white ostrich feathers, in that day a rare and costly ornament, which gracefully drooped about her head in striking contrast with her raven locks that floated around her superb neck in the wildest freedom. Her lips, like most of the lips of Erin's fair maidens, were of a rich coral red, and just parted as she took sight, rendering visible a pearly line of beautifully-arranged teeth. Her mouth, when closed, was finely shaped, and sometimes wore an air of decision, that did not, however, in any way diminish its witchery. The glow of health, and the pride of birth and beauty, were upon her countenance, and every feminine grace and charm seemed to play around her.

As she stood with one foot a little advanced, her neck slightly curved to bring her eyes down to a level with the mark, her left side, but no part of the front of the body, accurately turned towards the target, the eyes of old Cormac Dermot glistened with pride. Slowly she elevated the bow, drawing the arrow simultaneously towards the ear with the right three gloved fingers of her right hand, till she had drawn it out three quarters of its length, when, pausing till she had filled her eye with the golden eye of the target, she drew it smartly to its head, and let it loose from her fingers. For an instant she stood following its swift flight: the pupils of her dark eyes dilated and eager; her lips closely shut; her chest advanced; her right arm elevated and curved above her shoulders, the wrist bent, and the fingers of the hand turned gently downward; the left arm extended at full length, and grasping the relaxed bow; her neck curved; her spirited head thrown back, and her whole action animated and commanding; presenting, altogether, perhaps the most graceful attitude the female form is susceptible of assuming.

The arrow was sent with unerring aim, struck the golden eye within half an inch of Grace Fitzgerald's, and buried itself to its feather. The lawn rung with the plaudits of both archeresses and esquires; and even the retainers and fishermen, who were humble but curious spectators of the sports, gave vent to their admiration in shouts of clamorous applause. Old Cormac swung his long yew bow above his head with delight, and looked as if, in the pride of the moment, he would have hugged his accomplished pupil to his heart."

Thus closed the first round. In the second, Grace Fitzgerald's arrow struck within a finger's breadth of the center, and an incident occurred which is thus described:

"Kate with the arrow given her by Cormac fitted to her bowstring, took somewhat less careful aim than with her first shot, and was about to loose the arrow, when a hawk, bearing a live fish in his talons, soared above the cliff, and with swift wing flew high across the lawn in the direction of the forest. Quicker than thought, the

point of the arrow was elevated from the target into the air, drawn to its head with a stronger arm and more resolute eye, and launched from the bow-string. With irresistible force and unerring aim, it cleft the air and struck the proud bird of prey beneath the wing. He uttered a wild cry, flew heavily a few feet perpendicularly upward, and then, whirling round and round in concentric circles, each gyration bringing him nearer the earth, fell, transfixed with the arrow, among the fishermen; fluttering wildly on the ground in agony, he succeeded, before they could secure him, in flapping himself over the precipice."

The third and last round soon followed; and in this Kate Bellamont shivered Grace Fitzgerald's second arrow from end to end, and won the prize—"a finely wrought arrow of silver, five inches in length, with a chased gold head, on which was graven, in small Gothic characters, these words: 'FIELD OF ARCHERY, CASTLE COR, MAY, MDCXCIV.'"

The whole chapter is as fresh and graphic, as what we have here culled from it to give an idea of the finely conceived and well-managed scene; and kindred to it, in manner, is the description which immediately succeeds it, of an incident that grew out of Kate Bellamont's startling shot at the passing falcon. There are too, in the course of the volumes, descriptions of other scenes,—storms, chases, and battles at sea,—of nearly equal excellence; with not a few fine shadings of character, and some masterly exhibitions of passion. The terrific is well wrought; of the bloody we have entirely too much, though prepared for a good deal by the name; in the pathetic, the few attempts made are rather failures. On the whole, the work is the best, in our estimation, that Mr. INGRAM has produced since he made his *debut* in "The South West," which appears to have been written with more care than any of his subsequent volumes; and we think it will be read with deep interest, and cause his future productions to be sought with avidity.

There are some faults in the management of the story, which cannot be commented upon without giving an analysis of the plot; and as we consider this rank injustice to a novelist, at least till his work has gone to its second or third edition, we suffer them to pass unnoticed. We cannot forbear, however, to warn the author against continued indulgences in his old and besetting sin of violating grammatical accuracy; and for some gross instances of this and other inelegances, in his present volumes, we refer him to pages 164,

216, and 228 of the first, and 40, 69, and 110, of the second.

Free, bold, and ever animated, as a writer, we feel satisfied that he has only to bestow a little more care upon his style, and learn somewhat better to conceal the *art* of his craft, to take rank among the best novelists of the country. In descriptions of natural scenery he is even now without a superior, and as a narrator of events his excellences are not few.

THE FAR WEST.

"THE Far West; or, a Tour beyond the Mountains. Embracing outlines of Western Life and Scenery." 2 vols. 12 mo. New-York: Harper and Brothers. Cincinnati: Alexander Flash. —Though these volumes were published several months since, we have but very recently had an opportunity of perusing them; and when we say to our readers that at two sittings we accompanied the traveller from the first to the last chapter of his Journal, they will correctly conclude that we found him a very intelligent and entertaining companion. The faults and the excellences of the work are both numerous: but, sooth to say, they so nearly balance one another, that with merely an allusion to two or three of each, we are willing to cry "*quits*" with the author, and thank him for the pleasure he has afforded us. A redundancy of language, an overloading of speculations, and a perpetual interruption of the narrative by digressions of almost every kind, lessen the value of the book, and detract much from its interest; but the graphic descriptions of natural scenery, the delineations of peculiar specimens of the *genus homo*, and the historical materials, with which it abounds, afford not unprofitable entertainment from beginning to end.

We could have liked the whole better, had men and manners received a greater share of the traveller's attention; but as the enthusiasm of his poetical temperament led him mostly to an observance of and converse with Nature and her works, of these principally has he treated, and we are content. That this was a mistake in him, we do verily believe; but that it should have subjected him to the harsh criticism with which he has been visited in a high quarter, we cannot admit. The traveller has a right to look at just what he pleases, and ought to journalize about just what he sees,

and nothing more; and to find fault with him, when he comes to publish the result of his observations, because he has not done what he did not wish to do, is neither sound criticism nor fair dealing.

"The Far West" is the production of Mr. EDMUND FLAGG, of the *Louisville News Letter*. Though inferior, in its style, to some of his subsequent writings, it contains many passages of great beauty, and is creditable to his talents. The chapters devoted to the early French settlements upon the Mississippi, Illinois, and Wabash rivers, in particular, are deeply interesting and well written, as we shall endeavor to make manifest in the Select Miscellany of our next number.

NEW-YORK REVIEW.

THIS quarterly, the ablest and most catholic Review in the country, has reached its eighth number, improving in our estimation, at every step in its progress. The April issue, indeed, is the very model for an American quarterly, and should warmly recommend the work to the favor and support of our scholars, politicians, and scientific and literary men. This number contains eleven papers in the review department, twenty critical notices, a quarterly chronicle of passing events, and a list of new publications, home and foreign. The subjects of the eleven papers first mentioned are—Literary Property, Nathaniel Bowditch, the Congress of 1774, the National Portrait Gallery, Poems from the German, Scientific Associations, the Aborigines of the Ohio Valley, Evidences of Christianity, Modern French Romance, New translations of the Book of Job, and Steam-boat Explosions.

The article on "Literary Property" goes over the whole ground of the rights of authors and the policy of an international copy-right law, and to our mind conclusively establishes the position, that justice to foreign authors, and the protection of our own against the avarice of publishers, alike demand the passage by the American Congress of a bill of the kind which has been asked for by both parties. We may refer to this article again. The paper upon Bowditch is not such an one as will satisfy the warm admirers of its subject, but strikes us as being a very judicious, though far too brief, examination of that good and great man's claims to rank with the philoso-

phers of the world. "The Congress of 1774" is an article of much interest, some portions of which we shall hereafter transfer to our pages. General Harrison's Historical Discourse is justly commended in the brief paper on the "Aborigines of Ohio;" and the "Critical Notices," so far as we are enabled by our own reading of the works considered to test their correctness, are just and liberal. The "Quarterly Chronicle" is a new feature to the work, and one of much interest. Two or three of the longer papers, in the first department of the Review, we have not yet read.

We observe that Mr. Flash is the agent of the New-York Quarterly in Cincinnati, and Mr. Whiting in Columbus.

LITERARY CHITCHAT.

Mr. N. P. WILLIS is said to be engaged upon a new play, the principal female character of which is intended for Miss CLIFTON. The genius that has produced "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortosa the Usurer," could hardly employ itself more profitably than in dramatic compositions. Of Mr. WILLIS's success as a dramatist, we have not a doubt. Mr. EPES SARGENT is another gentleman, who will succeed nobly in this department of literature. His "Velasco" is a production of rare merit, as we shall endeavor to demonstrate one of these days, to all who are in any wise dubious as to the fact. We are glad to hear that Mr. SARGENT is employed in the composition of another play.

Dr. BIRD's new novel, entitled "Robin Day," has been received at FLASH's. It reads well, as far as we have advanced in its perusal, and appears to be much less strained, in characters and incidents, than some of the author's other fictions. We shall endeavor to give some account of it in our next.

A specimen number of the "Buckeye Blossom," referred to in our last issue, has reached us from Xenia, in this State. It is a very neat pamphlet of sixteen pages—well printed, well filled, and altogether creditable to the enterprise of the young gentlemen who have set it on foot, Messrs. P. LAPHAM and W. B. FAIRCHILD.

From Richmond, Indiana, we have three or four numbers of the "Family Schoolmaster," a new paper which has recently been started there by Messrs. HOLLOWAY and DAVIS. It is a hand-

some quarto of four medium pages—intelligent, spirited, and various—and is eminently deserving of support.

The "Baltimore Literary Monument," conducted by Messrs. ARTHUR and MACJILTON, is a monthly as well worth its price as any magazine in the country. It has improved steadily since its commencement a year ago, and bids fair to attain a high degree of excellence.

The "American Museum," edited by Mr. N. C. BROOKS, of Baltimore, is likewise a good work. It has quadrupled in interest since its first issue, and has at this time a number of ripe scholars and able men contributing to its pages.

Mr. J. H. INGRAHAM, the author of "Captain Kyd," is about to publish a collection of his miscellaneous pieces. They may prove profitable to his purse, but they certainly will not to his reputation.

The publisher forgot to send us our copy of Mr. W. G. SIMMS's "Southern Passages and Pictures." We have found some excellent poetry in that of a friend, nevertheless, and shall hereafter transfer a portion of it to our pages.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

WHILE the British Parliament has been abridging the privileges of authors, and the American Congress talking about an international copyright law, the French statesmen have been maturing a scheme for the protection of authors in their rights, which is comprehensive in its terms, and liberal in its features. A bill has been introduced into the French Legislature, which secures to an author for life, the exclusive right of publishing his works, or authorizing their publication, and enables him to cede that right to others either for the whole or a part of his natural life. After his death, the exclusive right of publishing his works or authorizing their publication, is to be vested in his widow or heirs, for her or their profit, for a period of thirty years. To the editor of an anonymous work, the exclusive right is given to publish the same for thirty years.

Playwrights are well protected. The bill provides that the dramatic works of living authors shall be performed in no theater without the consent of the writer. Posthumous dramatic works shall not be performed without the consent of the proprietors; and the right of these proprietors is secured for the term of thirty years from the first

performance of the work. After a dramatic author's decease, and in the absence of conventions entered into with him or his representatives, any lawfully established theater may perform his works on paying to his widow, heirs, or representatives, a sum equal to that which he received at the time of his death. The right to that sum shall last thirty years, from the date of the author's death. The printing and publishing of dramatic works, is regulated by the provision of the bill which governs the publishing of works in the other departments of literature.

Productions in the fine arts, are equally well secured for the benefit of their originators, the author of a drawing, a picture, a work of sculpture, a piece of architecture, or any production of similar character, having the exclusive right of reproducing it, or authorizing its reproduction, by engravings, casts, copies, or otherwise, during his life-time. After his death, his rights descend to his heirs for the period of thirty years, as in the other cases.

Composers of music are protected by provisions which embrace those for the protection of dramatic and other writers.

THE LENGTH OF LIFE.

THE Edinburgh Philosophical Journal contains an abstract of a recent work of Dr. CASPAR, of Berlin, on the "Duration of Human Life," from which it would appear that the Doctor has given years of close study and observation to this subject. The conclusion to which he has come, according to the philosophical Journal, he announces in the following proposition: "The proportion of births to the population in any place, expresses almost the medium or average duration of life there." For example, says the Journal, suppose that this proportion is in the ratio of one to twenty-eight, then the average life of the inhabitants of the place will be found to be twenty-eight years.

Dr. Caspar states as facts, abundantly supported by his researches and observations, that the longevity of the female is greater than that of the male sex; that the age of puberty carries off eight per cent more of the latter than of the former; that the proportion of deaths of women in labor is one in one hundred and eight; that of still-born infants, there are more of the male than of the female sex; that the married state is

favorable to longevity; that the influence of poverty in shortening the medium duration of life is very great, the average age of the nobility of Germany being about fifty years, while that of the paupers is as low as thirty-two years; that the mortality in any population is always in exact ratio to its fecundity, or in other words, that the more prolific a people is, the greater, usually, is the mortality among them; that the medium duration of human life, at the present time, is in Russia about twenty-one years, in Prussia twenty-nine, in Switzerland thirty-four, in France thirty-six, in Belgium thirty-six, and in England thirty-eight years; that the average length of life has, in recent times, increased very greatly in most European cities; and that the mortality is very generally greater in manufacturing than in agricultural districts.

Dr. Caspar is said to treat fully on the influence of pursuits or occupations on the duration of life; and from his inquiries it appears that clergymen are, on the whole, the longest, and medicalmen the shortest, lived. The different classes he averages, in respect to their medium longevity, as follows: clergymen, sixty-five years; merchants, sixty-two; clerks, sixty-one; farmers, sixty-one; militarymen, fifty-nine; lawyers, fifty-eight; artists, fifty-seven; medicalmen, fifty-six.

CORRESPONDENTS.

SOME of our papers have not yet escaped from the confusion created among them by our recent removal. Should the communications of any of our correspondents be overlooked, in consequence of this, we trust they will attribute such unintentional neglect to the proper cause.

"A. A." writes very well. We cannot, however, determine upon the publication of a series of papers, with a knowledge of the character of only the first number. Will the writer favor us with the second and third?

"S. L. M." should, and we hope will, write again and with more care. In the present effort there are decided evidences of talent, although the sketch is too crude for publication in the *Hesperian*.

"C.'s" story is too hastily written and too carelessly told. The writer can do much better than this.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,
Original and Select.

VOLUME III.

CINCINNATI.

NUMBER II.

THE DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER,

A TALE OF THE EARLY EMIGRANTS. IN FOUR PARTS.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

PART SECOND.

"He had a single child; and she
Was beautiful to that degree,
That not a boor the country round
But shook for very awe and fear,
And cast his eyes upon the ground
Whenever she drew near:
The soul that stirred her feeble limb,
Was such a giant thing to him."

J. H. PERKINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

In "the leafy month of June!"—A clear, fresh, and dewy morning, had ushered in the day; a noon, warm, sweet, and gorgeous, had succeeded; and an eve, pensive, soothing, and dreamy, had wound up the account. The shadows of night were now gathered upon the earth; the stars were bright, and the moon was beautiful; the bat was abroad at his gambols; the fire-fly was hunting for the deepest shades, that he might not trim his lamp in vain; and the whippoorwill was lavish of his monotonous note. At brief intervals the floating zephyr came laden with the aroma of many a shrub and flower, and sweeping the chords of an Eolian, awoke of music the deepest and most solemn. The house-dog bayed, occasionally, long and loud; and about as often the cow lowed from her inclosure, and the owl hooted from his distant tree. But gradually the

tones of beast, and bird, and insect, were melting and mingling into one full, unvarying, and incessant hum:

"A noise as of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Hymneth a quiet tune."

The whirring of an old Dutch clock aroused one, who, seated in her chamber, with her elbows resting upon a table, and her white forehead pillowed on the soft palm of her left hand, was deeply absorbed in the contents of a large volume that lay open before her. She lifted her eyes from the ample page, and counted the hours. The clock struck, ten! Her cheek flushed, and a gleam of joy lighted her face; a beautiful face—pensive, a little sad indeed—yet not the sadness of expression that comes of woe—but rather a slight shadowing, from intellectual toil—and so pure and passionless. Ten! and she sprang from her seat, and stepped to a window. Awhile she gazed out, her eyes wandering, and her breathing checked.

She was a young creature; and,—as she leant forward, with flushed cheeks, and anxious looks, and lips slightly parted, and the rich moon, which shone full in the window, robing her symmetrical form in its enchanting light,—"beautiful exceedingly." — Young Womanhood!—"the sweet moon, on the horizon's verge"—a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception, warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the

rich halo, which precedes the coming sun—the rosy down, that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower—

“A flow’r, which is not *quite* a flow’r,
Yet is no more a bud!”

Young Womanhood!—soft, dimpled, elastic, *undulating*—not shadowless, indeed, but with just enough of shadow to lighten its glory, and deepen the enchantment it flings upon the heart. — But a few minutes were spent at the window—and there was a slight look of disappointment on her features, as she two or three times walked across the chamber, and again seated herself by the open volume. She did not attempt to resume her reading, but adjusted one arm on the table, rested her cheek upon it, and gazed at her shadow on the floor. She saw nothing else, and this for but a moment.

“Three years! (thus coursed her thoughts)—only two months short of three long, full, crowded years!—and the time hath passed like a dream: a sweet, tranquil, delicious dream—in which the things that are seen are beautiful, and the beings that move are intellectual, and warm, and pure. Three years!—a dream?—no—a trance: not wild, and crowded with vague images of horror; but pensive, and shadowing forth now, and now revealing distinctly, things of high origin and exalting power. Three years! And is *this* mind, which now thirsts continually for the waters of Knowledge, and longs to thread every avenue which leads to the great temple of Truth, *that* which was then walking incuriously, and without an aspiration beyond its bounds, in the thick and brooding darkness of Ignorance? O, Nicol! what a debt do I owe thee! But surely,”—and she rose from the table, and again walked to the window—and her eyes brightened as they swept over the garden to the now desolate dwelling of her childhood,—“surely, it is time the turtle was cooing for its mate.” A moment—and she returned to her seat, and fixed her eyes on the open volume. ‘Twas useless; a vein of thought had been opened, which would not close at her bidding: she could not read. Her eyes remained on the ample page—but her thoughts were away. Even the Inspired Word could not confine them. “Three years! And where, in fancy, have I not been?—how, in reality, have I not felt, and wondered?—what, in taking step after step in the onward march, have I not thought,

and seen, and heard?—ay, *and suffered!* Beautiful and alluring as is this New World—with its deep, still waters of Knowledge, its green fields and bright pavilions of the Ideal, and its glorious regions of Hope, and Promise, and Assurance, stretching *beyond* the sublime temple of TRUTH, and accessible only *after* entering it—yet is it not without its clouds and darkness, its vexations and trials, its sorrows and tears. Thus far, *my* toils and troubles have been great—but my rewards, how sweet! Now, in my pilgrimage, I have beheld afar off, an eminence arrayed in light; that reached, I have thought, I shall survey widely, and compass much; and with great labor I have nearly made the ascent, when lo! darkness and doubt have closed me round. Then was the moment of trial! Had I despaired, all would have been lost. But at such times, though floundering in the thick gloom, and weary and sinking, I have toiled on and struggled; and suddenly I have been cheered with a new hope, and nerved with a new strength; and then a ray from the Great Temple hath stolen down, and the darkness rolled away, and my path become one of light, and my footing secure.—Thus hath it been with me, in the March of Knowledge. But hight hath been reached after hight, and truth revealed after truth, till I now feel strong in spirit, and more eager than ever for the pursuit. Less often come darkness and doubt, and illusive gleams—and more frequent are the visitings of the true light. And *here*,”—her thoughts returning to the page where her eyes had continued fixed,—“here is a pearl above all price—not only a treasure-house of truth and goodness, but also of intellectual gratification. And this was *thy* gift, Nicol! But is not so *all* which I now have—and all which I now *am*? Three years!—what a change!—and *thou* hast wrought it—ay, *thou* hast *made* me. And the ‘waxen image,’ as thou sometimes callest me—*it shall be thine*. But is it not strange? He was surely to meet me to-night. Can he be ill?”—and she closed the volume, drew her chair to the window, rested her cheek in her hand, and gazed away into the distance.

Beautiful being!—Well was it for her, she had learnt the saving truth, that “the tree of Knowledge is the tree of Life.” Else might her high hopes have turned to despair; for its first fruits were to be those of bitterness, and become ashes upon her lip.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

WE have now arrived at a period, in the fortunes of the young being whose history we are tracing in these pages, when an aged and prejudiced father,—ignorant that his house, among its treasures, contained a jewel more valuable than *all*, in the heart of his daughter, and incapable alike of appreciating that daughter's intellectual capacity and of estimating her moral worth,—was exerting his influence to stifle the aspirations of her lofty spirit, blight her young affections, and throw her into a sphere of life in which circumstances, if not a higher agency, had unfitted her to move.—Yet let it not be thought, that Yohannes Vantyle was destitute of parental affection. Such was by no means the case. On the contrary, his fondness for his daughter was exceeding great; and he had her wordly happiness much at heart. But he belonged to that numerous class of individuals, who, having themselves passed comfortably through the “shifting scenes of Life's varied Drama,” imagine their own situations sufficiently happy for all earthly purposes, and indulge not a thought of nor a wish for anything beyond; and who are, consequently, profound in the wisdom which teaches—“Let well enough alone!”

The plantation of the infirm old Patriarch was at this time managed by a huge Dutchman, of the formidable title, *prænomen, nomen* and *cognomen*, Mynheer *Diedrich Scheur Heilerberger*. Diedrich was a recent emigrant from “Fatherland;” and his veneration for old customs and manners, was second only to that of the Patriarch himself. He had arrived at the village three or four years before, and had for nearly the whole period since had the direction of Yohannes's agricultural affairs. He had been found trustworthy, industrious and temperate; and although of a churlish disposition, and greatly given to grumbling about every thing which concerned him, and much that did not, yet had he by his conduct won the confidence of Yohannes, and by sometimes laughing obstreperously at the old gentleman's jokes, and always appearing to entertain as high an opinion of his cunning as he did himself, secured his esteem. And to this individual, had Yohannes Vantyle, in the blindness of his ignorance no more than the fullness of his affection, determined to marry his daughter,

as the likeliest means of putting a stop to her career in the ways of the foolish world, and thus contributing to her happiness.

Notwithstanding the entire secrecy in which Cunningham and Mary thought they held their interviews, they had been several times seen together by the lynx-eyed Diedrich, who was suspicious of their mutual love. This fact, together with his suspicions, he had recently communicated to Yohannes. The old gentleman nodded or shook his head in a peculiar manner, on receiving the intelligence, as much as to say, “I'm aware of it all, and more too!” And to do him full justice, he had long been afraid that there was in his daughter's bosom a lurking passion for Cunningham; but that matters had proceeded so far as Diedrich represented, had never entered his brain; and it now set his thoughts to whirling and dancing about with a wildness which absolutely astonished him. He had never felt anything like the sensation created, before—unless it was on the day of the celebrated convention, during the villainous harangue of Derrick Vandunk, the publican. He first turned white around the lips, then scarlet in the face, then pale everywhere but on the nose, which was quite too valiant to flinch from any danger, and then resumed what had for some years been his natural hue—a species of blue-yellow-red, or smoke-pudding-and-beefcolor. With this his thoughts gathered into a kind of focus; and he shuddered, as object after object presented itself distinctly—first, his daughter marrying a Yankee, next, his whole estate passing into the hands of one more cunning than himself, then the pure blood of his father's corrupted, and then the years of unhappiness which he doubted not would be his child's in retribution of the wrong she had committed.—Yohannes retired to bed that night earlier than usual; but he found it impossible to sleep; and at the precise time the clock was striking ten, as heretofore mentioned, he was striking flint and steel over his tinder-box. He had soon lighted a candle, slipped on his stockings and morning gown, and charged his pipe. And thus accoutred, after adjusting his pipe, and taking a few generous draws to clarify his brain, he started for the chamber of his daughter—determined to awaken her, for he supposed she was abed and asleep, and acquaint her of the resolution he had formed with respect to herself and Diedrich.

In his stocking feet, he approached the chamber unheard, and opened the door suddenly. His surprise at seeing his daughter in her reclining posture at the window, instead of finding her in bed, for it was now wearing well on to eleven o'clock, was great.

"Pauley! gall!" burst from his lips involuntarily, and he stood as if petrified and riveted to the threshold. Mary sprang quickly to her feet, alarmed by the sudden summons she had received from the land of revery; but instantaneously recognizing her father, she burst into a loud laugh at his ridiculous appearance—his night-cap on his head, his pipe-honored lips sending forth volumes of smoke, his legs squeezed into the arms of his morning-gown, and the ample skirt of this topsy-turvy garment thrown over his shoulders and wrapped round his body!

"Vat new, gall!—Vy xint aped?"

"I have been reading, father—and got tired—and sat down by the window to rest. But look! ha! ha! ha!" and she pointed to the arms of his gown.—"You don't know how you frightened me at first. To have one's chamber entered by a man with his legs where his arms ought to be!—u-g-h!"

Now Yohannes loved a joke too well to let this pass without a laugh—and he gave a generous one; and while Mary took a few turns by the window, he reversed the order of the garment. Nor did he regret that the little incident had disarmed him of the anger he felt towards his daughter, on so unexpectedly finding her wearing out her eyes over the foolish things and the evil, with which he was well satisfied books were crowded,—for just now he wished to be in a particularly good humor with her.

He took a chair. Mary had been fully informed of the state of matters by Katrina; and she suspected the cause of this untimely visit from her father. She considered a moment—and resolved to treat the subject with as much jocularity as she could summon to her aid. Seeing her father seat himself, she picked up a small slate that lay in the window, followed his example, and began to cut capital letters with the pencil.

"Vell, Pauley," commenced Yohannes, "I'se peen tinkin'"—

"Something not uncommon with you, father," interrupted Mary with a forced smile.

"Pe shüill, gall! I'se been tinkin' about!"—

"The two acres of cabbages?" again interrupted the provoking girl.

"Dunder! no!—I'se peen tinkin' how nice it would pe, if you was married, unt snugly settled down."

"Married?"

"Yaw! vy not?"

"Pshaw, father, you joke! Get married, indeed! I'd almost as lief get into my coffin, and be buried."

"Puried!"

"Yes! where's the difference? In the one case I'd be buried alive—in the other I'd be alive buried—yes, buried in effect, though alive. No, no, father—you can't be in earnest."

"Put I ish, though."

"Me get married! Me become a demure, cap-wearing wife! Ha! ha! what a pretty time we should have of it—I and a sober, pipe-smoking, penny-saving, horse-loving husband! You *can't* mean it!"

"Put I to, though."

"Real earnest?"

"Aw-yaw!"

"Who would you have me marry, then? Surely not that Yankee schoolmaster, Nicholas Cunningham, whom you hate as you do a 'coon?"

"No?—vy not?" asked Yohannes, his eyes brightening with hope.

"Why not, indeed! the poor pedagogus, I'd as lief marry!"—

"Diedrich?"

"Yes—and rather." But as she spoke, she started! for the cooing of a turtle struck upon her ear—soft and thrice repeated—and her conscience smote her, both for the reproach and the untruth. Her father neither heard the voice of the bird, nor saw her emotion.

"Vell," said he, "I'se not particular. It would pe so nice!"—

"But I'm quite satisfied to continue as I am. Me get married?"

"Vy not?—unt since you mentions our friend Diedrich, I'se no mind to say no."

"But I have."

"You! Didn't you say you'd sooner marry him ner to tam Yankee?"

"Yes. But I'd rather be mistress of the Hollow-House, than wife to either of them."

"Diedrich's a good farmer!"—

"And Nicholas is a good teacher," quickly responded Mary, perceiving her father to be waxing warm.

"Put you don't want to pe taught now."

"Neither do I want to be!"—

"Blitzen! pe shüill!" exclaimed the pro-

voked father, biting the stem of his pipe in rage. He rested his head back against the wall, fixed his eyes intently upon Mary,—who still continued cutting capitals, but with a trembling hand,—and puffed out whiff after whiff of the fragrant smoke, which ascended in varying wreaths, and curled above his head in vapory sublimity.

The pipe-full of tobacco with which the old gentleman had entered the chamber, was soon exhausted; and his ill-humour seemed to have evaporated in the fumes; a very harmless way, and sensible withal, for fathers to vent the anger they feel towards refractory daughters of eighteen.—Yohannes broke the silence.

"Put, Pauley," said he, walking to the window and knocking the ashes from his pipe, "it would be so nice—unt you could haff te whole management of affairs—unt Diedrich, he's industrious—unt"—

"And he's forty; interrupted the daughter, suddenly fixing her eyes upon her father's, and assuming a look of serious determination.

"Unt he prought a goot"—

"A good crop of gray hairs," edged in the persevering damsel.

"A goot character!" shouted the old man with vehemence, striking his fist furiously upon the table, and quivering with rage.

Mary dropped the slate as if it had bitten her, and sat trembling in her chair.—She had never before seen her father so overcome by passion. The rose-leaves left her cheeks for an instant, and when they came back, were immediately bathed in a shower. Tears are wholesome for the young spirit. We do not therefore hesitate to leave Mary Vantyle weeping for a little time, while we turn our attention more particularly upon her parent.

One of the striking characteristics of Yohannes Vantyle, was, that he very seldom suffered himself to fly into a passion. Having, as has been recorded once or twice already, an opinion that he was a man of infinite *cunning*, when any body provoked him, instead of raging and foaming, as is the fashion of his race, he immediately set his wits to work to seek satisfaction by some mischievous trick. If successful, he would chuckle about it for months and years, and relate it over a mug of mulled cider every time a little company assembled at his hospitable mansion—for hospitable he was, in the full meaning of the word.

We all know what an April shower is the weeping of a young lady: one of those pretty perplexities which mortals have to deal with, who can at will chase the most radiant smiles from their features by thick-coming clouds and deluging torrents, and a moment after dissipate the gloom and dry up the waters with an ease and quickness that are astonishing. And the smiles that succeed the fearful wrath of the elements thus suddenly mustered, are the sweetest of all things upon the earth, and the brightest of all beneath the heavens! About the whole matter, there is something incomprehensible: it hath ever been "a marvel and a mystery:" may it ever so continue! We all know what an April shower is the weeping of a young lady; and will none of us, therefore, on turning our attention again upon Mary Vantyle after this short absence, be surprised to find her eyes dry and her equanimity restored.

Yohannes soon saw that he was not likely to gain his point, or to come to any understanding that would suit him, by using fair words; and so soon as his excessive wrath would allow him utterance, he broke out—"Tish all comes of te larning of te tam yankee schoolmashter? Shall haff Diedrich, gall!—shall, now!—unt no more apout it!" and catching up his candle, he marched out of the chamber with the greatest hurry of which he was capable. "To ped mit you, now!" he exclaimed, when in the passage; and in a moment Mary Vantyle was again alone, and leaning in her window. Presently, soft, full, and thrice repeated, the voice of the turtle struck upon her ear; and her cheek burnt, and her heart bounded, as she drank in the sweet and well-known sound. She hastily drew a shawl round her body, and slipped off her shoes.—Bare walls, she had heard, had "told tales" in all ages: and she feared sole-leather might have a similar propensity now.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAJESTY OF NIGHT.

MOONLIGHT, and starlight, and a deep blue sky!—The free air, laden with the breath of the prodigal spring-time, steals up with its enchanting melodies, fanning the warm cheek and kissing the fevered brow,

and with its cool but invisible fingers lifting the moist hair from the pale temples, and stirring remembrances of olden dreams: anon, sated with its dalliance, it glides away as it came, unbidden and unwarning, its soothing harmonies growing fainter and fainter, till lost in the universal hum which prevails around. A murmuring cascade, in the foreground, lifts up its mellow voice, and a shining stream glides by, and stretches away like a line of silver in the distance. Beyond, tall, proud old trees shoot up, and lean drowsily against the azure walls of heaven. Behind, rich meadows display themselves, and cultivated grounds, and the habitations of men. And around, are the sweet flower, and the spicy bush, and the honied clover, and the beaded grass. And upon all, as it were one universal shower, falls the rich light of the descending moon.

There were two beings in that lovely scene; "and both were young, and one was beautiful." Their conversation had been earnest; and as they slowly approached the glittering and dancing stream, the "lovelier of the two" hung entranced upon the glowing words of her companion. Her eyes were now intently gazing upon the quiet stars, so thickly burning in the blue dome, and seeming to her warmed fancy so many glimpses of the unshadowed Light of the Perfect Day.

"Alas!" said the young Pupil, when her companion had paused—"Alas! I have neither the poet's fervor, nor the painter's eye."

"But you see it with the eye of Truth, dearest," replied he; "and is it not lovely?—And is not this visible world *all* lovely—*all* glorious—*all* divine? Yon ever-rolling and ever-tranquil moon—and the unwasting radiance of the stars—and night's mysterious influences, when the divinity within communes with the divinity around—and this so beautiful earth, with the impress of the Great Architect forever arresting the eye—*Is* it not glorious?"

"I feel it all, Nicol; I *feel* it all! And I see the finger of God manifest in the humblest flower, as well as upon yon resplendent dome. And yet, you say *men doubt*!"

"Ay—dearest. With *such* a volume spread out before them, they fail to read; or turn to some page whose meaning they may pervert, and exult in the sacrilege. A sophism is dearer to them than a truth; and an ingenious theory, which dispenses with the Word of Light, and sends us groping our

way in the mysterious cells and dark labyrinths of *Chance*, they garner up as an invaluable treasure."

"Oh, Nicol! the windows of my soul are opening, and a new light streams in. I can now comprehend much that you have said before, at such moments as this—much that was at the time a marvel and a mystery. This then is why you have mingled so little with the world; this is what has so weakened your confidence in your fellow men; this is the foundation of the multitude of dark sayings at which I have wondered, and darker hints that have puzzled me—and which contrasted so strongly with the rich light that ever preceded them: the blackness of the storm-cloud, after the glare of the lightning. And they were meant as *warnings*—those dark shadows which you cast upon the sunshine of my unfolding mind. Thanks, Nicol! thanks!"

The Pupil paused for a moment—and thus resumed:

"God, then, is not God with all! I never dreamed of this. And man's great heritage—this glorious earth—it is not the work of His hand, and the gift of His goodness! And yonder magnificent firmament, with its innumerable hosts of shining spheres—and the unstained and ever-lovely orb that now sinketh to its setting—and the great source of heat, and light, and nourishment—*these* then are not the creations of His omnipotence and wisdom!"

Again the Pupil paused, and, lost in thought, fixed her gaze upon the resplendent heavens. The Preceptor felt the closer pressure of her arm, and looked down into her beautiful face. But he broke not the silence; he saw that he had struck a chord *alone*, which had been hitherto touched only with others; and he felt that it would be a sin to check its vibrations.—They walked on for a time in silence. A tear rolled from the blue orb of the rapt Pupil, and rested upon her lovely cheek. The Preceptor bent down, and kissed off the pearly drop; and the dreamer awoke.

"I, Nicol," said she, in a subdued but earnest tone, "could never *doubt*! I have just experienced sensations, till within this hour unknown. My thoughts have been held in willing captivity, in a land of glory—and my spirit, clothed in a new garment and gifted with a new strength, has been abroad among the Intelligences of Moral Existence. My soul, panoplied with an armor of Light,

has traveled from star to star with an untiring wing, circling the universe in its course, and pierced beyond the curtain which divides the Present and the Future—or rather, what is the present and the future to *us*—for *there*, I lost all sense of lapsing and coming Time. A new light entered my soul, Nicol, and abides therein: a light, not of trust merely, or hope, or confidence—but, of *Assurance*.—This earth, Nicol—by you I have been taught to study, and to love it; and yon glittering sky—from you I have learnt to read its mystic characters, and almost worship it. I thought they were glorious—and, if worthy your admiration, certainly of mine. But now I *feel* their magnificence; and my spirit bows in humbleness to the divinity within me, which assures me that they are the work of His hand, whose bow was set in the cloud, and the waters shrank away!"

The Preceptor's arm encircled the waist of the lovely Pupil; and he pressed his warm lips to her calm forehead.

"And yet," said he, "the good have doubted, and the wise disbelieved, and the learned scoffed."

"But you have never done either?" replied the Pupil, with an eager and inquiring look.

"I have sometimes bowed to the majesty of their minds, and been enraptured with the eloquence of their reasonings."

"Oh, Nicol!—and *have* they for a moment clouded *your* clear spirit?"

The Preceptor was silent.

"Then all the wide lands we have together wandered over upon the maps—and all the glorious rivers whose courses we have thus together traced—and the sublime and limitless ocean, of whose might and majesty we have together read: all these, then, have been given us by a *Chance*! And a *Chance* brought forth the myriads of human beings that slumber in the earth—and a *Chance* directed them in their chequered pilgrimages—and a *Chance* took them away: Without a cause did they come—without an object did they exist—without a destiny did they disappear! And the myriads that *now* people the earth, with angelic forms and godlike intellects—moving in majesty, and conquering time, and space, and peril—a *Chance* has cast them upon the ocean of Being—and a *Chance* anchors them there for their little time—and a *Chance* directs them in the darkness, and supports them in the storm! Believe it not, Nicol; believe it not! It is hollowness—it is sin!"

The Preceptor's heart beat high with joy, and the blood coursed rapidly through his veins.

"And," continued the excited Pupil, "yonder worlds, sublimely shining in illimitable space,—and, as you have taught me, peopled with *their* myriads of living, sentient beings,—and moving in order and acting in harmony: a *Chance* has created *them*—a *Chance* has placed them in their orbits, and *supports* them there—a *Chance* has prescribed to each its peculiar path in the great void: "this way shalt thou move and none other!" and "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!"—and a *Chance* *continues* them!"

The Pupil paused, and gazed earnestly into the face of her companion. Their eyes met—and he pressed her to his heart, and half-unconsciously imprinted a kiss upon her flushed cheek.

"They are bad men, Nicol, that preach these doctrines, and weak ones that believe them. That *you* do not either, your looks fully assure me. I can now comprehend what you have told me, so often, of the wickedness of the human heart, and the wretchedness of mankind. But these things cannot be widely preached, or generally believed?"

"No, dearest—they are not. The poison of unbelief is by no means extensively diffused; but the seeds of doubt, apparently harmless and not borne upon the winds, are widely disseminated, and multiply with fearful rapidity. Human teaching abounds with error; human exertion is misdirected; human talents are misapplied. Associations exist in abundance, and philanthropists compass the earth; but eager for immediate effect, they too often attempt greater things than they are capable of achieving—and thus waste time and means which, properly employed, would stamp the character of their age, and add wordly to their heavenly immortality. The reformer may take his axe in his hand, with the purest motives and the most determined resolution; but if he lay it to the root of only the gigantic tree, and pass by the luxuriant undergrowth, his labor shall be in vain. Yet this is the course of most of those who are now striking for the regeneration of mankind. — There is, again, too much time spent in the cultivation of the head, and too little in that of the heart. Men attach an undue importance to the former, and leave the latter too much to the course of circumstances. There is a contin-

ual striving, among mankind, to become great—great I mean in the abused, worldly acceptance of the word—rather than good: they would prefer being the “guinea’s stamp,” to being the gold itself, uncoined. The consequence is, the intellects shine and burn, and the affections wither and scorch in their radiance. And then comes along imagined or real Wrong, with its flaring torch, or Prejudice and Passion—and a fire is kindled at once upon the altar of Infamy. This is the fashion of the world—and especially of the world of to-day. But as the fashions of this earth pass away, we may hope for other and better things.——Mankind, indeed, are fearfully wicked; but I have long dreamed of such a thing as a state of human perfectibility—and I believe the working of it possible.”

“Not,” said the Pupil, looking archly up into her companion’s face, “not by shutting one’s self up in a narrow circle of tried friends, and avoiding contact with the motley assemblage around.”

“True, Mary. We must gird on the armor and go forth determined to conquer. There is glory in this warfare. God hath not sent the human mass, without *leaven* enough for the whole; but man hath not striven to diffuse it. This is the good work which now demands his attention: but he must go forth to perform it.—He may stand in his high place, and vociferate, “Light! Light!” and yet shall the Darkness continue. He may shout “Education!” to-day, and to-morrow, and forever: and yet, if he continue to neglect the affections, worse than ignorance shall ensue. He may pour out his tears, like rain, over “human depravity;” and ring all the varied changes upon “moral culture:” and yet, *if he go not into the world*, with the “golden rule” grooved into his heart and written upon his forehead, and on his tongue, “Ye are brethren: love one another!” he shall accomplish but little.

——’Tis folly to sit in one’s chair, and lament the wickedness of the world. ’Tis absurd to think of reforming the mass, without mingling among them, and in many respects becoming of them. We must not avoid the contact; we must not fear to brush against them, and let them brush against us. He who harvests without going into the field, lest the rust of the stalk should soil his clothes, or the smut upon the grain defile his nostrils, will have but empty garners.——I have long been thinking of these

things, Mary; and I have determined to go forth to the good work”——

The Pupil started, and gazed earnestly into her companion’s face. The Preceptor smiled, and pressed her hand with fervor.

“Nay, dearest—not into the great world. There is no necessity that one man should compass the whole earth—or even the whole of one quarter of it. There is a call for him, in the little world by which he is surrounded; and if he be disposed, and seek, he shall find work enough there. This is to be the sphere of my operations; they are to be silent, and felt rather than seen. And, Mary,” he continued, catching and arresting the glance of her eye, and fervidly pressing her still yielded hand, “I am proud of her who is to be the companion of my way and the sharer of my toil.”

The eyes of the Pupil dropped upon the ground, and the lovers walked on in silence. They were ascending from the green walk along the creek; the Hollow-House was soon at hand; and indulging a few expressions of fondness, they now separated for the time.

Mary Vantyle bounded over the lawn with the lightness of a fairy, and was soon, with shoes in hand and stealthy step, *tip-toeing* the passage to her chamber. Safely within, she hastened at once to the window; and her eyes quickly sought and found the retiring form of her lover, and continued fixed upon it till distance rendered it indistinct. She then pressed her pillow—and, happy-hearted, passed quickly into the “land of dreams.”

Cunningham walked very leisurely towards the village. His heart was full, and he “took no note of time.” Arrived at his lodgings, he threw himself into a chair at the window, and gazed out upon the beautiful earth, and away among the starry hosts in the blue firmament. And as he thus sat, his heart filled with that

..... “love which knows not of decay,
And never dreams of crime,”

and his eye roving “from star to star,” and his lips unconsciously repeating the words, he was continually recalling to mind every look, and tone, and expression of Mary, and every emotion she had exhibited during their stolen interview. Pure and ecstatic as are the joys and triumphs of young and reciprocated love, they are tame in comparison with his at that hour. He not only loved with the truth and fervor of young manhood, and

knew himself beloved in turn, with equal warmth and purity,—but he had, as it were, made the object of his heart's idolatry, and endowed it with the high and noble feelings which were now lavished upon him. And the created was not one of the Ideal images “which men set up and worship,” but a being with affections and passions like his own, and intellect and soul.—The work was his, alone; an emanation from the indwelling spirit: and though its accomplishment had at first been a dream of his sleeping hours, and afterwards of his waking, yet it was ever present, and ever beautiful—giving assurance of a glorious result.—Such was the Ideal, over which he had brooded till it became a part of his moral and intellectual nature. And here, at length, was the Reality; and he triumphed, not only as a conqueror and a lover, but also as a Christian.

CHAPTER IV:

MYNHEER HEILERBERGER.

YOHANNES VANTYLE, on leaving his daughter's chamber, returned directly to his own, and was soon again in bed. The vexations of the evening had exhausted the strength of his body, quite as much as disturbed the peace of his mind; and consequently, he was not long on his back ere sleep stole upon him.—The next morning was Sunday; and on Sunday, according to immemorial usage, everybody has a right to be lazy, and lie a-bed as late as may be agreeable. Yohannes, however, being waked by chanticleer about sunrise, did not choose to avail himself of this privilege upon the present occasion. He immediately rose, dressed, and went down stairs. Nobody but himself was stirring about the house; and he made his respects to a bottle of bitters and a fresh egg, and sat down in the back porch to have a sociable bout with his pipe. Presently down came Katrina; and a few minutes afterwards, Diedrich the Anak made his appearance. The housekeeper passed on to get breakfast; the Mynheer took a seat upon the porch.—Thus began that day at the Hollow-House.

After Yohannes had finished his pipe, he motioned Diedrich to draw his chair towards him. Then was the swain informed of what had passed between the father and daughter, the preceding evening; and then did he look blank, and swear he couldn't

live without the girl. Yohannes was silent awhile, and the lover looked wise, and gave counsel. This was to the effect, that the father should lay his commands upon the daughter, and have the business executed forthwith. But Yohannes looked upon this as the very last expedient to be resorted to. The love he bore his child was as great now as it had ever been; indeed, he felt it increasing as he was about to resign her into the hands of another; and in his angriest moments, during their late interview, his heart had yearned towards her with an almost overpowering force. He could not bear the idea of commanding her obedience in this matter. It was therefore determined, that the mynheer himself should have an interview with her, to try what effect the eloquence of love would have upon her heart; and he was to avail himself of the very first opportunity, during that day if possible, that might occur. This matter arranged, though not to his entire satisfaction, the lover went in pursuit of his morning's business.

Mynheer Diedrich had not been gone long, before down came Mary, as fresh and blooming as the morn. She greeted her father tenderly, and with a smile of irresistible sweetness. The old gentleman felt a swelling at his heart, and actually laid aside his pipe and seated her upon his knee. In this situation they were soon found by Katrina, who came to call them to breakfast. That breakfast was a very agreeable one—Mary looking bewitchingly pretty, Diedrich now-and-then gazing at her in an ecstasy of love and hope, and old Yohannes glancing an eye first at the swain and then at the nymph, and rounding off with a knowing look at Katrina.

Breakfast over, and her domestic duties discharged, Mary retired to her chamber, and spent the morning in studies befitting the day. She was interrupted but once,—and then by Katrina, who could never get along with her work with any satisfaction while there was aught lodged in her bosom partaking in the slightest degree of the character of a secret. She informed Mary of the *arrangement* that had been made between Yohannes and the suitor; and being herself delighted with the herculean frame of the broad-shouldered mynheer, she did not fall to nod and jabber his praises, and to congratulate the daughter of her patron upon the good fortune that awaited her.

That day's dinner was in most respects a counterpart of the morning's meal. It is

true there was a slight shade on Mary's brow, which the morning had not beheld there; but then that was more than compensated for by the additional beauty given to her features by the varying expressions they wore of hope and fear, which feelings now rapidly alternated in her breast. The meal passed off, apparently to the satisfaction of all who partook of it; and what would otherwise have been a long and tedious afternoon to Mary, was shortened and enlivened by a visit to the Hollow-House of Lucy Winters and another of her young friends from the village.

Mynheer Diedrich Heilerberger had made up his mind, that that afternoon should be signalized by perhaps the greatest action of his life. He had determined to "woo and win the lady of his love;" and it was with no little anger that he beheld, an hour or two after dinner, the two young ladies approaching the house. He resolved, however, not to allow them to deter him from the prosecution of his intents. He expended an extra quantity of time in smoothing his face, burnishing up his pipe, and arraying himself in his best suit of summer Sunday clothes; and thus accoutred, he about the middle of the afternoon made a valiant march towards the parlor. But when he heard the sweet and merry tones of his heart's charmer, plainly distinguishable from those of her visitors, his courage failed him. A curious sensation in the regions of the heart, and a singular and most unaccountable weakness at the knees, induced him to pass the parlor door. He walked the back piazza to-and-fro several times; but getting no better, he took to the woods, to consider among their cooling and refreshing shades the strangeness of his feelings. Thus, impatient as he was for the encounter, passed a couple of hours.

Diedrich's valor returned at length; and winding up his courage to its highest pitch, he made hasty strides towards the house for fear it might "ooze out." The three young friends were now in the dining room; and the mynheer entered at the very moment when his heart's idol was arranging her tea-set upon the table.—How happy the moment! I have lived only one and a half score years, it is true; but I have seen Woman in many more phases than the "changing moon" ever wears: and I must be permitted here to record my opinion, that there is no time at which she appears more com-

pletely irresistible, to a man of good common sense, than when, clad in her gown of ging-ham, with a neat apron in front, she is attending to the lighter portions of her domestic duties.

Mary appeared to be in excellent spirits. She had told her visitors that she was to have a beau that evening, and was momentarily expecting his appearance. But when they saw the gigantic form and enormous pipe of Diedrich Heilerberger stride into the room; they were not a little astonished: still, they received him with great good humor and politeness.

Mary soon took a chair; and almost on the instant the suitor turned his huge body around so as exactly to face her; and thus he sat a full half hour, gazing upon the bewitching object before him, more beautiful now in his estimation than she had ever been before, and spoke not over a dozen words. His eyes were getting tired; and as he feared to light his pipe for occupation, he was becoming exceedingly uneasy. Happily, Yohannes at this moment made his appearance; and the old housekeeper soon entered with tea. As she retired, she cut an eye first at Diedrich, next at Mary, and then winked to the two visitors. The suitor blushed to the eyes—and Mary tried to, for the gratification of her father, but made out badly.

The company now sat down to the stimulating tea, and the smoking muffins. Mary did the honors of the table; Yohannes cracked jokes, and told stories; Diedrich laughed and looked foolish; and the young ladies wondered what it all meant—the sheepishness of the lover, the winking of the house-keeper, and the hilarity of the patriarch. Mary played her part so well, that they could guess nothing from either her actions or her looks.

Tea over, an evening stroll was proposed; and mynheer Diedrich, seizing his hat in one hand and his pipe in the other, sallied forth with the three young ladies.

CHAPTER V.

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS.

ABOUT a half-hour after the departure of the party from the Hollow-House, Mary took leave of her friends at the outskirts of the village. They were not separated more

than a hundred yards, when Lucy Winters hailed her, and came running back. She paused at the spot where they had taken leave.

"Mary! oh Mary!" she shouted; "I forgot to ask you if you were coming in to the celebration on Tuesday. Do you think you shall?"

"Celebration!—vat celebration?" inquired Diedrich.

"The Fourth—Fourth of July," answered Mary.

"Aw!-yaw! Pe sure!" shouted back the gallant.

"But shall you come, Mary? I did not doubt but that Mr. Heilerberger would be in."

"Hav'n't made up my mind yet. What all's to be done?"

"Oh, we're to have firing, and music, and a procession, and an oration—and all that sort of thing."

"An oration, eh! Who's to be the great man upon the occasion?"

"Who do you think?"

"Ain't good at guessing. Suppose it's some one ambitious of being immortal for a year."

"Hush!" exclaimed Lucy, glancing her eye back in the direction of her companion, Grace May.

"Is it Tony?"

"Yes."

"Why, I should like to hear him. But I'm not very fond of such clatter and tinselry!"

"Mary Vantyle!"

"Oh, I didn't mean the oration. I meant the racket of drums, fifes, cannon, and hurraing collections of men and boys."

"Then you'll not come?"

"I may, or I may not. But come here—I'm tired of hallowing so, and want to speak with you a minate."

"No—do you come here. I've met you more than half-way now."

Mary was glad of the opportunity, and quickly availed herself of it. She had managed during their walk, more by hints and signs than otherwise, to impart to Lucy an idea of her present situation with respect to mynheer Heilerberger; and a thought had struck her, when the celebration of the Fourth was mentioned, to make a confidante of her gay friend, and entrust her with a message to Cunningham.

"I had quite forgotten the Fourth, Lucy."

"Very patriotic, indeed, Mary."

"But I've had so much else to occupy my mind."

"*Much*, sure enough, if you estimate it by the *bulk*!" replied Lucy, looking archly in the direction of the suitor, now *solus* with his pipe.

"A truce to trifling, if you love me. My heart is heavy."

"I should think so. And your heart's idol, *ditto*!"

"Lucy!"

"Mary."

"You know L!"

"Never mind. Excuses or explanations are not necessary. *Love's blind*, we all know."

"Lucy, *will* you have done? You are trifling with my feelings. Besides, if I stand chatting with you much longer, this interview will be magnified into a treasonable conspiracy, by yon Argus, and I shall be reported to my father."

Her look and tone were expressive of earnestness and fear. Lucy was touched.

"Speak you in *real* earnest?"

"I do."

"Then, Mary, I am sorry for you. But what can I do?"

"You know I have long been favored with the friendship of Mr. Cunningham."

"*Favored*, Mary?"

"Yes, Lucy. You would think so if you knew him as I do. But let us not dispute about words."

"Forgive me, Mary. I thought the expression strange."

"Possibly it is—and not right. Well, then—you are aware of our intimacy, apparently as pupil and teacher, for the past three years—or nearly that?"

"Certainly. How could I otherwise?"

"Well, Lucy—you know, also, that I have always been considered his *favorite*."

"I know that you *have* always been his favorite; and I have often envied you the hold you had upon his esteem."

"*Esteem*, Lucy?"

"Mary!"

"Did no thought of a higher and tenderer sentiment ever cross your brain?"

"Never."

"Then have we played our parts well!—Perhaps *not* well, neither;" she continued, musingly.

"Is it possible I have been so blind? Mary, you have astonished me much. But

I now see through it all—and I give you joy. How will it sound? *Mrs. Cun*”—

“Nay, Lucy. Never name the bird, till you have it safe in the cage!”

“So-ho! Then you are a-going to play the heroine, eh?—and run away with yon big—what did you call him?—*Argus*? yes! It should have been Mercury: you remember the little scandal which used to be current in the Jovean world, about him and Venus! But you and”—

“Lucy! how you trifle. I declare”—

“Don’t now. Leave declarations for your lovers.” But I forgot! So you are determined to *romance* a bit; and to make a trial of the favored one’s love, you are I suppose a-going to run away with Mr. Argus Mercury Heilerberger—and Mr. Cunningham is to put after you post-haste, and overtake you just in the nick of time, and kneel to you beseechingly, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his throat, and his hand upon his bosom—and then you are to raise him up graciously, and say it ‘was only to make a trial of his love,’ and laugh, and cry, and ask his forgiveness, and faint in his arms, and be borne into an adjoining room—and then a little water is to be thrown in your face.”—

“Lucy!”—

“And you are to revive, and he is to forgive you, and you are to ‘kiss and be friends,’—and that’s to be the end of it till the minister is called in;—and then”—

“Lucy Winters, will you stop! You’re as full of chatter as a guinea-fowl. I shall be compelled to go in a minute or two.”

“Well—Mary—why don’t you say on? What is there so fascinating in that flower at your feet?”

“Pshaw! It’s only a habit I have of looking down.—But you didn’t understand me, Lucy. I’ve no notion of romancing at all. You see yon big specimen of mortality?”

“Yes.”

“Well—he’s a very worthy man, for aught we know.”

“So I have heard say.”

“And he’s a very proper man, in his place.”

“And I suppose he fills his place very properly.”

“He does. But just now he stands between Mr. Cunningham and myself.”

“Indeed! Well, just allow Mr. Cunningham to walk around to you, and that’ll be remedied.”

“Not so easily, Lucy. He occupies his present position—with my father’s consent.”

“Impossible!”

“True—every word of it.”

“What—he!” and the proud brunette drew back a pace; her cheek paled, her eyes flashed, and her lip curled with scorn. Her tall form was erect, and fairly shook with passion. “Were I your father’s daughter”—

“Not one word of that, Lucy. Remember, he is *my father*. And more, he has ever been a kind and most indulgent one. But I must go now. I shall not be at the celebration. If you have an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Cunningham, on Tuesday, be good enough to tell him this: that is, if you see my father and Diedrich among the crowd on that day.”

“I understand you, Mary: and your message shall be properly delivered.”

“Thanks, Lucy. Good-by!”

“Good-by!”—and the generous-hearted girl brushed away the tears that had gathered in her eyes after the first moment’s indignation was over.

Mary rejoined her suitor, with a forced smile upon her countenance, and Lucy was soon within hailing distance of her companion, who had wandered into the woods by the road-side, where she was now busy gathering flowers.

“I declare, Grace May, you’re an arrant thief.—See! you’ve robbed every bush and stem within sight. What is it somebody says about ‘Winter reposing in the lap of May?’ *Summer* reposes there now—or *Summer’s flowers*, which is the same thing.”

“I guess you and Mary have had a tilt at *small wit*, Lucy,” said the flower-gatherer, rising up and throwing back her calash.

“Why do you guess so, Miss Proserpine?”

“Because, you have a reputation that way; and just now your stock seems quite exhausted. *Dregs*, Lucy—nothing but dregs left.”

“I declare! what an industrious flower-girl you have been. Let me see! violets—those we sometimes call *wild heart’s-ease*—they are for Tony! and honey-cups”—

Grace snatched the bouquet away.

“I fear, Lucy Winters, that by the time Mr. Lester gets you, you’ll not have wit enough left to point a certain lecture.”

“Mr. Lester?”

“Yes—Mr. Lester! What did you make

him promise during your visit to Richmond last fall!"

"Grace! you—I'm surprised some beautiful young Pluto didn't come along in his golden chariot, when you were pulling those flowers, and whisk you away to his dominions. The gods have become sadly negligent."

"If you had been in my place, I presume such an adventure would not have been very disagreeable."

"Disagreeable! not at all. I should have been very far from weeping as the Proserpine of old did: especially, Grace, if the god had come along in the shape of Tony Connell!"

"Or that of a certain brown-skinned Virginian, whom I've heard your father describe!" retorted Grace, proud that she had for once gotten the upper hand of her rallying friend.

"By the Immortals!" suddenly exclaimed a voice from the road. The maidens turned in an instant, and beheld a young man dismounting from his horse. He fastened the rein back with the stirrups; and touching the animal's flank smartly with his whip, "Go it! Mercury," said he, "and tell all inquirers you left me safe and well in Elysium." The messenger kicked up, and bounded away with a hearty snort.

"We are gods and goddesses all round to-day," said Lucy Winters, taking Grace's arm, and commencing a slow march towards the village.

Whipping the dust from his pantaloons, and adjusting his cravat and collar a little, the youth approached them. He was a tall, well-made young man, of perhaps twenty-one or two years, with intelligent grey eyes, light hair, regular features, and a pale cheek.

"Poor company's better than none, ladies."

They turned, and halted.

"By the Immortals! Winter and May together!"

"Talk of the Old Boy, Grace!" whispered Lucy; "you know the rest."

Grace blushed crimson.

"Winter and May together!" repeated the youth; "there must be some conspiracy on foot! Are we to have a change of seasons, ladies?"

"O, no! Mr. Connell," replied Lucy, her eye glancing archly first at the youth, then at her companion: "I apprehend nothing more than a change of names!"

Grace pinched her arm, and Tony's cheek colored. The youth had by this time joined them.

"But I want to know, Mr. Connell," continued Lucy, "for whom you intended that fine compliment which just now escaped your lips."

"Fine compliment!" echoed Grace.

"Compliment!" re-echoed her lover.

"Yes! Mr. Connell. Such things never escape the ear of a lady."

"You have been dreaming, Lucy," said Grace.

"Pon my word, Miss Winters," exclaimed the lover, "I do not understand you. You must explain!"

"*Poor company's better than none!*" replied Lucy, with a mock-earnest air. "Do you understand me now? Was that intended for us, or yourself, Mr. Connell?"

"For myself, of course, Miss Winters. Ha! ha! But I shall soon think it equally applicable to Miss May."

"Don't miss us so much, if you please, Tony," said Lucy. "There, I've set you an example. But that was a villainous pun you uttered upon our names as you came up."

"And therefore good."

"It was not villainous then! and, therefore, bad."

"By the —— Upon my word, Lucy, you'd make an excellent lawyer."

"An excellent lawyer? Then I'd make what I never yet heard of."

"Perhaps I should have said *an ingenious*."

"I think that would have been better. But now I recollect, I did once hear pa tell of an excellent lawyer. It was an old gentleman in Richmond, who became disgusted with the hollowness and trickery of the profession, quit the practice, and denounced the whole business in a series of newspaper essays."

"There is trickery in the practice, Lucy—and hollowness too; but none in the profession. Your father's acquaintance, I take it, was a"—

"But you interrupted me, Mr. Connell. Now hear me through."

"Certainly—I beg pardon."

"This excellent lawyer, as I said, abandoned the practice in disgust, and denounced the whole business as tricky, heartless, and corrupt. He had first, recollect though, made his own fortune at it!"

"I could have sworn that. And he was afterwards considered a very excellent and a very honest man?"

"You are right there, Mr. Connell. He removed to one of the back counties—was looked upon as a martyr—soon sent to the Assembly—and returned to that body regularly every year till his death."

"Oh, the *worldly* weighers of human actions!" exclaimed the young lawyer.

They had now arrived at the residence of Lacy's father. The sprightly Virginian threw open the door, and invited them in. But it was growing dusk, and Grace declined.

"Well, well—go home, and help Tony nurse his *pun*. I suppose you still think it a remarkably good one, Mr. Connell. If you had not diverted my thoughts, I should have torn it all to tatters."

"Good to a T!" exclaimed Tony, as they bade good evening.

"Stop one moment, Mr. Connell. I have you there, nicely."

"Good to a T!" he repeated.

"Bad by an S!" she replied, and they separated with a hearty laugh.

CHAPTER VI

A LOVER IN A POTTER.

No sooner had Mary Vantyle rejoined Mynheer Diedrich, than the sturdy suitor swung his pipe under his arm, and began a quick march towards the Hollow-House. Mary kept pace with him for a time, and then fell behind. He looked over his shoulder suspiciously, and she remonstrated. He then blundered an excuse, and for two or three minutes consulted her convenience. Again his steps began to get quick and long—again she remonstrated—and again he lessened his speed. But he appeared to be treading upon nettles all the way. Mary felt very much like laughing, and very much like crying, and very much like bidding him good-by, and taking her own time to reach home.—But she hesitated long enough to consider the policy of either of these measures, and discretion came to her aid just as the suitor's legs were again getting the better of his head. She made some trifling remark about the approaching celebration—and he paused; she told him that young Connell was to be the big man upon the occasion—and a gleam of joy shot across his

face—for twice since his arrival at the village, had the honors of oratorship been conferred upon Cunningham; she told him the celebration was to be a "real fine affair," as she had learnt from Lacy Winters—and he grew quite at ease.

The ice was now broken, and Diedrich ventured to look Mary in the face. What a pretty face! His heart went pit-a-pat, and he dropped his pipe. There was a moment's hard thinking, while he was picking this up. But in that moment what a work did he accomplish! His determination was fixed, to proceed at once to the object of his interview with Mary. As he rose up from his stooping posture, he caught her eyes upon him. That was, certainly, a favorable symptom. Oh, to be looked upon by such eyes! His heart began to flutter up towards his throat. He tried to choke it down—but it was obstinate. What would he not have given, at that moment, for a few tugs at a lighted pipe! He advanced one step towards Mary, and up sprang his heart right into his throat. He felt very much like cursing; but choked the oath down, and began to "hem" and "haw," and spit, most lustily. This soon frightened the unruly muscle back into its own dominions, and left him ready for another onset. But how should he begin? Dutchman though he was, he decided in a moment; for they were now turning the angle of a fence, and the Hollow-House burst upon his view. The shortness of his time, had the effect of quickening his mental operations most amazingly.—One step towards Mary, who had turned aside to pluck a wild-flower, and he placed his hand upon his breast; not for the purpose of making himself appear dramatic, or interesting, or pathetic—but to still the turmoil there; for his heart kept up a terrible jumping about, from one side to the other, and up and down; and he closed his lips and clenched his teeth manfully, and held his breath—determined it should not get air enough to assist it into his throat again. Another step towards the heiress—she looked up into his face, and he forgot in an instant the vigilance he was exercising over the tumultuous regions;—another step—his knees knocked together; another—her sweet name was upon his tongue; one more—his teeth unclenched—his lips opened—and, pop! his heart gave a tremendous leap upward, and stuck fast, completely wedged in his throat.

"Pauley! Pauley!" screamed the old

house-keeper, leaning over the door-yard fence.

"Damnation!" muttered the suitor, jobbing his pipe-stem into his mouth.

"What now, Katrina?" shouted Mary, filled half with laughter, and half indignation—for she had observed the intention and confusion of the suitor.

"Pauley! come quick!"

"What's the matter, Katrina?"

"Your fater's half-kilt mit te cout agin!"

"Teufel unt hell!" exclaimed the suitor, as Mary bounded away towards the house. "Tam splutterkin I pes!" and he threw his pipe upon the ground, and trampled it to pieces. This done to his satisfaction, he cast a side look in the direction of the mansion. Mary and Katrina had disappeared. He chafed like a mad bull for a moment, and then quite composedly stooped down, gathered up the fragments of his pipe, and walked off towards the barn, where he did penance for allowing the golden opportunity to escape him, by sleeping in one of the hay-mows that night, and going without his breakfast next morning.

When Mary entered her father's chamber, she found the old gentleman with one of his feet bundled up, and suffering considerable pain; but in not half so bad a condition as the representations of old Katrina had led her to fear.—She had long been not only her aged parent's nurse, but also his physician; and she was well acquainted with the palliatives for the pain of his distressing complaint. She speedily undid the bandages which had been put on the ailing foot by the house-keeper, and coaxed it a little, and couched with it a good deal, and did it up in a manner which greatly pleased the sufferer.—In a couple of hours the pain was much abated; and by his usual time for retiring, the patriarch had fallen into a sound sleep,—much to the joy of Mary, without making a word of inquiry after Diedrich.

The next morning, the invalid's foot was quite free from pain—but he did not rise. Mary was at his bedside with the first dawn of day—and eagerly asked him a dozen questions regarding his diseased member. His answers were such as assured her that the attack was a very slight one, and that he would not suffer perhaps even a day's confinement. She bent down and kissed him, and then went about her morning occupations.—When breakfast was ready, she carried him up to his chamber, and sat by his

bed while he ate it. As she took up the waiter to leave the room, he told her to send Diedrich up to him.

"Diedrich! father? why, I've not seen him since last evening. We were returning together, after our walk with Lucy and Grace, and had got nearly here, when Katrina saw us coming, and jumped up on to the fence, and screamed out that you were dying with the gout—and I ran to the house as fast as I could, and when I turned to come in at the gate, I saw Diedrich dancing up and down like a school-boy getting a whipping. And that, father," she continued as she walked out of the room, still talking so rapidly that the old gentleman found no opportunity of edging in a word, "is the last I have seen or heard of him." By this time she was half-way down stairs, and did not choose to hear when he called for her to come back to him:

An hour afterwards, Mary sent Katrina up to see if her father was in want of any thing. Meantime, the old gentleman's thoughts had been continually plying between Mary and Diedrich, with the exception of an occasional moment when they paused at the scene of the suitor's school-boy dance. What could such conduct mean? It was Greek to the invalid, and puzzled him exceedingly.—No sooner had Katrina entered than he exclaimed,

"Katrina! vere ish Diedrich?"

"Ton't know—Pauley sent me up, to see if you wanted any ting."

"Pauley?—but vere's Diederich?"

"Ton't know."

"Tidn't he come in to preakfast?"

"Not a pit! Saw 'em take te horses, geared up, apout sun-rise, unt ride away."

"Dunder!—No! I ton't want anything.—Yaw—come pack!—Pring me mein pipe, mit a coal on him."

"No preakfast! horses geared up! tance like a school-poy! not come near me! ride away on te horses!"—This was worse still—it was Hebrew or Choctaw to him—and he found no ease till Katrina returned with his pipe and tobacco pouch. The fragrance of the blessed weed soon soothed him; and an hour's uninterrupted smoking made him quite forget the troubles that had so recently disturbed his equanimity. He got up and walked across his chamber, and was surprised to find that the swelling and tenderness had almost entirely left his foot. He dressed—went down stairs—took a half hour's turn in the garden—then continued his walk

to the field of young cabbages—and had entered the dining room and got comfortably seated with his pipe, when the long-absent suitor walked into his dinner.

This meal was dispatched in silence, and Diedrich again disappeared. Katrina looked at Mary—Mary looked at her father—Yohannes looked at both of them, and left the table in a state of complete bewilderment. He and Diedrich met, however, in the evening—when every thing was explained, the disappointed suitor dwelling with particularity upon the chat which had taken place between Mary and Lucy Winters beyond his hearing. Diedrich ended by expressing his unbounded love for the daughter, and expatiating at some length upon the demerits of his rival. The credulous and childish father was easily led, by the crafty suitor, to believe there was some plot under way to rob him of his daughter; and ere they parted he promised to procure for Diedrich another interview with Mary, and if the swain should then prove unsuccessful in the suit, to lay his commands upon her.

TO A MOTHER.

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is? It is an immortal being; destined to live forever! It is destined to be happy or miserable! You—the mother! You, who gave it birth, the mother of its being, are also the mother of its soul for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided, its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be? The child may be a liar; you can prevent it. It may be a drunkard; you can prevent it. It may be a murderer; you can prevent it. It may be an atheist; you can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and of mischief to others; you can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before; you can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things—will you or will you not?—Look at the innocent. Tell me again, will you save it? Will you watch over it? Will you teach it, discipline it, pray for it? Or will you, in vain search of pleasure, or in gaiety, or fashion, or folly, or in the chase of any other bauble or even household cares, neglect the soul of that child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil temptation, to ruin?—*Alcot.*

THE STORM AT NIGHT:

None, solitude; and silence! Far away,
In the dim distance, where yon ragged line
Bounds the horizon, the inaudible winds
Are nestling in the tree-tops. From without,
No sound disturbs the all-pervading gloom
Of midnight, deep and dread; and from within,
Save the harsh music of the cricket's song,
Nothing of life,—nor whispered voice, nor word,
Nor kindly step upon the matted floor,—
Breaks the deep tone of the perpetual flow
Of being, from the worn and wasted form
By which I watch. My brow is cool, but aches
With the hard pressure of the thousand thoughts
That throng the brain, contemplating the clay
So long familiar in the form of life
The freshest and the manliest, but so soon
To pass away among the infinite hosts
That moulder 'neath the cold, insensate clod,
And be of what it hath been, and I am,
No more forever!—What a difficult breath!
Yet kindly sleep is on the eye-lid. Hark!

A far-off murmur strikes the quickest's ear,
Like the chafed ocean; and the tall, old elms,
That sentinel the gateway, toss their arms
With violence, as if in agony.
—Now, skirting the horizon, at the west,
And frowning on the valley, a huge mass
Of blackest cloud, with elemental war
Big, and dire threat'nings on its awful front,
Moves up in terrible array. Away,
In yon dark forest, there is conflict stern
Of winds and lashing tree-tops; and the roar
Comes hoarsely on the quick and swelling gale.
Cloud presses cloud; the winds rage wildly now,
Marshalling their forces; and the coming mass
Speeds like a dread avenger. It is here!
—Now pours the deluge down! A-ha! that shock!
The flash—the bolt—how awful! how intense!
The firmament seems riven—and I stand,
Awed, trembling, breathless—yet a man! A man!
Ay, and how insignificant before
His might and majesty who rules the storm!

This is thy strength, O Father! who forever
Livest in glory far above the skies.
Then what is man, that he should think to share,
But through benignant grace, thy Mercy-Seat!
I look upon myself, and ask—I look
Upon this stricken form, so lately—Ha!
The hand is cold—the pulse is still—the heart
Is motionless—the breath—No breath is here!
No life, no warmth, no anything but clay
Which hath its brief hour fretted out—and died!

Parent of all! deep-written on my heart,
As with a pen of fire, this hour shall live.
I feel my littleness, and humbly bow—
A very worm in thought—a thing of dust.

W. D. G.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE SETTLEMENT AT BELVILLE, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF EVENTS THERE, AND ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE OHIO RIVER IN THAT REGION OF COUNTRY, FROM THE YEAR 1785 TO 1795:

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS

CHAPTER IV.

Customs of the Indian tribe, among whom Young Kelly was a captive—Agriculture—Watch towers—Method of preserving corn for winter use—Articles of food—Modes of cooking—Fishes—Indian burial.

WITH regard to their manners, customs, food, cooking, and agriculture, and his employment while among them, Mr. Kelly gives the following information. At the village where he lived, the Indian women cultivated large patches of corn, besides beans, peas, squashes, and water-melons. Their field, which contained a hundred acres or more, was in common, as is usually the case among all rude nations, but divided by certain marks, or bounds, into separate parcels, which were better or worse cultivated, according to the industry of the owner. His Indian mother, Patepsa, was among the most provident and thrifty of her village; and Joseph was her constant companion during the planting season, and the perfecting of the crops. Their field was on the rich alluvions or bottom lands, on the south side of the St. Mary's, in the delta formed by the junction of the Little St. Joseph's and the former river, and covered an extensive tract up and down the stream. This spot was chosen in preference to the land on the same side with their village, for the sake of the barrier which the St. Mary's interposed to the depredations of their horses, which these animals could with difficulty cross, when their fore feet were "hobbled," or bound together with thongs, as they always were when not in immediate use. This prevented their wandering far, and made them easy to catch. Many of them, indeed, were so well trained as to come instantly at the call of their masters, similar to the Arabians. These bottoms were naturally covered with a heavy growth of elm, beech, and sugar tree, but had been cleared by girdling the trees, which, as they decayed from year to year, were burnt up by the squaws, until fine fields had been opened

for cultivation. Their corn planting began in May, when the white oak leaves were of a certain size. The operation was performed with the hoe, bought from the white traders, without any previous plowing—which process was unknown to them, and, indeed, but little needed in the loose, rich soil, which covered the bottoms. As the corn ripened, and was in the state of roasting ears, a period not less interesting to the savage than that of the vintage to Eastern nations, and was formerly celebrated by one of their most solemn feasts, it required their daily care to protect it from the depredations of birds, especially the black bird, which assembled in countless multitudes.

For this purpose, a very ingenious device was used, which forcibly reminds us of the "watch towers" of the ancient Israelites, erected in their fields and vineyards for a similar purpose; and shows, that necessity, "the mother of invention," operates in the same way on the human mind, though placed in very different circumstances. Four poles, about the thickness of a man's thigh, and twenty-five or thirty feet in length, were erected in the center of the field, so as to form a square of four or five feet in diameter. Across these were lashed saplings, at a convenient distance, for easy ascent. Near the top was laid a rude floor, resting on the upper cross bars. On this the watchman stood, holding in his hand a stout hickory club, with which he every now and then struck a dry, ash board, or puncheon, that was fastened upright to one of the poles, aiding the operation by shouting, as the birds were more or less insolent. The sound of this board, in a still time, could be heard more than a mile. On this tower, for four successive summers, little Joseph, every morning at day light, took his stand, and watched till nine or ten o'clock, by which hour the birds had retired to the adjacent forests in search of other food. At evening, when they returned, the watch was again renewed for two or three hours.

A busy scene now commenced, to preserve a portion of these delicious roasting ears for a future day. For this purpose, a cavity was dug in the hard earth, eight feet long, four wide, and a foot deep. Along the center of the hole were laid two poles, and a fire kindled of dry wood. When this was burnt into a bed of hot coals, the sides were

lined with a row of the green ears, stripped of their husks. The heat of the fire, and reflection from the sides of the cavity, soon roasted the corn: and as the process was completed, fresh ears supplied their place, until several bushels were thus prepared, and carefully stowed away in their cabins for winter use. Before it was eaten, the roasted corn was usually boiled with beans, and made a very rich and savory dish.

When the corn was fully ripe, the whole field was gathered and husked on the spot, leaving a few husks on each ear, by which they were braided into large bunches, and carried home on a horse, by means of wooden hooks, suspended over his back, to which ten or twelve of these bunches were attached on each side. These bundles were usually strung up, round the sides of the cabin, or hung on poles for winter use.

The Indians had several different modes of cooking their corn. The larger portion of it was boiled into hominy, being first broken and prepared in large wooden mortars, made by burning out the upright end of a log, into a mortar-shaped cavity. At this process, the Indian women were very ingenious. The corn thus broken, was boiled in a large iron kettle, bought from the white traders, or plundered from their enemies by their war parties. When sufficiently cooked, it was left suspended on a pole, over or near the fire, where it was kept in a moderate heat, that it might undergo a slight fermentation, or become a little sour; which not only made it more nourishing, but, also, gave it a higher relish, in the absence of salt, which is an article seldom used by savages. When they felt an inclination to eat, the kettle was placed on the earthen floor, and the family sat around it on the ground, helping themselves in turn from a large wooden or horn spoon, each taking a mouthful and passing the spoon to his neighbor, until all were satisfied. Their hours for eating were very irregular; but the evening was the most common time, when the labors of the field, fishing, or chase, for the day were over. The corn was sometimes soaked in the ley of hickory ashes, and then boiled without any preparation of pounding. Another mode of preparing food from corn was this. The ashes and embers from a brisk fire were scraped from the hearth, over a space sufficient to

receive a peck of shelled corn or more. The heap was then covered with hot embers, and kept stirring with a curved stick, in shape resembling the white boys "shinney club." When the corn was sufficiently parched, it was withdrawn from the fire, and the ashes separated by means of a coarse seive, made with splits of white oak wood, set in a hoop of ash: it was then pounded in the hominy mortar, and the meal passed through finer sieves, was received on a clean deer skin: this was again returned to the mortar, and thoroughly mixed with a certain quantity of maple sugar. The compound was then carefully packed in small bags of linen cloth, or dressed skins, holding five or six quarts each, and laid aside for the express use of their warriors when out on their war or hunting excursions. One gill, or handful, of this "no-ake," eaten dry, and followed by a draught of water, was sufficient to support a man a day. It was held in high estimation by the Indians, not only for its nourishing properties, but it was also thought to strengthen the lungs and enable them to run for a long distance without fatigue.

Among the vegetables used by the Shawanees, as an article of diet, was a kind of winter or fall squash, which was very sweet and fine eating. These were cooked by roasting. After cutting them through the middle, and removing the seeds, they were placed, with the convex side up, on the hot hearth, and covered with embers. Here they usually remained all night. By morning, they were thoroughly cooked, and afforded a rich and savory addition to their simple matin meal. Beans and peas were commonly gathered as soon as fairly ripe, and strung up in the pod, similar to dried apples with us. These, mixed into hominy, made a dish, called by the eastern Indians *suk-ka-tash*; and in high repute with the whites to this day. In the latter part of the summer, water-melons were in great abundance, and added a valuable item to their simple fare.

In the spring season, when other food was scarce, and by way of variety, they made many savory meals on "ground nuts," or *apios tuberosa*. These, *Patapsa* soon taught her adopted son to search for and to find, as readily as herself. They were uniformly boiled in their large iron kettle, with but little water, and covered over with a thick layer of fresh green moss:

this made them very dry, and nearly as sweet as our best sweet potatoes.

As the winter began to give way, and spring approached, a considerable quantity of sugar was made from the maple, which abounded in the rich lands. The trees were hacked in a slanting direction with a tomahawk, and the sap conducted by a small split of wood into troughs. When the weather was very cold, it froze so solid as to separate the saccharine matter in the form of a thick sirup, or melassée. This was carefully scraped off, and the ice thrown away; thus saving much trouble in boiling. At other times, the sap was boiled into sugar, in the few kettles that the Indians possessed.

Soon after the ice left the Maumee and its tributary branches, in the spring of the year, the rivers were filled with immense shoals of white fish, or *coregonus albus*; so that the water might truly be said to be "alive with them." This was always a joyous season to the Indians, especially after a hard winter, when their crops and hunting had been short. As their approach had been carefully watched for some days previous, the announcement of their arrival was received with loud shouts; and the whole village was directly in a bustle. As fishing was an occupation not beneath the notice of the warriors, every man, woman, and child, found full employment. The fish were principally caught with hooks, two being attached to one hand line. They were no sooner dropped into the water, than they were seized by the fish; and every pull generally brought out two, something in the manner of mackerel fishing. Many were also taken in rude scoop nets. The boys cheerfully assisted; spearing many on sharpened sticks, and shooting them with arrows. The women were chiefly occupied in splitting them open on their backs, removing their entrails, and placing them on the drying frames, made of small poles, resting on forked stakes, about four feet high. Beneath this, was a fire of brush wood, by the heat and smoke of which the fish were so completely cured as to keep sweet for many months, if stored in a dry place. These drying frames were sometimes two or three hundred yards in length, from which, some estimate may be formed of the immense number thus caught, in the course of two or three weeks, the usual period of their migration. These fish

constituted a large and valuable portion of the animal food consumed by them in the course of the year. Later in the season, the rivers were visited by catfish, suckers, pike, and lake trout. These were taken by spearing, either by day, or by torch light at night, and afforded another source of rich and valuable food, prepared by the "Great Spirit" for his red children, and freely furnished, without the toil of the chase or the labor of the field. Year after year, for unknown ages, the lakes, or great inland seas of North America, have furnished the rivers that fall into them with countless shoals of white fish, the manna of the redman: and even to this day, the whiteman, who has cruelly forced him from his birthright, annually gathers thousands of barrels of these delicious fish, which are said by epicures to be fully equal to the best produced by the ocean.

The Shawanee manner of burying the dead, is deserving of notice. In Mishalena's village, when any one died, notice was given by firing two guns in quick succession. While Mr. Kelly was with the Indians, the grandmother of Patepsa died, apparently of old age. As Patepsa was at that time more than fifty, she must have probably been at least a hundred years. The dead body was wrapped in a blanket, and a grave dug in a similar manner to our own, but not so deep. In the bottom was laid a plank or puncheon, on which the body was placed: on each side were put other pieces, with short ones at the head and feet: above these, a cover of the same, completely enclosing the dead, similar to a coffin. The grave was then filled up with earth. Every night, for twelve or fourteen days, a fire was kindled at the foot of the grave, on which was placed a small kettle containing food. When sufficiently cooked, it was placed at the head, covered up carefully from the dogs or other animals, and remained there all night. This may remind us of the ancient Canaanitish custom of sacrificing to the dead; and seems to be peculiar to most heathen nations. The following morning, the food was taken to the dwellings of the friends and relatives of the deceased, and eaten the same as any other. This rite young Kelly saw practised in several instances; but does not recollect seeing anything put into the grave with the body, as was the custom with many, or all the Eastern tribes.

CHAPTER V.

Domestic usages of the Indians—Young Kelly's hardships, and flight from Patepsa—His winter quarters—Amusing anecdote—His discovery, and return—Destruction of Mishalena's village, by a detachment of Wayne's army—Armistice—Reclamation of Joseph by his friends—Indian woodmanship—Characteristic anecdote.

As the winters in this portion of the country were much more severe than on the Ohio river, it was a tiresome and laborious business for little Joseph to supply wood for the wigwam fire of his Indian mother. It had to be cut in the neighboring forests, and brought on the back the distance of eighty or one hundred rods. The squaws carried their burdens on the head, but Joseph carried his on the back, assisted by a broad leather belt passed over the breast, to which were attached two cords, for binding the wood into a convenient bundle. This was the hardest labor he had to perform. His winter dress consisted of a small bit of blanket, or woollen cloth, for each foot, over which he drew a pair of deer skin moccasins, made by Patepsa; a pair of woollen, or leather leggins, reaching a little above the knees, and fastened by thongs to a strip of cloth, bound round the hips; a calico under shirt, coming nearly down to the leggins, leaving a portion of each thigh always bare; and a small blanket thrown over the shoulders and confined at the neck by an iron buckle, and round the waist by a belt of leather. At night, the whole dress was taken off, and he lay down on the hairy side of a deer-skin, with his feet to the wigwam fire, and no other bedding but the small blanket he wore by day, so scanty and short, that it would not cover his legs, unless he wound himself up into a ball, similar to a squirrel, or a raccoon, when reposing in their winter quarters. During the summer months, his limbs were protected by no covering but the natural skin, and a small piece of cloth around the hips. The complexion of Joseph being fair and ruddy, his skin was often blistered by the summer sun; but seeing the Indian boys exposed to the weather in the same way, he disdained complaint, and soon became superior to any of them in bearing fatigue, feats of activity, and bodily strength.

His courage and strength were frequently put to the test by the Indian boys, who, in their sports, would sometimes get vexed with him, and all fall on him at once. In

these frays, which frequently ended in the use of clubs and stones, he was almost always victorious; and often severely beat a stout boy two years older than himself, who had severely abused him in the council house when he first came among them, for refusing to run the gauntlet, and who was constantly his adversary; proving the old adage true, that we are very certain to hate those whom we have injured. One of the customs of the Shawanees, in rendering their boys hardy and vigorous, was the following. As soon as the cold weather commenced in the autumn, large fires were kindled in each wigwam every morning before sunrise: all the boys were then roused from sleep, and with no covering but a blanket, ran whooping to the river, and plunging into the water, remained a few minutes. On coming out, they hastened to the fires, dried themselves, and resumed their common dress for the day. This practice was continued for six or eight weeks, or until the river was too hard frozen to admit them. The effect was invigorating and bracing, rendering them much less sensible to cold the following winter. Mr. Kelly says he suffered very little from the severity of the winters, although clothed in the most scanty manner.

Sometime about the middle of the third winter of his captivity, Joseph became so wearied with the ill temper of his Indian mother, and worn down with the incessant labor of procuring fire-wood, that he concluded to run away from his servitude, and see if he could not find a more pleasant home. He was now in his tenth year. Accordingly, one morning, when sent out for wood, instead of returning with a load, he walked off down the bank of the Miamie, until nearly night. The snow was more than a foot deep, and the weather very cold. About sun-set, being very weary with walking in the snow, he was rejoiced to discover a small cabin on an island in the river, from which smoke issued. Here, he thought, somebody must live; and passing over on the ice, he found the door shut and no one within. Forcing aside the simple fastenings, he entered the hut, re-kindled the smoking embers on the hearth, and, being very hungry, helped himself freely from the hominy kettle, which always hangs over the fire in the cabin of an Indian.

It was now nearly dark, when an Indian

came in, to whom little Joseph was very polite, offering him a share of the hominy, after the custom of the red men. It amused the Indian very much to see the boy so liberal with his own food. Presently after came in another Indian, with two women and several children, all inmates of the same cabin. They were strangers to Joseph; but the men directly knew him, and to what family he belonged. So far from using him harshly, or forcing him to go back again, they treated him with the greatest kindness; feeding him with the best food they had, and giving him at night some of their softest skins for a couch. He remained with these people two or three months, having no wood to carry on his shoulders, nor any menial labor to perform.

As the season for planting the spring crop approached, Patepsa sent a young Indian warrior to bring him home: she having found her white son very useful in helping her along with her agricultural labors, while the Indian boys would do little or nothing in aiding their mothers. The old lady was very crabbed and surly for a few days after his return, threatening if he ever left her again, she would have him burnt alive; and went on to detail all the particulars of one of these horrid transactions, in which she took great delight, and at which she had often times been present. From the description of the time, place, and person, Mr. Kelly has no doubt she assisted at the burning of Col. Crawford, in 1782. He was very glad to escape from her angry lectures to his labors in the field, and trembled in every limb lest she should put her threats in execution.

His captivity had now extended into the fourth summer, during which time the war had continued, and with almost unvaried success on the side of the Indians. Within four years, the armies of Harmer and St. Clair had been defeated, while destruction and desolation threatened the whole of the frontier settlements. At length, on the 20th of August, 1794, the army under General Wayne gave the Indians a signal defeat; and the near approach of a detachment of his troops, announced by a runner, drove the Indian women, children, and old men, in great haste from the village in which little Joseph lived. The warriors being all absent at the battle, so unexpected was the approach of the troops sent out to burn their towns, that they had no time to take away

provisions; but hurrying into their canoes, just at sun-set, with a few kettles and their blankets, they pushed off down the Maumee, the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and landing in the night, on the west side, encamped in the woods. Mr. Kelly remembers to this day with what regret they left their fine fields of corn, all ready for roasting ears, their beans, squashes, and large patches of water melons.

The Americans that night, and the following day, destroyed all their crops, cutting down and wasting the corn, and burning their dwellings, where their forefathers had lived for a long series of years. Their food for the ensuing winter being all consumed, the consequent suffering of the women and children, from hunger and cold, was very great, yet borne with philosophic equanimity. But Indians cannot feel; at least we have always treated them as if they could not! The poor savage will cease to suffer from the wrongs of the whiteman, only when he ceases to exist. A few brief years, and the whole aboriginal race will have vanished from the valley of the Mississippi.

During the following winter, and the summer of 1795, they continued to hunt and to wander on the waters of the Great and Little St. Joseph's, in the north-east portion of the present state of Indiana, living on the scanty productions of their hunting and fishing. In the meantime, an armistice was concluded, and preparations making for a general peace with all the tribes. It was during this summer that little Joseph, now in his eleventh year, suffered so severely from dysentery, brought on by exposures, and a diet of very unwholesome food. On his recovery, he was presented with a small gun, knife, and tomahawk, that he might become familiar with their use, previous to being initiated into the rank of a young warrior. The following winter, the tribe with which he lived approached the vicinity of Greenville, and drew regular rations from the fort, after the treaty was completed; but for this timely supply, a large number must have died from starvation. By an article in the treaty, the Indians agreed to give up all their white prisoners, and large numbers had already been brought in. But young Kelly, and another boy named Bill, from Kentucky, whose family were all killed at the time of his capture, were kept back, from the attachment

the Indians had formed for them, and their reluctance to part with them, especially that of the Indian mother of Bill. She was a widow, without any children, and had taken the most tender care of her adopted son; being, in this respect, the exact reverse of Patepsa.

Col. R. J. Meigs, the father of the late Governor, was Issuing Commissary to the army, and knew all the circumstances of the capture of Joseph; he living at Marietta at the time, and was daily making enquiries for him from every new Indian face he could see, but for several months without success. At length he heard of a boy answering to his description, a few miles distant on the head waters of the Auglaise, and procured an order from the Commandant to send out a party of six men, with an Indian guide, for the express purpose of bringing him in. Little Joseph parted with his Indian parents, and the boys of the tribe, with nearly as much regret as he had formerly done with his white ones. And poor Mishalena was now left in his old age like a deadened forest tree, around whose root no green shoot appears! He had lived with them so long in the wild freedom of the forest, that he had forgotten his native language, and almost his name—for the Indians had given him a new one: it was La-la-que; but, for brevity, generally spoken La-la. So strangely attached had he become to their manners and habits of living, that he has been often heard to say, he was sorry he had not remained and passed his whole life with these honest-hearted people.

When he reached Greenville, he could converse with Colonel Meigs only through an interpreter. He was soon satisfied that he was the lost son of the sorrowing widow, who, for the whole period of his absence, never omitted him in her daily prayers, or sat down to the table with her other children, without mentioning his name. So anxious was this good and kind hearted man to restore him to the bereaved mother, that he started in February across the swamps and pathless forest for Marietta, where she had been living ever since the death of her husband, without once hearing whether Joseph was yet alive, or what had been his fate. A young, active Shawanee Indian, named "Thom," guided the party, which consisted of six men and horses, without deviation, through the wilderness, and struck the Muskingum river at "Big

Rock," a noted Indian land-mark, twenty-four miles above Marietta. While on their journey, an incident occurred which places in a strong light the acuteness of their observation, and tact in tracing their way through the woods. One cloudy and stormy day the party became bewildered in a thick beech swamp, and were in doubt as to the right course. In this dilemma, Colonel Meigs produced a pocket compass, and after setting it, insisted that their rout lay east. Indian Thom pointed to the south-east. The Colonel, still insisting on the authority of the compass, the Indian became vexed, and shouldering his rifle, muttered in broken English, "Dam compass," and pursued his own course. In a few minutes travel, Thom's judgment proved to be right, and the Colonel and the compass wrong. The party reached Marietta early in March, 1796, young Kelly having been absent nearly five years; and the fervent and oft repeated prayers of the widow, for the restoration of her lost son, was at length answered.

In 1812, about sixteen years after this event, the war between Great Britain and the United States took place; and the country of the Shawanees became the seat of many of its operations. This tribe, being friendly to the Americans, and not wishing to engage in the contest, many of them took shelter in the settled parts of the state of Ohio, and supported themselves by hunting, especially during the winter of 1812-13. It so happened, that a party from the very village where young Kelly had lived, came into the vicinity of Marietta, several of whom had been his boyish companions, and with whom he had often striven in feats of archery and foot races. They directly enquired for the boy who had been a prisoner among the Indians, and learning where he lived, came to his house. They expressed great joy at seeing him again; and recollecting their former sports, soon challenged him to a race, calling him by his Indian name, and using their small stock of English, "La-la, run! La-la, run!" They selected their swiftest runner—the very man with whom he had often contended when a boy—and Mr. Kelly beat him with nearly the same ease he had formerly done in the Indian village: proving that he was superior to them in activity as well in a civilized, as in the savage state. A pleasing interchange of civilities took place between

the parties; he visiting them at their camps in the adjacent forests, and they partaking of his hospitality at his house. This was continued for some days, or until they removed to a greater distance, where game was more abundant.

Mr. Kelly is yet living at Marietta, and the father of a numerous family, highly respected and esteemed by all who know him.

NORTHERN OHIO.

OHIO is most happily situated between two great natural channels of commercial intercourse. Lake Erie, on the north, is the proper highway for all the eastward bound produce collected from the northern part of Illinois, Wisconsin, northern Indiana, Michigan, and northern and central Ohio. The Illinois canal, the Fox River, and all the improvements from Lake Michigan westward, the canals and rail-ways of peninsular Michigan, the Wabash and Erie canal, with its branches leading to Lake Michigan, and the Ohio river, are lines concentrating upon the westerly portion of Lake Erie.

The return freight for the same extensive region, is drawn through the shores of the same Lake, by public works pointing to its other extremity. From its eastern coast they diverge to the ocean, embracing the Atlantic shore from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Chesapeake.

Beginning at the most southerly, we trace the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, destined to connect Baltimore and Washington with Pittsburg. Then the Morris canal, and New Jersey Rail Roads, uniting with the Delaware at Philadelphia, proceed westward to Harrisburg, and connect with the Susquehanna improvement coming in from Baltimore. Thence there are two routes, one Canal, (in operation,) and a Railroad partially constructed, through which all these conduits of trade discharge themselves at Pittsburg also. The Erie Extension now advanced in construction, and the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal, nearly completed, strike the Lake at Erie, and at Cleveland. The third route comes in at Buffalo from New York. The fourth, and most northerly, from Canada, Oswego, and the St. Lawrence, enters it east of Long Point, through the

Welland Canal. The interchange of property between the producing States of the North West, and the sea-board marts, can take place over no other ground. The business of our northern waters, is therefore settled in perpetuity.

The Ohio River, flowing along our southern border, furnishes a thoroughfare, which unites in that quarter of the Union, equally extensive interests. The Alleghany range opposes a direct intercourse between the fertile territory immediately behind it, and the coast. The Potomac Gap, appears to be the most northerly point where this barrier may be overcome, thus gathering the main lines of communication from the West to the East, into the space between the passage of the Blue Ridge, and the Canada shore. Ohio and Pennsylvania, occupying this gorge, through which the tide of trade is to rush, in its flux and reflux forever, have provided those artificial facilities, necessary to a full development of the advantages of their position.

The Miami Extension of the Wabash and Erie Canal, the Mad River and Lake Erie Rail Road, Ohio Canal, Erie Extension, and many contemplated cross routes, complete this magnificent system of communication and transportation.

In our soil, and our mines, we have unlimited means of production, and with a sufficient *currency*, our pecuniary prospects are without a parallel. Without this, we secure only *part* of the advantages that fortune has thrown out to us. If the producing class of our citizens, whether farmers or manufacturers, have an article for sale, their profit on this product, is a substantial increase of the wealth of the country. The purchaser has a profit also, and if he is a foreigner, or deals with foreign capital, his nett proceeds go to enrich some other State or nation. Traffic cannot go on without money, and by the modern rules of trade none will engage in it, unless the funds can be raised, in part, or in whole, upon credit.

Those who hold ready money, wish to extend their operations, beyond the face of their funds in hand, and if the seller will not give time, or some one give a short loan, they do not choose to deal. The transportation of each article, is an item of considerable amount, and in our own territory the profits should belong to us. Without cash the forwarder can do nothing, and unless he can get assistance *at home*, he must relin-

quish the business to such as live abroad, and send their money here, or must go out of the State for his loans. In either case, we lose a part of the proceeds. If the produce would sell on credit, much less home money would be necessary, but there would be on the part of the purchaser, the extra trouble of a multitude of settlements. Besides, the product requires labor, either of the owner, or others, and their immediate wants admit of no delay, in their compensation.

By a law or laws of the State, the power to issue paper money is withheld in general, and it is only by special grant of the Legislature, that it can be *created*.—This throws the responsibility of furnishing a proper circulation, upon those who are empowered to make such grants. If a safe currency could be had, without any restrictions of the kind, the amount of our medium would keep pace with the natural increase of trade. As it now is, it enlarges at the will of the Legislature. We say it would increase with the growth of trade, (meaning the exports or surplus,) because, without this, very little, comparatively, would answer the purpose of domestic dealing. It is commerce which creates the necessity for money. Where there is no foreign demand, the industry of the country relaxes to the point of a mere support, because the opportunity to accumulate is wanting. Now, so long as there is a place abroad where our produce is wanted, and it can be taken there, and those who are in need have money, or articles that we want, there will be intercourse. The practice of all thorough-bred trading people is, to exchange commodities very little, but to buy for money and sell for money. Scientific and profitable dealing, admits of only the latter method. So it follows, that a deficiency of money will retard commerce, and operate upon the producer like a want of communication or transportation. And that the want of home funds, in addition to the loss of profits above referred to, exposes us to a bodily loss of trade, by fluctuations in money affairs abroad, and beyond our control. In short, without the means to move our produce, we are not an independent people, but subject to the misfortunes, cupidity, speculations, and authority of foreign dealers. So far, then, as we have it in our power to remove dependence and danger, should it not be done?

Admitting that monied institutions should not be permitted to come into existence,

when and where they choose, without restraint and without accountability, the power of the Legislature to organize them being unlimited, it results, that if home banks can furnish a currency, there is an ability within ourselves to meet our commercial necessities. And it is also true, that if they are the proper means to answer our demands, in this respect, in *part*, they are for the *whole*. If we have the power, and it is advisable, to satisfy a deficiency by the half, it is clearly equally good policy to make the entire vacancy full. And a system of Banks, which is considered sufficiently safe, to perform a part of this duty, may, without fear, be entrusted with the performance of all. Still farther: a system which is secure and beneficial, while it is yet inadequate, by reason merely of the limited capital allowed, will be *as secure* when the amount authorized is extended so as even to exceed twice the wants of the community. The argument against extension, therefore, is fully as strong against the *existence* of banking institutions.

The amount of such capital *employed*, will, if free, accommodate itself to the business of the country. But the sums granted may be so distributed, or so *controlled*, as in the aggregate to exceed the supposed demand, and the active portion fall very far short of it. The active capital will vary with the same quantity of produce moved, as the market is nearer, or more distant. An adventurer to China, needs a larger accommodation than one to New York, and the institutions that can support a trade, requiring a year to get returns, would sustain more than double the commerce which gave proceeds in six months.

But it is not our intention to discuss the principles of a General Bank Bill. We are content to know, that the principle of their *existence*, in some shape, is admitted every where; and have thus far only labored to show the relation that should always exist, between the ready money of the country, and its trade; and that as one improves, the other should take, or be enabled to have, a corresponding increase. From these premises it will follow, that the State of Ohio, as a State, is wanting in financial means. The application of this conclusion is intended to be used in showing to the citizens of Southern Ohio, that the present deficiency, if it shall be allowed to exist, bears with an unequal, and increased weight upon the northern interest. That if it be true that commerce and

cash are like the Siamese twins, inseparable in life, the north has substantial claims which require only to be understood and they will be acknowledged.

Business began at the South, and assumed a consequence at an early day, and while as yet the Lake country was a wilderness. And, therefore, we find banking companies were in existence at the South, upon the principles of ordinary partnerships. This was before such associations were prohibited by statute, and at a period when incorporations had not been thought of. The first corporate bank was erected at Marietta in 1808, and from that time to 1817-18, charters were often granted. These were mostly given to the Southern counties from time to time, as their business seemed to require. Twenty-five banking companies were created during this period, and private Banks were disallowed. Their location and capital is here given.

Banks on or near the River, prior to 1818.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>When chartered</i>	<i>Capital Authorized</i>
Bank of Marietta,	1808	\$500,000
" Chillicothe,	1808	500,000
" Steubenville,	1809	500,000
Far's. and Mech's. bk. of Cin'ti.	1813	200,000
Belmont bk. of St. Clairsville,	1816	500,000
Bank of Mt. Pleasant,	"	500,000
" West Union,	"	500,000
" Cincinnati,	"	600,000
Columbiana bk. of New Lisbon,	"	500,000
Far's. & Mech's. bk. Chillicothe,	"	500,000
Lebanon & Miami Banking Co.	"	500,000
Little Miami Canal & do. do.	1817	300,000
Far's. Mech's. bk. Steubenville.	"	500,000
Commercial bk. of Scioto,	"	100,000
Bank of Gallipolis,	"	300,000
" Hamilton,	"	300,000

Total amount of Capital, \$6,800,000

No further charters were, it seems, allowed till 1829. Since that time the following Banks have been created along the Ohio River:—

<i>Com. bk. Cin. 1829, cap. \$500,000 enlarged in</i>	<i>Chartered</i>	<i>Capital</i>
Freshkin Bank Cincinnati,	1833	1,000,000
Bank of Xenia,	"	1,000,000
Lafayette Bank Cincinnati,	1834	100,000
Life and Trust Company Bank,	"	1,000,000
Bank of New Lisbon,	"	1,000,000
Total		\$4,600,000

Banks on or near the Lake prior to 1817.

	<i>Chartered</i>	<i>Capital</i>
Western Reserve Bank,	1812	500,000
German Bank of Wooster,	1816	500,000
Commercial Bank of Lake Erie,	"	500,000
Farmers' Bank of Canton,	1817	100,000
Total		\$1,600,000

Banks on or near the Lake since 1817.

	<i>Year</i>	<i>Capital</i>
Bank of Geauga, (\$100,000)	1829	250,000
" Norwalk, (\$100,000,)	1831	300,000
" Massillon,	1833	200,000
" Cleveland,	"	300,000
" Sandusky,	"	100,000
" Wooster,	"	200,000
Total,		\$1,350,000

This exhibit shows the course of action in the Legislature, and for this purpose the amount authorized is made use of in lieu of the stock paid in, or the amount withdrawn by failures.

There is, in addition, the Miami Exporting Company, now an authorized bank, of which \$216,000 is at Cincinnati, and \$80,000 at Conneaut. Also, the Exchange Bank, and Mechanics' and Traders' Bank at Cincinnati, not authorized by law, and formerly the Branch of the United States Bank.

On the North, the Manhattan Bank at Manhattan, \$500,000, erected by authority, while the disputed district was under the jurisdiction of Michigan.

Up to 1818, while the North was young, this discrepancy between the authorized capital of the two sections was not felt. By the year 1830, it began to be noticed, and the assistance of the Legislature would have been acceptable. Between 1829 and 1834, new banks were created, both in the North and the South.

At the commencement of this period, we have seen, their respective capitals stood in the proportion of \$1,600,000 to \$6,800,000 and at the close in the ratio of \$2,950,000 to \$11,400,000, which is their relation at this day. And dividing the State by a line midway to the Lake shore, and the Ohio River, there will be found on the South of it twenty-eight authorized Banks, with \$14,086,000, and on the north ten, controlling the sum of 2,980,000 dollars. The active capital of the two divisions is about \$7,291,717, and \$1,865,778. Thus our money relations stood at the session of 1836-7, when Mr. Crouse, of Ross county, introduced his General Bank Bill. Petitions were presented for at least eleven Northern Banks, of which ten were to be located North of the Southern line of the Reserve, calling for stock to the amount of \$4,080,000.

The following is thought to be the additional sum allowed by that Bill, and its distribution:—

The minor objects of outward traffic, show a debit against the North, and the inward bound freights against the South. The flat boats carry a large amount of merchandise, which leaves the balance in favor of the river trade. There are manufactories also, of flour, steam engines, books, and other fabrications at Cincinnati; woollens at Steubenville; and of iron in Lawrence and Scioto counties; and it is granted that without capital they cannot flourish. It is also claimed that without banking assistance, they would not have existed to the extent we now observe. The North has her advantages, for such undertakings, when she shall be enabled to use them. If we strike off one-fourth of the southern capital, on account of manufactures, and appropriate the remainder to traffic, a marked discrepancy still exists, between the comparative means of carrying it forward, in the two great commercial departments of the state.

The exports of Cincinnati, for 1838, are stated at	\$7,000,000
The number of steamboat arrivals at	1,270
Her active legal Bank capital,	\$4,216,000
The exports of the port of Cuyahoga, for the same year, are estimated at	5,000,000
Arrivals of steamboats,	} See Editor's Budget.
" of vessels,	
Active capital,	723,245

If the above amount of money is necessary to the business of the South, what proportion is due to the trade and prospects of the North? If it creates manufactures, and encourages commerce, in one section, it will have a similar effect elsewhere, under like circumstances. May we not attribute much of the steady advancement of the "Queen City," to the power of monied associations? It enables her to be purchaser and shipper of the product of the adjacent counties, to make and export those articles, the basis of which can be drawn from our mines, and to fabricate many things required by home consumption. The benefits of such a position are to a city, what we endeavored to show them to be for a state. To make the most rapid strides to wealth, a community should raise its food, manufacture its articles, buy, sell, and take to market its surplus. The nearer they approach to the accomplishment of all this, the more swift its progress to independence. And when we consider all the numerous requisites for prosperity, is there any place within our state that can be said to possess

them in full measure, except the city of Cincinnati, and its dependencies? It follows, also, that an equal amount of foreign trade may be transacted at two points, and one thrive upon the profits, and the other merely live. For instance, the exhibits show a large transit of property at Cleveland, and an almost entire absence of capital to purchase and move it. The business being actually done, and funds being indispensable to such a result, the money, and of course its gains, are *abroad*. The manual and intellectual labor, is performed at home, and the employé receives his compensation. This goes to benefit his residence, and the remainder of the proceeds seeks the owner in other countries. The fur trade, is an eminent example of the consequences of foreign ownerships. The immense purchases and disbursements made by fur companies, have never given rise to a respectable town on our north-western frontier.

The sectional division, observed in this communication, is made use of because the capital and business had assumed such a position. The terms North and South, were taken, because necessary to illustrate the subject, expressing a distinction of interest that actually exists. They are not thrown in to excite either dissatisfaction, jealousy or rivalry, but to assist in describing the condition of the two sections. Whatever difference there may have been, in the relative weight of population, wealth, and enterprise, the progress of time is fast doing away with it, and this demands an equal distribution of Legislative favors.

There may be, and probably is, a lack of facilities in the central portions of the state. The great cattle trade of the rich inland counties, like every thing else, should be conducted by our own citizens. And if \$500,000 is necessary in Ross and Fairfield would it not be advantageous in Portage and Ashtabula?

W.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for acquiring the virtue of contentment, the two following may be mentioned. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA.*

THAT a work full of learned research, executed in a pure and pleasing style of language, abounding in college lore, arranged with logical accuracy, and expressed with argumentative force, should make its appearance *at the West*, excites extreme wonder among the salt water literati. Hear the North American: "A quarto volume, from what, when we studied geography, used to be known by the instructive name of the 'Territory north-west of the Ohio,' is something to attract attention. And when we open it, and find it printed in a style which emulates the London press, and is seldom even attempted in America, we turn to the title-page again, to see if we did not mistake its birth-place. That one of the community in that great pork-mart, (Cincinnati,) should write a work upon a subject requiring long study and deep thought, is to us a pleasing fact."

Heretofore, speculations relative to the objects and origin of our ancient works have made their appearance at the East, and far from the interesting remains so profusely discussed. The American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, made the first attempt at a regular exploration, by employing Mr. Atwater to survey and describe the min 1819. The first volume of their *Archæologia Americana*, contains the results of this gentleman's labors; and considering the time of its appearance, and the means appropriated to the design, much information was thus spread before the world. The work, however, contains but a portion of these ruins, and some of the most remarkable are still undescribed. Subsequent examinations have, moreover, thrown discredit upon some of the representations made in the *Archæologia*, and in points upon which theories have been erected, both by the author and others.

About 1833, Mr. Priest, of Albany, issued the third edition of a book composed, apparently, from the relations of travelers, or the publications of Mr. Atwater and the Rev. Mr. Harris. The last named gentle-

man came very early to Ohio, and located with the Ohio Company at Marietta. In 1803 his "Tour" was published, and is worthy of credit. But the production of Mr. Priest, though highly amusing as a collection of wonders, will rank more properly with the tales of the "Tongo Islands," as a work of authority. He has, fortunately, enlightened us in some cases as to the source from whence these fictions were derived. An Englishman by the name of Ash, has palmed upon him, at least two entire descriptions of his own manufacture. We refer to the grave near Marietta, with mats and hieroglyphics, and the cavity near Zanesville, containing metallic spheres. So far as we know, there does not exist such a description or descriptions as will convey to non-residents, a proper and full idea of the ancient works that remain among us. And, consequently, the numerous speculations hazarded abroad in regard to their design, antiquity, and present appearance, rest upon false, or at least, uncertain premises. How proper it is, then, that those who discuss the subject should be eye witnesses. And, aside from the assistance thus gained to truth, who can enter upon the investigation with the ardor of one standing upon the tumulus itself, the sacred altar of that by-gone race, whose origin is so deeply obscured by the mists of unrecorded ages.

To wander along lines of embankment, thrown up in every variety of form and dimension, parallels and squares, circles and ellipses and every combination of curve and right line, is not the gratification of a mere idle curiosity. The observer catches an inspiration from the associations of the place. There, in the solitude of the forest, lie the undoubted works of human hands; but, by whom erected? When? For what purpose? What language once sounded through the air? What feats of war, devotions of religion, acts of wisdom, or deeds of cruelty were enacted here? All is unknown; wrapt in inscrutable mystery; not a line carved, nor a record left, nor even a tradition transmitted whereby we can form a satisfactory conclusion. A strong enthusiasm comes upon the mind, and every step along the ditches, over the mounds, or down the excavations, raises the intensity of interest awakened by such a presence.

Mr. Delafield, acting under the full weight of those exciting mysteries, and feeling all the ambition natural to an inquisitive

* An inquiry into the origin of the antiquities of America. By John Delafield, jr. With an appendix, containing notes, and a "view of the causes of the superiority of the men of the northern over those of the southern hemisphere." By James Lakey, M. D. Cincinnati: Published by N. G. Burgess & Co. Stereotyped by Glezen and Shepard. 1839.

observer, to work out a solution where the world was lost in wonder, applied himself unremittingly to an examination of the authors upon the antiquities of Asia and South America. We know not whether the idea that the race of the mounds might be identical with the Caucasian race, was original with him or not. It was a bold thought, and though apparently a wild one, he has led us from fact to fact, and deduction to deduction, till we are more surprised at the clearness of the proof than the grandeur of the conception. And whatever may be the truth in regard to the originality of this doctrine, when we consider the nature and obscurity of the case, there can be but one opinion as to the merits of the researches of the author, gathering from the four quarters of the globe corroborative testimony of astonishing force. The work may be considered as an abstract of the heretofore scattered facts, bearing upon that question. In addition to a most judicious selection of evidence, Mr. D. has fortunately obtained some striking auxiliary facts not before public, and which fell within his reach as a resident of the country where the works are found.

Blumenbach divides the human race into three families, because he found three marked classes of crania, and refers the origin of our race to the Eastern Continent. In viewing the head or skull from above, looking downwards, a method of comparison called "*norma verticalis*," he could arrange all crania in three parcels, from a similarity of outline or horizontal projection. The original families are called the Caucasian, of Southern Asia, the Mongolian, of Northern Asia, and the Ethiopian. Whether this anatomical distinction is traced to the three sons of Noah, as the head of each grand division of the human family, we are unable to state.

It has been remarked above, that the book under consideration is written to sustain the theory that the *race of the mounds came from Asia*. The first proposition advanced is this: The Peruvians came from Mexico. Second: The Mexicans were from the North. Opposite page seventeen, is a lithographic representation of an ancient Peruvian skull, taken from the Temple of the Sun; and in the same plate, two crania, obtained near Bogota, with a fourth taken from a mound in Cincinnati. The coincidence of form in these heads goes to sustain both

propositions. Vega, book 3, chap. 7, says: The Peruvians built bridges of withes. Clavigero, vol. 1, p. 389, says, the Mexicans did the same thing. Ulloa, who spent ten years in Peru, Mexico, and Colombia, says: "If we have seen one American, we have seen all, their color and make are so nearly alike." *Chronica Del Peru*, part 1, chap. 19. Copan, a country between Mexico and Peru, was settled by Toltecas, an ancient Mexican tribe. Letter of J. Gulindo, *Archæologia Americana*, vol. 2. When the Spaniards gained a footing in South America they found the mountain ranges of the Cordilleras "were the abodes of a high state of civilization—the residences of nations dwelling in cities, skillful in the texture of cloths, ingenious in the mechanical arts, and possessing no small acquaintance with astronomy and general science." "Among these people have been found *national annals and records* which go back to a period corresponding with our *sixth century*, and relate the name of the illustrious emperor Citin, who led from the unknown regions of Aztalan and Teocolhuacan, the *northern nations* into the plains of Anahuac."—p. 15. Aztalan means "near water," and Teocolhuacan "in the midst of the houses of God." The comparison of crania also establishes a plain difference between the present North American Indian and the race of the mounds. The same examination farther gives an identity of the North American Indian, with the Mongolian, or Tartar race, showing a successive emigration of the two Asiatic families to the American Continent. But we allow the author to state his own case.

As this essay is a chain of facts collected from many authors, and each forms a link in the concatenation, the loss of one of which may break at once the argument to be deduced, it were well to state the position we now occupy, viz: That we have traced the descendants of that race which constructed our ancient works, by the following train of argument:

I. The extension of tumuli, &c., through Western North America and Mexico to Peru, induces a belief that the race which constructed them emigrated thither; and their termination there leads to the conclusion that the nation went no farther.

II. The traditions of the North American Indians assert distinctly their ejection of a people from the present region of Western North America, who correspond with the native Mexicans, and who emigrated hence.

III. On the discovery of America, a tract of country occupying the present limits of Mexico,

Colombia, and Peru, was in a high state of civilization, while all around them was enshrouded in mental darkness.

IV. National annals have been found among the Mexicans, expressly stating that a period corresponding to our sixth century, their ancestors emigrated from the north, under the guidance of their illustrious Emperor, Citin, or Votan.

V. Traditions assert that the introduction of civilization into Peru was by the emigration of certain wise men from Mexico.

VI. Anatomical research exhibits a striking coincidence between the crania of the race of the mounds, and of the ancient Peruvians, differing from all others in the world, and proving conclusively that they were a distinct race from the ancestors of our present Indian tribes.

We propose now an investigation of the inquiry, "whence is this family descended, and where were their ancient homes?"

In pursuing systematically the chain of evidence, it is proposed to divide the argument into the following branches:

1. The evidence from comparative philology.
2. That drawn from anatomy.
3. That deduced from their mythology.
4. That arising from their hieroglyphical writings.
5. That drawn from their astronomy.
6. The evidence derived from their architecture and decorations.
7. That deduced from their manners and custom.

To give the proof or the arguments belonging to the several heads of discussion, would be a compilation of the book. It is already so much compressed as not to admit of an abstract.

The sub-division called "Philological Evidence," traces first the resemblance in orthography, between words having the same meaning in the Asiatic and North American tongues.

There are eighteen words which have a most perfect resemblance:

The inquiry may be made, "What number of words, found to resemble one another in different languages, will warrant our concluding them to be of common origin?" The learned Dr. Young applied to this subject the mathematical test of the calculus of probabilities, and says, "it would appear therefrom that nothing whatever could be inferred with respect to the relation of any two languages, from the coincidence of sense of any single word in both of them; the odds would be three to one against the agreement of any two words; but if three words appear to be identical, it would be then more than ten to one that they must be derived in both cases from some parent language, or introduced in some other manner; six words would give more than

seventeen hundred chances to one; and eight, near one hundred thousand: so that in these cases the evidence would be little short of absolute certainty."*

Applying the same method of calculation to the terms used by the southern Asiatics, and the South Americans, a considerable list is found to be common to both. "Cami" is the term for the god in Japan; "Cemi" that of the deities of Mexico. In Sanscrit "indre" is the sun, "manya" love, "vipulo" great; in the language of the Incas of Peru, "inti" the sun, "munay" love, "veypal" great.

The next division relates to anatomy, and here the connexion of the Northern American, and the Northern Asiatic, is first introduced.

"The portrait painter, Mr. Smibert, who accompanied Dr. Berkeley, then Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, from Italy to America, in 1728, was employed by the Grand Duke of Florence to paint two or three Siberian Tartars, presented to the Duke by the Czar of Russia. Mr. Smibert, on his landing at Narragansett Bay with Dr. Berkeley, instantly recognised the Indians to be the same people as the Siberian Tartars whose pictures he had taken. I shall show that the language of the Siberian Tartars and that of the Tongousi, have an extensive range in North America."*

The Mongolian race, as the American, contains several subdivisions, many tribes possessing dissimilar customs, habits, and languages. But throughout the whole north of Asia, we find this family leading a nomadic or roving and savage life. Equally given to war and to the chase, they both reject the light of civilization gleaming over their southern borders.

Illustrative of this branch, a lithograph of the cranium of an Egyptian Mummy is given, and contrasted with another, from an ancient burying ground, near Lima. The sketches are taken from originals now in Cincinnati, and are doubtless correct. The resemblance, however, is not strong enough to give great support to the anatomical argument.

We come now to the "Mythological Evidence."

Here, again, is a coincidence between the aborigines of America and the southern Asiatics, that we cannot fairly attribute to mere chance.

"The Mexicans had some ideas of a *supreme*

* Philosophical Transactions, CIX, for 1818, p. 70.

† Dr. S. B. Barton, p. p. XVI, XVII.

God, to whom they gave fear and adoration. They did not represent him by any visible form, calling him 'Teotl,' or God, to whom they applied expressions highly characteristic of his nature. They also believed in an evil spirit, called '*Tlacatecololl*,' or 'rational owl.'*

This quotation bears more directly upon the connexion between the race of the mounds, and the Mexicans. It is part of a statement showing a belief in the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, common to the Hindoo and the Mexican, that follows the description of a painting which is copied in the work.

The opposite plate is the copy of a Mexican painting taken from the Codex Vaticanus, at Rome, whither it arrived from the New Continent, shortly after the early conquests in New Spain. It will be found in the Paris folio edition of Baron Humboldt's "*Vues des Cordilleres*." The large figure represents the celebrated "serpent woman," Cihuacohuatl, called, also, Tonacacihua, "woman of our flesh." The Mexicans considered her the mother of the human race. She is always represented with a great serpent; but for this no reason is assigned, as though, in process of time, part of the tradition were lost. Behind the serpent, who appears to be speaking to Eve, are two naked figures, of different color, and in the attitude of contention. The serpent woman was considered at Mexico as the mother of twin children, and which are here represented. This part of the painting is entirely unexplained. Baron Humboldt supposes they represent Cain and Abel, of Semitic tradition. He considers the other figures, however, merely as vases, respecting which a quarrel may have ensued. I would respectfully suggest that (if so much be conceded, as is necessarily true, that the chief figures are Eve, the serpent, Cain and Abel) then the others are the two altars, one of which, standing erect, bears the offering of Abel, viz: a ram, the horns of which are rudely delineated; while the other is the altar of Cain, rejected by the Almighty, and therefore painted upside down, containing his offering, viz: the fruits of the earth. Baron Humboldt thinks the difference of the color of Cain attributable perhaps to fancy or chance. May we not consider it typical of the mark set on the murderer by Jehovah for the heinousness of his guilt? For it will be noticed

that Abel is represented with the same tint as Eve; and from the general care in the distribution of colors through the piece, we cannot infer want of design.

A tradition exists among the native Mexicans bearing close analogy to the Semitic account of the flood, the building of the tower of Babel, and its destruction; and which corresponds with the early traditions of Xiethurus of the Hindoos.

One or two copious extracts from this division of the subject, seem to be necessary.

The following description of the Mexican cosmogony is condensed from the valuable work of Baron Humboldt, "*des anciens monumens de l'Amerique*."

The sacred books of the Hindoos, especially the Bhagavita Poarana, speak of the *four ages*, and of the *pralayas*, or *cataclysms*, which at different epochs, have destroyed the human race. Gomara, in his *Conquista*, fol. CXLIX, says that the natives of Culhua, believe according to their hieroglyphical paintings, that, previous to the sun which now enlightens them, four had already been extinguished. These *four suns* are as many ages, in which our species has been annihilated by inundations, by earthquakes, by a general conflagration, and by the effect of destroying tempests. The Codex Vaticanus, at Rome, No. 3738, contains the drawings which are represented on the annexed pages, being copies of native hieroglyphic paintings, made by the Dominican monk, Pedro de los Rios, A. D. 1566. They illustrate the destruction of the world at the expiration of each age, and are described in a very curious history, written in the Aztec tongue, fragments of which have been preserved by the native Mexican, Fernando de Alvar Ixtlilochitl. The testimony of a native writer, and the copies of Mexican paintings, made on the spot, merit, undoubtedly, more confidence than the recital of the Spanish historians.

The four hieroglyphical paintings are given in full. The four cycles, or ages, are four thousand to five thousand years each, called the "age of Justice" (five thousand two hundred and six years), "age of fire," (four thousand eight hundred and four years), "age of wind," (four thousand and ten), "the age of the flood," (four thousand and eight). A man and a woman escapes from each cataclysm, indicating a coincidence with the Jewish scriptures, and also with the Hindoo belief.

Hieroglyphics.—Our knowledge of hieroglyphical writing, is confined to the Egyptian productions, of late years so fully elucidated by the Champollions. There are three kinds or degrees of this method of making records: the *phonetic*, *figurative*,

*The Mexicans were in the habit of worshipping rude sculptures of this evil spirit, to prevent his anger, and consequent dangerous power. One of these images was dug out of a large tumulus in the city of Columbus, the capital of Ohio, and was exhibited to the Historical Society when an abstract of this essay was read by the author. It is an owl rudely carved out of a block of sand-stone, on the back of which are two holes apparently bored by a conical instrument, and in such a direction as to meet at the points, so that a thing can be passed through by which the idol can be suspended.

and *symbolical*. The first expresses sound like an alphabet, and constitutes much of the Egyptian writing. Champollion read the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, on the Rosetta monument, by a resort to this method. Humboldt says, (*vues des Cordilleres*, pp. 64-5,) "There are, in Mexico, remains of those hieroglyphics, called phonetic, having relation not to the thing, but to the spoken name. The phonetic system of the Toltecs is intelligible at first glance. The head of a Toltec king appears, along with others, in the pyramidal tower of Palenque." The name is inscribed over it in a rectangle or cartouche, after the Egyptian fashion and reads *Acala Potzin*. The second method, the *figurative*, "was in common use among the Mexicans, and forms no small portion of their scriptural remains." p. 45. As to the third, or *symbolical*, "the Mexicans not only represented the simple images of objects, but they had some characters, answering, like the signs of algebraists, for things devoid of figure, or difficult of representation," p. 45.

Astronomical Evidence.—"The civil year of the Aztecs, is a solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days." It was divided into eighteen months of twenty days, making three hundred and sixty days, to which they added five days, and began the year anew.

The Peruvian year was divided, as is customary in southern Asia, into twelve moons, [*guilla*,] the synodical revolutions of which end at three hundred and fifty-four days, eight hours and forty-eight minutes. To correct the lunar year, and make it agree with the solar, they added, according to an ancient custom, eleven days, which, after an edict from the Incas, were distributed among the twelve moons.

But perhaps a still more striking instance presents itself to us in a comparison of the zodiacal signs of southern Asia, and this civilized Aboriginal race of America. Baron Humboldt collected and arranged in a tabular form the names of the Mexican hieroglyphic zodiacal signs. They were compiled by him from the various writers of the sixteenth century. From this it appears that a great proportion of the names by which the Mexicans indicated the twenty days of their month, are those of a zodiac used since the remotest antiquity by the inhabitants of eastern Asia.

These quotations we consider very positive evidence of an early identity between the aboriginal race of America, and the southern Asiatic and Egyptian family. To conclude the testimony on this point, the following extract of a letter of Mr. Jomard is adduced:

"I have also recognized in your memoir on the division of time among the Mexican nations, compared with those of Asia, some very striking analogies between the Toltec characters and institutions observed on the banks of the Nile. Among these analogies there is one which is worthy of attention. It is the use of the vague year of three hundred and sixty-five days, composed of equal months, and of five complementary days equally employed at Thebes and Mexico, a distance of three thousand leagues. It is true that the Egyptians had no intercalation, while the Mexicans intercalated thirteen days every fifty-two years. Still farther: intercalation was proscribed in Egypt, to such a point that the kings swore, on their accession, never to permit it to be employed during their reign. Notwithstanding this difference, we find a very striking agreement in the length of the duration of the solar year. In reality, the intercalation of the Mexicans being thirteen days on each cycle of fifty-two years, comes to the same thing as that of the Julian Calendar, which is one day in four years; and consequently supposes the duration of the year to be three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours.

"Now it is remarkable that the same solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, adopted by nations so different, and perhaps still more remote in their state of civilization than in their geographical distance, relates to a real astronomical period, and belongs peculiarly to the Egyptians.

"As to the Mexicans, it would be superfluous to examine how they attained this knowledge. Such a problem would not be soon solved; but the fact of the intercalation of thirteen days every cycle, that is, the use of a year of three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, is a proof that it was either borrowed from the Egyptians, or that they had a common origin.

Architectural Evidence.—In noticing these several heads we cannot do it more briefly, than in the terms of the author, and in selecting the paragraphs to give a general outline of his proof, are at a great loss which to pass over, and which to transfer. To give full force to his opinions, a complete transcript would be necessary.

Fronting p. 55, we see a plan of the palace of Mitla, in Mexico, with ramparts and mounds.

The distribution of the apartments bears a striking analogy to what has been remarked in the monuments of Upper Egypt, as drawn by Denon and the savans of the Institute of Cairo. Nay, the building itself is in the form of the Egyptian Tau.

In North America, the sepulchres of the ancient race are the tumuli of the country. In Peru they are the same. "The Indians, having laid a body, without burial, upon the ground,

environed it with a rude arch of stones, or bricks, and earth was thrown upon it, as a tumulus, which they call *guaca*. In general, they are eight or ten toises high, and about twenty long, and the breadth rather less; but some are larger. They are in shape not precisely pyramidal, but more like hillocks. The plains near Cayambe are covered with them; one of their principal temples having been there, where the kings and caciques of Quito were buried.”*

In the North American tumuli, various articles are found buried with the occupant, such as idols, clay masks, mica, stone axes, silver and copper rings and rosaries. Precisely similar articles are discovered in the sepulchres of Mexico and Peru.

“In the tombs of Siberia, and the deserts which border it southward, are found thousands of cast idols of gold, silver, copper, tin, and brass. Some of the tombs are of earth, and raised as high as houses, and in such numbers upon the plain, that, at a distance, they appear like a ridge of hills.”†

The most ancient pyramids of the Mexicans are those of Teotihuacan, and are said to have been built by the Toltec race.

“The group of pyramids of Teotihuacan is eight leagues north-east from Mexico, in a plain called Micoatl, or the “Path of the Dead.” There are two large ones dedicated to the sun, (Tonituh,) and to the moon, (Metzli;) they are surrounded by several hundreds of small pyramids, which form streets, in exact lines from north to south and from east to west. One is fifty-five, the other forty-four metres in perpendicular height. The basis of the first is two hundred and eight metres in length. It is, according to Mr. Oteyza’s measurement, made in 1803, higher than the Mycenian, the third of the great pyramids of Geiza, in Egypt; and the length of the base is nearly equal to that of the Cephren. The small ones are nine or ten metres high, and are said to be burial places of the chiefs of the tribes. The two large ones had four principal stories, each subdivided into steps. The nucleus is composed of clay mixed with small stones, and incased by a thick wall of porous amygdaloid. This construction recalls to mind that of one of the Egyptian pyramids of Sakhara, which has six stories, and which, according to Pococke, is a mass of pebbles and yellow mortar, covered on the outside with rough stones.”*

The pyramids of Gizeh, in Egypt, it will be borne in mind, are also surrounded by smaller edifices in regular order, and closely correspond in arrangement to what has been here described.

“The greatest, most ancient, and most celebrated of the pyramidal monuments of Anahuac is the teocalli of Cholula. At a distance it has

the aspect of a natural hill covered with vegetation. It has four stories, of equal height. It appears to have been constructed exactly in the direction of the four cardinal points. The base of this pyramid is twice as broad as that of the Cheops in Egypt, but its height is very little more than that of Mycerinus. On comparing the dimensions of the house of the Sun, in Peru, with those of the pyramid of Cholula, we see that the people who constructed these remarkable monuments intended to give them the same height, but with bases of length in proportion of one to two. The pyramid of Cholula is built of unburnt brick, alternating with layers of clay.”*

This edifice, it would appear, closely corresponds with the great temple of Bel, or Belus, at Babylon, as described by Herodotus.

From this may we not learn the intention of the embankment around the large tumuli of North America: for instance at Circleville and Marietta? And do we not clearly see that this race continued the same manner of constructing their “high places” in Mexico and Peru, with the improvements incident to their permanent location there?

Another feature presents great analogy. Their buildings, particularly the sacred houses, were covered with hieroglyphics. Each race, Egyptian, Mexican, and Peruvian, recorded the deeds of their gods upon the walls of their temples. Nay, science was also sculptured thereon, in both countries, in the form of zodiacs and planispheres, corresponding even in signs.

This section upon architecture, from which we have so freely taken, concludes with a lithograph of an image which Humboldt considers as an Aztec princess. It was taken from the ruins of a teocalli, at Tenochtitlan, destroyed by Cortez, and with the exception of a string of beads across the forehead, is a tolerable copy of the Egyptian Isis.

Manners and Customs.—In the valley of the Scioto, in Ohio, and at several places in Kentucky, in the vicinity of ancient works, the “pyrula perversa” has been found in numbers exceeding one hundred, and generally at some depth in the ground. It is a shell, in size varying from six to fourteen inches in length, and when not injured is entire, and without artificial openings or marks. No such shell is known on the American coast, except a small specimen in the Gulf of Mexico; but they are said to exist as a marine production on the shores of Hindoostan, and are there used in the performance of religious ceremonies. Many other similarities are pointed out as having existed in Egypt, Hindoostan, China, and Peru.

* Ultes, vol 1, p. 366. Gent’s Mag. vol. XXII, p. 210.

† Ranking’s Conquest of Peru, p. 238.

† Ranking’s Conquest of Peru, p. 354.

* Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne.

A few lines may be well introduced here to connect Hindoostan and Egypt.

"The sepoys who joined the British army in Egypt under Lord Hutchinson, imagined that they found their own temples in the ruins of Dendera, and were greatly exasperated at the natives for their neglect of the ancient deities, whose images are still preserved. So strongly, indeed, were they impressed with this identity, that they proceeded to perform their devotions with all the ceremonies practised in their own land.

"But the most striking point of resemblance between the inhabitants of Egypt and India, is the institution of castes—that singular arrangement which places an insuperable barrier between different orders of men in the same country, and renders their respective honors, toils, and degradation strictly hereditary and permanent."

The author ought by no means to omit to state that precisely the same division of caste prevailed among the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians.

Here terminates the comparison between the ancient inhabitants of southern Asia, and south and central America, for the purpose of sustaining their identity. The next step is to trace a connection *by emigration*, from Babylon to Egypt, Scythia, Siberia, North America, Aztalan, (western States,) Anahuac, Mexico, and Peru. Our object is less to criticise, than to present an outline of this extraordinary work; extraordinary, not so much on account of originality, as judicious and extensive research; as presenting an accumulation of sensible matter relevant to this interesting question; as embodying all the learning extant, which has a rational bearing upon the origin, superstitions, and general character of a race whose deeds are so thoroughly obscured by the lapse of time.

On page sixty-eight, the author says, "we now enter the most difficult, yet the most interesting part of our subject, the endeavor to trace the origin and history of the aboriginal race of America. Cuth, Cush, or Chus, the grandson of Noah, and son of Ham, was the ancestor of the Cuthites, who built Babel. This took place under Nimrod, the fourth from Noah, and after the dispersion consequent upon the confusion of tongues, he founded the *Ancient Scythian Empire*; Scythian being the Greek style for Cuthite.

It appears the warlike subjects of Nimrod and their descendants, gave their names to all countries conquered or occupied by them, and that the same name has since

their departure or emigration and from the time of Herodotus to this day, been used to designate a different race and country. The Tartars and northern Asiatics, or Mangolians, who occupied Dacia, and the Caspian, are also called Scythians. This is an important distinction. After the confusion of language, "the country about Babel was evacuated. A large body of the fugitives betook themselves to Egypt, and are commemorated under the name of the Shepherds."—Bryant's *Ancient Mythology*, vol. 3, p. 262.

These Cuthites, then, obtained the mastery of Egypt, established a noble empire, under the title of "the Shepherd Kings," and constructed, as they did in Chaldea, large cities, pyramids, obelisks, and other massive buildings, the remains of which still furnish testimony to the magnificence and power of the race. "The Shepherds are said to have maintained themselves in this situation for five hundred and eleven years. At last the natives of Upper Egypt rose in opposition to them, and defeated them under the conduct of king Halisphragmuthosis. They afterwards beleaguered them in their stronghold, Avaris, which seems to have been a walled province, containing no less than ten thousand square acres. Here they maintained themselves for a long space; but at last, under Thummosis, the son of the former king, they were reduced to such straits as to be glad to leave the country." "Wearied out by the length and straitness of the siege, they at last came to terms of composition, and agreed to leave the country, if they might do it unmolested. They were permitted to depart, and accordingly retired, to the amount of TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND PERSONS. Amosis, upon this, destroyed their fortifications and laid their city in ruins."

Early writers notice the journeyings of this banished race in a northeasterly direction as far as Palestine. Here all historical traces are lost of them, and their name is buried in oblivion.

On page seventy-five will be found, the following paragraph, relative to various emigrations from Egypt:

There were no less than three exodi from Egypt. The first was the one just named, viz: the expulsion of two hundred and forty thousand Cuthites by Halisphragmuthosis; this occurred about two hundred years before the entrance of the Israelitish shepherds into Egypt. The second exodus was that of this once holy people, under the guidance of the Almighty, through his servant Moses, the account of which we have in profane history, substantiated in the minutest particulars by the sacred writings given us through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit,

* Bryant. Volume III, page 267.

which protected and preserved the race. But the third is not so generally known. We propose to give a statement thereof, and show the authority on which it rests. The author deems it necessary this should be kept in view, in order to prevent doubt as to the course taken by the first emigrants from Egypt.

And at page eighty it is said :

From what has here been related, then, it is thought that little or no doubt can arise as to the destination of the three expelled races, on their departure from Egypt: *The first*, in a northeasterly direction through Palestine; *the second*, under Jehovah's guidance, into the land of Canaan; and *the third*, through Greece, westwardly through Europe, to their final destination in Great Britain. Here, then, we return to the subject matter of our investigation, viz: the progress of this first migratory race of Cuthite "shepherds," after they journeyed from Egypt to Palestine.

Pursuing the chain of reasoning with the closeness of a legal argument, the author says :

It will be recollected perhaps, that in the argument exhibiting the anatomical analogy between the aboriginal race of America, and that of Southern Asia, a close affinity was remarked between the characteristic traits of the North American Indian, and the Mongol or Tartar race, in their nomadic life, and their rejection of civilization. We find in North America, tumuli, ramparts, etc., which the Indians know nothing about; and from what has thus far been shown, these works prove to be the remains of some other, and a more civilized race. The Mongolian family are equally rude with the Indian, and as little disposed to exert a talent for mechanical ingenuity. If, then, we find in Tartary and Siberia, monuments, like the American, displaying industry and talent, unknown to and unpractised by those nations, we must necessarily conclude they are the works of some ancient and great people once occupying the land so enriched by the remnants of former greatness and power. That these exist, it is proposed to show :

"In the museum at St. Petersburg, are preserved a multitude of vessels, diadems, weapons, military trophies, ornaments of dress, coins, etc., which have been found in the Tartarian tombs, in Siberia, and on the Volga. They are of gold, silver, and copper.

"In the tombs of Siberia, and the deserts which border it southward, are found thousands of cast idols of gold, silver, copper, tin, and brass.

"Some of the tombs are of earth, and raised as high as houses, and in such numbers, upon the plain that at a distance, they appear like a ridge of hills; some are partly of rough hewn

stones or of free-stone, oblong and triangular; others of them are built entirely of stone."

When, then, we find history pointing us to an exiled race, slowly traveling in a northwardly direction, through hosts of foes, whose animosity, revenge for past tyranny, and spirit of self-preservation, would constantly drive them forward and onward :—and when we see this race possessed of the very genius, which, in no other in those days, produced a similar degree of excellence, enabling them to raise pyramids, and cities, and ramparts for protection, preserving their dead with scrupulous care, and interring with them such animals and relics as were supposed to be of use in a future world :—are we not irresistibly led to the conclusion, that this family arrived at this land, and for a season held dominion over it?

From the analogies comprised in the early portion of this work, we also clearly see that some ancient race came from the southern parts of Asia; and, wandering southwardly through America, resumed their ancient customs, preserved in some degree their language, built ramparts, pyramids, and cities as of old, and established their primitive systems of mythology and astronomy. History, too, points out clearly the emigration from Babylon to Egypt, Egypt to Caucasus, and Caucasus to Siberia, of a learned, warlike, and great nation. We also know they were driven hence, but here we lose all traces of them, and their only vestiges are the walls and ramparts, tumuli and medals, yet discoverable in the latter country, where, since their time, a nomadic race, and one partaking in no degree of the excellence of that driven away, has held dominion. From the analogical evidence alluded to, there is some probability they went to America from Siberia, and founded the civilized empire there discovered. It is deserving of inquiry, whether this probability can be made a matter of certainty. In order to do this satisfactorily, it were well first distinctly to understand the position, and distance of that very narrow passage of water dividing Asia from America, usually known as Behring's Straits.

The *practicability*, then, of a passage across these straits is made certain. *They are only fifty-two miles across, and that distance is divided by three islands.* To establish, then, the *probability* that emigration followed this route, the following considerations are worthy of attention :

And here a new piece of evidence unexpectedly presents itself, consisting of a *hieroglyphical map*, obtained in Mexico by Chevalier Botturini about 1780. The Chevalier was imprisoned, lost his papers and died in confinement, of a broken heart. Mr. Bullock, formerly of London, now of Cincinnati, afterwards visited Mexico as a traveler and antiquary, and was sufficiently fortunate to recover the "Aztec Map" of Botturini, which is engraved and prefixed to

Mr. Delafield's work, with the remarks and notes of Botturini in fac simile.

If it is authentic,—and its correspondence with this kind of Mexican representation, the character of those who vouch for it, the manner in which it was obtained, leave, it seems, *no doubt* upon that point,—a most striking corroboration of the supposed journeyings of this people is then presented.

The native Mexicans stated it to be a chart delineating the entrance into America of the Aztec race, and a narrative of their slow and polemic journey southwardly into Anahuac.

It commences, as they alleged, with the departure of their ancestors from an island.

The drawing begins by exhibiting an enclosure, intended to designate the boundary of a *narrow passage of water, in the centre of which is an island*, and from this island they reached the main land in a boat, as is here portrayed. On the island are six hieroglyphics, each denoting the word "*calli*," or "*house*," surrounding the emblem of a tumulus erected for worship. Beneath are two figures, male and female, the latter being distinguished by the two small trees resembling horns, as in the mythological painting of the age of famine. Attached to the female is an emblem used heraldically, and points her out as one of the "*children of the sun*,"—a title claimed equally by the Hindoos, ancient Egyptians, and Peruvian Incas.

Here it were well to notice how distinctly it is shown that the emigration into America of this civilized family, was from *an island in a narrow passage of water*. Search the continent on all its coasts, and no such place is to be found except at Behring's Straits, which have been already described. Is there not, then, additional proof in confirmation of the opinion, that this passage was that which facilitated the peopling of America from the nations of Asia?

For a full idea of this map, as describing the progress of the ancestors of the Mexicans, we can only refer to the work itself.

It were impossible at the present day to exhibit the positions of the various towns, which we find delineated on this map. No doubt the traveler through the north-western part of the United States, passes them constantly. Here he meets the ruins of an ancient city, of which nought remains, save its ramparts and "*high places*," and there the lofty tumulus and range of walls point out to him the spot where sacrifices were once offered, or beacon fires were lighted. The names, however, and glory of those places have departed, and they are an enigma to the world. This map, no doubt, gives us the appellation of the most prominent cities, but to locate them with certainty were beyond the power of the present age.

The author concludes the book by an abstract of the points made and the testimony offered in support of them, and at the finish thus takes leave of his readers.

Do these incidents form a well connected chain?

The evidence adduced is *no hypothesis*. It is based on the testimony of the most credible witnesses, whose names and works have been cited in their respective places. The author omits any argument on the premises, and deems it unnecessary. With the simple statement, then, of recorded incident, he submits the case to the candid and courteous consideration of the reader; and to him he tenders a respectful, and probably, final farewell.

We have already extended this notice so far, that comment will render it tiresome. It is not every position of the work that will bear examination; in fact it would be very strange, if, in the prosecution of an enquiry where all *ordinary lights* are put out and the darkness of at least twenty centuries has succeeded, one-half or one-fourth of our author's propositions were not open to doubt. As an instance, it is highly improbable that a people who knew the use of iron, as it seems the descendants of Cuth did, would ever lose it. The stone tumuli and walls of the North exhibit no evidences of having been wrought, and the universal belief is contrary to the supposition that this metal was known here. But we cannot too much admire the soundness of manner and the logical precision with which the subject is treated. It contrasts in this with many similar productions of antiquaries. In endeavoring to penetrate the obscurity which shrouds the transactions of the past, most men become bewildered and indulge in speculations which require more credulity than reason to be received as truths.

T.

GREAT MEN.

THE pure gold of human character can only be wrought out into the noblest forms of majesty and beauty after passing through a fiery ordeal of trial and suffering. Without this ordeal whatever of gold originally belongs to character is corrupted by the presence of much dross. No very great man ever rose sun-like in the firmament of mind, who had not previously passed through a night of doubt, despair, and quietude.

T. H. S.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

ITALY.

THE IDLER IN ITALY. BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.*

WE now resume our original plan, of drawing largely upon recently published books, American and European, for materials for our department of *Select Miscellany*; and we consider it fortunate for our readers and ourselves, that we have to begin anew upon so agreeable, piquant, and discursive a work, as this last from the pen of Lady Blessington. Though not remarkable for strength or polish, Lady B. is a very charming writer; and when she has an opportunity of dealing in what may be called literary gossip, she renders her pages exceedingly fascinating. Her "Conversations with Lord Byron" cannot have escaped the recollection of the intelligent reader. By many, a great part of those conversations was thought to be apocryphal; but the nature of Lady Blessington's intimacy with the noble poet, during her sojourn at Geneva, as we find it detailed in the present work, in our estimation puts the stamp of probability on the whole of that production.

Though but lately published, the "Idler in Italy" is the Journal of a tour commenced in August, 1822, and ended in May, 1828. Our extracts are brief gleanings through this whole period.—ED. HESPERIAN.

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

WE are again at Geneva, which has as yet lost none of its beauty, although the autumn has tinged the foliage all around with its golden tints, and given a coldness to the air, that renders warm shawls a necessary accompaniment in all excursions. We went on the lake to-day, and were rowed by Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron during his residence here. Maurice speaks of the noble poet with enthusiasm,

and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as "*magnifique*," and different from that of all other men, by its pride, (*fierte* was the word he used.) "He looked up at the heavens," said Maurice, "as if he thought it was his proper place, or rather as if he accused it of keeping him here; for he is a man who fears nothing, *above or below*. He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati, without being sure that he would send for me; and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather.—Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water.—Poor Mr. Shelley," resumed Maurice, "ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of man; so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we see, and not by what we hear." This was, in language somewhat different, the sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelley, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the

* Reprint. 2 vols. 12 mo. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. Cincinnati: Alexander Flash. 1839.

second. How intellectual must the intercourse of two such minds have been ; and how advantageous to Byron must have been the philanthropy and total freedom from bitterness of Shelley. Even the unworldliness of Shelley's mind must have possessed an additional charm in soothing the irritability of Byron's too sensitive and misanthropic disposition ; soured and disgusted by the conventional habits and artificial society, from the trammels of which he had but lately broken, with the wounds which he had inflicted on his feeling, still rankling.

LOED BYRON.

I HAVE seen Lord Byron, and am disappointed ! But so it ever is, when we have heard exaggerated accounts of a person ; or when, worse still, we have formed a *beau ideal* of him. Yet, most people would be more than satisfied with Byron's appearance, and captivated by his manner ; for the first is highly prepossessing, and the second is graceful, animated, and cordial. Why, then, has he disappointed my expectations ? and why is it, that on thinking of those portions of his writings that have most delighted me, I cannot figure the man I have seen as their author. No, the sublime passages in "Childe Harold," and "Manfred," cannot be associated in my mind, with the lively, brilliant conversationalist that I this day saw. *They* still belong, in my fancy, to the more grave and dignified individual, that I had conceived their author to have been ; an individual resembling Phillips' portrait of Byron, but paler and more thoughtful. I can imagine the man I saw, as the author of "Beppo" and "Don Juan." He is witty, sarcastic, and lively enough for these works ; but he does not look like my preconceived notion of the melancholy poet. Well, I never will again allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see ; for disappointment never fails to ensue. And yet there are moments when Byron's countenance is "shadowed o'er with the pale cast of thought," and at such moments, his head might well serve as a model for a sculptor or painter's ideal of a poet ; but in an instant, an arch smile replaces the pensive character of his countenance, and some observation, half fun and half malice, chases the sombre and more

respectful feelings, which were beginning to exist for him. His head is peculiarly well shaped, the forehead high, open, and highly indicative of intellectual power ; his eyes are gray and expressive, one is visibly larger than the other ; the nose looks handsome in profile, but in front is somewhat clumsy ; the eyebrows are well defined and flexible ; and the mouth is faultless, the upper lip being of Grecian shortness, and both as finely chiselled, to use an artist's phrase, as those of an antique statue. There is a scornful expression in the latter feature that does not deteriorate from its beauty, and which is not assumed, as many people have supposed, but is caused by the peculiarity of its formation. His chin is large but well shaped, and not at all fleshy, and finishes well his face, which is of an oval form. His hair has already much of silver among its dark brown curls ; its texture is very silky, and although it retreats from his temples leaving his forehead very bare, its growth at the sides and back of his head is abundant. I have seldom seen finer teeth than Lord Byron's, and never a smoother or more fair skin, for though very pale, his is not the pallor of ill health, but the fairness peculiar to persons of thoughtful dispositions. He is so exceedingly thin, that his figure has an almost boyish air ; and yet there is something so striking in his whole appearance, that he could not be mistaken for an ordinary person.

This description is perfectly exact, and would convey the impression of more than usual personal attractions, which Lord Byron may certainly claim ; and yet his appearance has, nevertheless, fallen short of my expectations. I do not think that I should have observed his lameness, had my attention not been called to it by his own visible consciousness of this infirmity—a consciousness that gives a *gaucherie* to his movements : yet, even now, I am not aware which foot is the deformed one. His are the smallest male hands I ever saw ; finely shaped, delicately white, and the nails, *coulour de rose*, showing pearly half moons at the bottom, and so polished, that they resemble those delicate pink shells we find on the sea-coast. He owes less than any one of my acquaintance to his toilet, for his clothes are calculated to disfigure, rather than to adorn him, being old fashioned and fitting ill. His voice and accent are particularly clear and harmonious, but somewhat effeminate ; and his

enunciation is so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is low, not a word is lost. His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*; and a want of the self-possession and dignity that ought to characterise a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet.

When we arrived at the gate of the courtyard of the Casa Saluggo, in the village of Albano, where he resides, Lord Blessington and a gentleman of our party left the carriage and sent in their names. They were admitted immediately, and experienced a very cordial reception from Lord Byron, who expressed himself delighted to see his old acquaintance. Lord Byron requested to be presented to me; which led to Lord Blessington's avowing that I was in the carriage at the gate, with my sister. Byron immediately hurried out into the court, and I, who heard the sound of steps, looked through the gate, and beheld him approaching quickly towards the carriage without his hat, and considerably in advance of the other two gentlemen. "You must have thought me quite as ill-bred and *sauvage* as fame reports," said Byron, bowing very low, "in having permitted your ladyship to remain a quarter of an hour at my gate: but my old friend Lord Blessington is to blame, for I only heard a minute ago that it was so highly honored. I shall not think you do not pardon this apparent rudeness, unless you enter my abode—which I entreat you will do;" and he offered his hand to assist me to descend from the carriage. In the vestibule stood his *chasseur*, in full uniform, with two or three other domestics; and the expression of surprise visible in their countenances, evinced that they were not habituated to see their lord display so much cordiality to visitors.*

Our visit was a long one; for when we proposed abridging it, he so warmly urged

our stay, and had so many questions to ask about old acquaintances and haunts, that the time passed rapidly. His memory is one of the most retentive I ever encountered; for he does not forget even trifling occurrences, or persons to whom, I believe, he feels a perfect indifference. He expressed warmly, at our departure, the pleasure which our visit afforded him—and I doubt not his sincerity; not that I would arrogate any merit in us, to account for his satisfaction; but simply because I can perceive that he likes hearing news from his old haunts and associates, and likes also to pass them *en revue*, pronouncing, *en passant*, opinions, in which wit and sly sarcasm are more obvious than good nature. Yet he does not give me the impression that he is ill-natured or malicious; even while uttering remarks that imply the presence of these qualities. It appears to me that they proceed from a reckless levity of disposition, that renders him incapable of checking the *spirituel* but sarcastic sallies which the possession of a very uncommon degree of shrewdness, and a still more rare wit, occasions; and seeing how he amuses his hearers, he cannot resist the temptation, although at the expense of many whom he professes to like.

THE MEDICI.

THE approach to Florence is imposing, and prepares one for the grandeur and beauty of a town, that surpasses my expectations; much as they had been raised by the various descriptions I had heard and read of it. A thousand associations of the olden time recur to memory on viewing this noble city. The Medici, those merchant princes to some few of whom Florence owed so much, from Cosimo, the *Padre della Patria*, to the licentious, depraved, and banished Alexander, seem to be brought before us with an identity that they never were invested with while we perused their histories in cold and distant lands. Through the streets which we now pass, paced many a brave and many a dark spirit, "fit for treason, stratagem and spoil;" and many a branch of that family, the catalogue of whose crimes, as given by the old historians, forms one of the darkest that ever made a reader shudder. Here was born Catherine and Mary de Medici, whose ambition, and reckless mode of satisfying it, have furnished so many atrocities to the

* As the Conversations with Lord Byron have been published, the reader is referred to them.

page of History; and here figured Bianca Capella, more fair than chaste, whose tragic death formed a dramatic sequel to her romantic story.

Here shone the lovely Eleonor of Toledo, niece to the grand dachess of that name, and wife to her profligate son Don Pietro de Medici, who suspecting her virtue, removed her to Caffagioli, a country residence of his family, and there plunged a dagger in the heart he had alienated from him by a series of actions of the most open depravity. This crime was acknowledged by Francisco, his brother, then reigning duke, to Philip of Spain, who took no steps to punish it; notwithstanding that the family of the murdered victim, and in particular the Duke of Alba, evinced their just abhorrence and indignation at the ruthless deed.

Here, too, dwelt the beautiful Isabella de Medici, daughter of Cosmo I, and wife to Paul Orsino, Duke of Bracciano. The rare personal attractions, and still more rare mental endowments, of this lovely and ill-fated woman, rendered her the universal favorite, as well as the acknowledged ornament, of the Tuscan court. Fondly beloved by her father, he encouraged, rather than censured her unwillingness to leave Florence, where she continued to reside until his death, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of her husband to induce her to accompany him to his home. Soon after the accession of Francisco, Orsino, maddened by the general admiration which his beautiful wife excited, and more especially by his jealousy of Troilus Ursino, a relative of his own, arrived at the court after a long absence from Florence. He pressed her with such a show of affection to accompany him to a residence of his named Cerreto, that she yielded to his request though not, as it is said, without a presentiment of danger: and was strangled by him while he feigned to embrace her. How are the annals of the house of Medici stained with crime, and how vividly are they recalled to memory when beholding their abodes!

* * * How many recollections of the olden time are awakened by the apartments in the Pitti Palace! many of which have been the scenes of such stirring events in the lives of the family who enriched it with treasures of art. Hither it was that Cosimo, the first duke of the house of Medici, removed, that he might exhibit the vanity and ostentation which formed such striking features in his character, more splendidly than in the resi-

dence which reminded his subjects of the liberty of which he had deprived them. Here it was that his dachess, Eleonore de Toledo, gave birth to offspring whose crimes entailed no less misery on themselves than on others. From this palace went forth that gorgeous procession, the first exhibition of his ambition to play the sovereign, on the occasion of the baptism of his first-born, Mary; when the Abbess of the celebrated Convent of Marata, followed by one hundred ladies of the most ancient and noble houses of Florence, habited in their richest robes and jewels, accompanied the infant to the baptismal font. Here it was that, in possession of enormous wealth, rank, station, and consideration, he pined for—what? To have precedence of the Duke of Ferrara, and to have the title of Grand attached to his Duchy. Poor human nature! never to be satisfied—ever desiring some fancied good—

"That little something unpossessed,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest."

PALACE.

In this palace was solemnized the marriage of Lucretia, the third daughter of Cosimo, with the Duke of Ferrara; and hither was brought the body of his second son, the Cardinal John, murdered, as was believed, by the hand of his brother Garcia. In one of these vast apartments, the body was laid in state, the face covered; and the wretched father became the executioner of Don Garcia, having stabbed him to the heart, as he was demanding pardon on his knees, in presence of his unhappy mother, who in vain tried to prevent the fearful catastrophe. The superstitious narrators of this event assert, that Don Garcia denied the deed; and that Cosimo having forced him to approach the body of his murdered brother, the blood gushed afresh from the wounds of his corpse, which was considered by the father to be so irrefragable a proof of the guilt of Don Garcia, that he slew him on the spot. Eleonore, the wretched mother, followed her children to the grave in a few days, having died of a broken heart. This domestic tragedy was generally credited and propagated by the multitude, notwithstanding that every thing was done to have it believed that the brothers perished of the plague, which at that period had caused many deaths. Cosimo's own letters to his eldest son, Francisco, then in Spain, detailing all the circumstances of the illness and deaths of his sons and wife, are very curious; for they are so exceedingly

circumstantial as to convey a notion that he must have had some strong motive for entering into them at a period when his bereavement was so very recent. Here it was that Cosimo, following the example of Charles V., resigned the reins of empire to his son, Prince Francisco, who became regent; and in this palace received his ill-fated bride, the Archduchess Jane of Austria, whose life was one continued scene of wounded pride and jealousy, occasioned by the publicly displayed preference of her husband to the fair, but frail Bianca Capello. Cosimo, too, though advanced in years, was not insensible to the tender passion; for he yielded his affections to Eleonora de Albizzi, a young and beautiful girl, descended from one of the most ancient families in Florence. His attachment to this young person alarmed the Regent, his son, who, fearful that he might marry her, and forgetful of his own more culpable conduct with Bianca Capello, became the censor of his father. He employed his valet, Sforza Almeni, to become a spy on the Grand Duke, and even remonstrated with him on the subject; which occasioned Cosimo to give way to so ungovernable a rage that, in this palace, he plunged his sword in the breast of Almeni, and, some say, was even disposed to use violence towards his son. By this mistress he had a child, named Don John, on whom he settled a considerable fortune; and, having given a large dowry to the mother, he bestowed her hand in marriage on Carlo Panciatichi.

Shortly after this period, Cosimo formed a *liaison* with Camilla Martelli, daughter of a Florentine gentleman of ruined fortune, but of high birth. Some scruples of a conscientious nature led him to consult the Pope Pius V., who exhorted him to atone for the sin he had committed, by marrying the object of his attachment. This marriage was privately celebrated in the Pitti Palace, in presence of the relatives of the lady, and a few confidential favorites of the Grand Duke. To conciliate the Regent and his proud wife, Cosimo declared that Camilla should never have the treatment nor the title of Grand Duchess. Shortly after the celebration of the marriage, he retired from the Court with his bride, and an infant daughter, born previously to their nuptials, and took up his residence in the country.

This ill-assorted marriage, however it might have satisfied his conscientious scru-

ples, destroyed the peace of his old age; for Camilla, vain, ambitious, and turbulent, was at no pains to conceal from him that her attachment had been founded only on ambitious motives. Disappointed in not having been acknowledged Grand Duchess, she treated him with even more than indifference, with marked dislike. Her neglect of his personal comfort, when reduced by repeated attacks of gout and apoplexy to nearly a state of helplessness, induced the Regent to have him removed to Florence. Here, in this palace, having lost not only the use of his limbs, but his speech, he lingered for a few months, making the walls echo with the sighs and groans wrung from him by the recollection of the past, and the dread of the future; for he retained his senses to the last.

It was probably this example of the ill-assorted union of Cosimo that led to the subsequent and more disgraceful conduct of Francisco. How often have these apartments witnessed the revels of Bianca Capello, and her infatuated lover! and the anguish, rage, and jealousy of the Duchess Jane, who, treated with perfect indifference by her husband, and with insolence by his favorite, had neither the art to lead him back to his duty, nor the patience to witness his open breach of it.

THE NEAPOLITANS.

NAPLES burst upon us from the steep hill above the Campo Santo, and never did aught so bright and dazzling meet my gaze. Innumerable towers, domes and steeples, rose above palaces, intermingled with terraces and verdant foliage. The bay, with its placid waters, lay stretched before us, bounded on the left by a chain of mountains, with Vesuvius, sending up its blue incense to the cloudless sky. Capri, behind which the sun was hiding his rosy beams, stood like a vast and brilliant gem, encircled by the radiance of the expiring luminary; which was reflected in the glassy mirror that bathed its base; and to the right, lay a crescent of blue isles and promontories, which look as if formed to serve as a limit to the waters that lave their bases. The scene was like one created by the hand of enchantment, and the suddenness with which it burst on us, added surprise to admiration. We ordered our postilions to pause on the brow of the hill, that we might gaze on the beautiful panorama before

us, and as our eyes dwelt on it, we were ready to acknowledge that the old Neapolitan phrase of "*Vedi napoli e poi mori*," had a meaning, for they who die without having seen Naples, have missed one of the most enchanting views in the world. * * *

The gaiety of the streets of Naples at night is unparalleled. Numberless carriages of every description are seen rolling along. The ice-shops are crowded by the *beau monde*, and the humbler portable shops, with their gaudy decorations, which are established in the streets, are surrounded by eager applicants for the sorbetto and lemonade, of which the lower class consume such quantities. When I last night beheld numbers of both sexes flocking around the venders of iced water and lemonade, of which copious draughts were swallowed with apparent zest, I thought of the different and far less pleasing sight, which the streets of London present at the same hour; when so many persons of both sexes flock to those degrading receptacles of folly and vice, the gin-shops, to seek in the excitement of ebriety forgetfulness of cares. Here all are gay and animated; from the occupants of the coroneted carriage down to the lazaroni, who, in the enjoyment of the actual present, are reckless of the future. At one spot was seen one of those portable shops, peculiar to Naples, gaily painted and gilded, and illuminated by paper lanterns in the shape of balloons, tinted with the brightest colors, round which groups were collected devouring macaroni, served hot to them from the furnace, where it was prepared. At another shop, iced watermelons were sold in slices; the bright pink of the interior of the fruit offering a pretty contrast to the vivid green of the exterior. Frittura, sending forth its savoury fumes, was preparing at another stall; and *frutti di mare* was offered for sale on tables arranged along the Strada di Santa Lucia. The sounds of guitars were heard mingling with the joyous laugh of the lazaroni; and the dulcet voices of the groups in carriages who accosted each other with the animation peculiar to Italians, as their vehicles encountered on the promenade. The sweet-sounding words *signorina, amico, cara* and *carissimo*, often broke on the ear; and above this scene of life and gaiety, this motley assemblage of the beautiful and the grotesque, was spread a sky of deep azure thickly studded with stars, whose dazzling brightness seemed to shed warmth, as well as light, over the

moving picture. The contrast between the solitude and silence of Rome at night, with the hilarity of the crowds that fill the streets at Naples, is striking. The people of the former partake the character of the Eternal City. They appear as if touched by the grandeur of the ruins that surround them; and are grave and dignified. The Neapolitans, like their volcanic country, are never in a state of repose. Their gaiety has in it something reckless and fierce, as if the burning lava of their craters had a magnetic influence over their temperaments. * * *

We drove to the Mole last night, and were amused by hearing an itinerant *filosofo*, as our *laquais-de-place* called him, recite passages from Tasso's *Gerusalemme* with an earnestness that excited no little sympathy and admiration from the circle around him. Murmurs of applause followed the pathetic parts of the poem, and showers of grains (a coin less than our farthings) rewarded the reciter. The animation with which the audience around the *filosofo* listened to passages that I should have thought too elevated for their comprehension, surprised me; and suggested the reflection of how a similar recitation would have been received by the lower classes in the streets in London. Here, the sensibilities of the people are not blunted, as with us, by the immoderate and general use of ardent spirits. The simplicity of the diet operates, I am persuaded, most advantageously, not only on the frames, but on the minds, of the Neapolitans; and leaves them free from the moody humors and feverish excitements engendered by the stimulating food and copious libations of porter and spirits to which the lower classes with us are so universally addicted.

The Mole presents the best scene at Naples for studying the tastes of the humblest portion of its inhabitants. Here they abandon themselves, with the gaiety of children broken loose from school, to the impressions produced on their minds by the different persons who resort to this place to amuse them. At one spot the *filosofo* I named held his audience spell-bound; and at no great distance, two men sang duets, accompanying themselves on their guitars, and making up in spirit what their music wanted in sweetness. A Polichinel displayed his comic powers with irresistible humor, exciting peals of laughter from his merry crowd; while, strange to say, a monk, mounted on a chair nearly opposite, brandished a cruci-

fix in the air with frantic gesture, exhorting the followers of Polichinel to desert that unworthy mime, and to follow him, who would lead them to the Redeemer. I must add, that the monk won few converts from Polichinel, notwithstanding that his menaces of the flames that awaited those who persevered in adhering to his rival were appalling. It was asserted by a gentleman who accompanied us to the Mole, and who has long resided at Naples, that he was once present when this same monk becoming enraged at witnessing the preference accorded to Polichinel, frantically exclaimed, while brandishing the crucifix with one hand, and pointing to it with the other, "Behold! this is the true, the only Polichinel! Follow this, and you are saved; but adhere to the false Polichinel, and the never-dying flames shall make you exhibit more antics than that imp of Satan ever practised!" The vehemence and fury of this monk were really painful to witness. Surrounded but by a few followers, who cast wistful glances at Polichinel, the peals of laughter of the crowd who pressed round that merry wight almost drowned the tones of his voice; but his imprecations loud and deep, were occasionally heard amidst their shouts of mirth; and I was glad when we quitted his vicinity, and no longer witnessed this fearful mixture of impiety, and reckless folly. * * *

The streets of Naples present daily the appearance of a fête. The animation and gay dresses of the lower classes of the people, and the crowds who flock about, convey this impression. Nowhere does the stream of life seem to flow so rapidly as here; not like the dense and turbid flood that rushes along Fleet Street and the Strand in London; but a current that sparkles while hurrying on. The lower classes of Naples observe no medium between the slumber of exhaustion, and the fever of excitement; and, to say thinking, expend more of vitality in one day than the same class in our colder regions do in three. They are never calm or quiet. Their conversation, no matter on what topic, is carried on with an animation and gesticulation unknown to us. Their friendly salutations might, by a stranger, be mistaken for the commencement of a quarrel, so vehement and loud are their exclamations; and their disagreements are conducted with a fiery wrath which reminds one that they belong to a land in whose volcanic nature they strongly participate. Quickly excited to

anger, they are as quickly propitiated; and are not prone to indulge rancorous feelings.

It is fortunate that this sensitive people are not, like ours, disposed to habits of intoxication. Lemonade here is sought with the same avidity that ardent spirits are in England; and this cooling beverage, joined to the universal use of macaroni, is happily calculated to allay the fire of their temperaments.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.

MR. MATHIAS, the reputed author of "Pursuits of Literature," dined with us yesterday. He is far advanced in years, of diminutive stature, but remarkably lively and vivacious. He is devoted to Italian poetry, and is a proficient in that language, into which he has translated several English poems. His choice in the selection has not always been fortunate. He resents with warmth the imputation of having written the "Pursuits of Literature:" not that he would not be vain of the erudition displayed in that work, but because some of the persons severely treated in it were so indignant, that he positively denied the authorship, though the denial has convinced no one. Mathias' conversation is interesting only on Italian literature. His friends (commend me to friends for always exposing the defects or *petits ridicules* of those they profess to like) had prepared me for his peculiarities; and he very soon gave proofs of the correctness of their reports. One of these peculiarities is an extraordinary tenacity of memory respecting the dates at which he, for the first time of the season, had eaten green peas, or any other early culinary delicacy; another is the continual exclamation of "God bless my soul!" Dinner was not half over before he told us on what days he had eaten spring chickens, green peas, Aubergine, and a half hundred other dainties; and at each *entremet* that was offered him, he exclaimed, "What a delicious dish!—God bless my soul!"

Mr. Mathias has an exceeding dread of being ridden or driven over in the crowded streets of Naples; and has often been known to stop an hour before he could muster courage to cross the Chiaja. Being known and respected in the town, many coachmen pause in order to give him time to cross without being alarmed; but in vain, for he advances half way, then stops, terrified at his imagi-

nary danger, and rushes back, exclaiming "God bless my soul!" It is only when he meets some acquaintance, who gives him the support of an arm, that he acquires sufficient resolution to pass to the other side of a street. While he was dining in a *café*, a few days ago, a violent shower of rain fell, and pattering against the Venetian blinds with great noise, Sir William Gell observed that it rained dogs and cats; at which moment a dog rushed in at one door of the *café*, and a frightened cat in at the other.

"God bless my soul," exclaimed Mathias, gravely, "so it does! so it does! who would have believed it?"

This exclamation excited no little merriment; and Mathias resented it by not speaking to the laughers for some days.

MARIE-LOUISE.

THE ex-Empress of France, Marie-Louise, has arrived on a visit to the King of Naples. I saw her yesterday, and a less interesting-looking woman I have seldom beheld. Her face must always have been plain, for neither the features nor expression are such as constitute good looks. The first are truly Austrian; the nose rather flat, the forehead anything but intellectual, the eyes a very light blue, and of an unmeaning character, and the mouth defective. Her figure is no longer round and well formed, as it is said to have formerly been; and there is neither elegance nor dignity in her air or manner. She was attended by the Count de Neiperg, her avowed chamberlain; and, as most persons assert, her not avowed husband. He is a gentleman-like looking man; and though wanting an eye, his physiognomy is not disagreeable. Now that I have seen Marie-Louise, I am not surprised at her conduct on the fall of Napoleon; the weakness and indecision of her character are visible in a countenance, which might serve as an illustration to Lavater's system, so indicative is it of imbecility. Marie-Louise had a great *role* to enact in the drama of life, had she only had spirit and heart enough to have filled it. Her devotion to Napoleon in his fallen fortunes would have been as honorable to her character as soothing to his feelings; and was the more called for, as it would have justified the subserviency and show of affection evinced towards him, while he ruled the destinies of France. How widely different has been the conduct of the Princess

Catherine of Wirtemberg, towards her husband, the ex-King of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon! She nobly resisted every endeavor to induce her to renounce her husband, when driven from the throne which she shared. It was her duty, she said, never to forsake him to whom she had pledged her vows at the altar; and his misfortunes only served to render this duty still more imperative. How forcibly must the contrast afforded by the conduct of these two princesses have struck Napoleon, when pining in exile; and how must it have aggravated the bitterness of his feelings, at this unnatural desertion, when, chained on a rock, Prometheus-like, he fed on his own heart!

THE MAD HOUSE OF AVERSA.

AVERSA seems destined to be ever the scene where unbridled passions assert their wild empire. It was near to it, that the unfortunate Andrew, the husband of Queen Joan the first, of Naples, lost his life, in a manner that furnished presumptive evidence that if not chargeable with, she was at least implicated in the crime. When the reputation attached of old to this place is reflected on, it may be a question for casuists to decide, whether the Oscan inhabitants of the ancient Atella, or the prisoners of the modern Aversa, were the more insane. One thing is certain, which is, that the present occupants of the place are under better government than the former, and that their folly can injure none; and this is something gained.

The attention paid to the comfort of the insane in this establishment, extends not only to their persons but to their minds; and many are the satisfactory results with which this rational and merciful treatment have been attended.

The opulent, when afflicted with the dread malady of loss of reason, can here find the most skilful care and judicious attention to their wants, for which a moderate yearly sum is paid, while they continue in the asylum, and the poor are received gratis. The first-named class occupy chambers, fitted up with the same attention to their comfort as if they were in their own homes. Hot and cold baths, an extensive library, a theatre, a concert room, an apartment appropriated to astronomical instruments, and another to experiments in electricity, galvanism, and chemistry, are comprised within

the building. In short, the establishment resembles one of those arranged for the reception of inmates of cultivated minds and refined habits ; and such, many of the pensioners at Aversa have become, who entered it in a state of violent mental aberration, that gave little hope of their recovery.

So anxious are the superintendents of the *Maison de Sante* to avoid wounding the feelings of their patients, that to banish even the semblance of confinement, the iron bars that secure the windows are constructed in the form of vases filled with flowers, painted on the interior and exterior, of the bright colors of the productions of which they are made in imitation. Those who are not violent, are permitted to take their repasts together ; and a strict attention, not only to cleanliness, but even to elegance of the toilette, is enjoined. Comedies are performed twice a week, and of concerts an equal number. Balls are permitted whenever a desire for dancing is manifested ; and the patients are allowed to devote their mornings to any occupations most congenial to their tastes, idleness being prohibited. Tragedies are considered too exciting, but comedies are supposed to have a salutary effect on the minds of the inmates. The performers are the patients, as are also the musicians of the concerts ; and I have been told by those who have witnessed the performance, that it is so good as to defy the possibility of suspecting that the actors are deranged. Of the concerts I can speak from my own knowledge, for we were permitted to be present at one, composed of various pieces, all of which were admirably played. Many of the individuals, who entered the establishment without any knowledge of music, have subsequently evinced such a predilection for it, that when facilities for acquiring it have been afforded them, they have seldom failed in becoming skilful performers. Of this fact, several examples were given to us. The soothing effect of music on the mind, has been found advantageous in the treatment of the patients ; and a desire to acquire the accomplishment is considered a favorable symptom. In the library, we found several persons occupied in reading ; and more than one employed in making notes. So grave, and collected, was the aspect of each, that no observer could have imagined that their intellectual faculties had ever been deranged ; much less that they were then under the influence of insanity. On passing near the

reading-desk of one, my eye glanced over the work he was perusing, and I discovered it to be a folio volume of the works of Calvin. The reader was so engrossed by his study, that it was only when we approached close to him, that he became conscious of our presence. He instantly rose, took off his velvet cap, bowed politely, and smiling, made a pleasant allusion to the work he had been reading, by pointing to his head, which was very bald ; thereby indicating a quibble on the word Calvin. Nothing could be more rational than his conversation, or more well-bred than his whole demeanor, until the sound of brisk music, from an adjoining chamber, struck on his ear ; when forgetting Calvin, and us, he sprang into the air with an *entrechat*, and left the room in a *pas de Zephyr*. This gentleman is a marquis, of ancient descent and large fortune.

Another of the inmates of Aversa, a Neapolitan officer of most gentlemanly appearance, accompanied his guitar in a voice of exceeding harmony. Deprived of reason by an unrequited passion, he was absorbed in a deep melancholy, and passed many hours of every day in singing melodies of his own composition, expressive of his unhappiness. There was much pathos in his tones, and the air he sang was very plaintive. He seemed totally unconscious of our presence, and sang for some time *con amore* ; but at length his voice died away, until it became like a whisper, and the lips continued to move though their sounds no longer reached us.

Having examined the portion of the establishment assigned to the upper class, we were conducted to that appropriated to the lower ; and here, a different scene awaited us. All was hilarity or grief, the indications of both sentiments being boisterously displayed. Many of the patients crowded round us, requesting snuff, or coffee. Not a few questioned us with an air of anxiety, that saddened one to observe, whether we brought them intelligence from home ; while others entrusted us to take charge of letters to their friends to apprise them of the ill usage to which they were subjected.

“How can you tell such falsehoods !” said a man among the crowd ; “you know, or ought to know, that you are as mad as was Alexander the Great, when he struck Clytus. Yes, you are raving mad, and ought to be chained in darkness ; for it is too horrid that I and some others here, who possess

reason, should be compelled to herd with maniacs, and listen to their incoherent fancies, while such as you are allowed freedom."

This remark called forth an angry rejoinder; and a rising quarrel was only prevented by the rebuke of the superintendent, from whose stern glance both of the maniacs turned away. Another madman declared himself to be Charles Stuart, King of England, and offered us his hand to kiss, with an assumption of regal dignity which called forth a shout of laughter from the crowd.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" cried one amongst them; "only hear the idiot endeavoring to impose on the strangers, by passing himself off as their king."

"Silence, rabble," exclaimed the *soi-disant* Charles Stuart, "and you," looking indignantly at the last speaker, "poor, contemptible reptile, who announce yourself as Sovereign of the West."

"Of the East, and not the West," interrupted the other; "but you know not the difference between the two, nor what you say."

The "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," so prevalent in the world, and exerting such a baleful influence over those not accounted mad, seemed to flourish here as much as in society; each individual endeavoring to depreciate, or turn into ridicule his neighbor, and to elevate himself. These evil propensities, which appear to be innate in men, even while endowed with reason, are only more openly displayed when deprived of its guidance; a guidance, which, alas! more frequently teaches their concealment, than their correction or eradication.

I turned away saddened from this too similar, but exaggerated representation of the vices of society, to pause at the open cell of a priest, who was prostrate before a wooden cross of his own manufacture. The crown of his head was shorn, but long locks of snowy hue fell from the sides of it, and mingled with his beard of the same venerable color, which reached to the cord that confined his robe around the waist. His face was pale as death, and his eyes, which were raised to the cross, were filled with tears, which chased each other down his attenuated cheeks. He was not sensible that several persons were around him, and he prayed with a fervor truly edifying; the words of the prayer breathing the very soul of piety, Christian resignation, and adora-

tion for the Deity. Never was a more touching picture presented to me. I could have fancied it the original of one of those fine pictures of Correggio, or Rembrandt, but the deep intonations of the voice, and the fervent devotion which it expressed, gave a sublimity to this *tableau vivant* that no picture ever possessed. What a contrast to the scene passing at a few yards distance among the maniacs, insulting and deriding each other! The superintendent told us that for twenty years this priest had not ceased to pray with a similar fervor to that which we witnessed, during all the hours of the day, save when he hastily swallowed some bread and water, the only food he would touch. Sleep never stole on him, till he was exhausted by abstinence and fatigue; but even in sleep he continued to ejaculate prayers, mingled with sighs and groans. In the times of the primitive Christians, this man would have been deemed a model of holiness, and after death would have been canonized as a saint; a deep and never-ceasing sense of self-unworthiness, a contrite spirit, and an all-engrossing adoration of the Creator, were so far from being then considered as proofs of an aberration of reason, that they were regarded as the most convincing ones of a more than ordinary possession of it. Yet these are the only symptoms of insanity attributed to this priest; and from them in our days of civilization and mundane occupation, he is declared to be insane!

I left not this enthusiast unmoved. The earnestness of his prayers, and his total abstraction from all worldly concerns, made a deep impression on me. His life of sanctity, in the midst of the herd of maniacs, with whom he was surrounded, *with*, but not *of* them, reminded me of some pure stream gliding through a turbulent river, without mingling its clear water with the turbid waves. He is pitied but beloved by the superintendent and assistants of the asylum, and derided and insulted by the patients; but he is insensible of the compassion of the first, or the contempt of the second.

PAULINE BONAPARTE.

I HAVE been much amused by a long visit from the Prince Borghese, who is lately returned from England, of which he speaks

very highly. Such is the obesity of this noble Roman—for a Roman he is, though he resides at Florence—that he dare not indulge in repose in a horizontal position; and sleeps either in his carriage, in which he drives about during the greater part of the night, or in a large chair, constructed for the purpose. His features are handsome, and the expression of his countenance is remarkably good-natured, but is never illuminated by a ray of intellect; and he seems so overpowered by the vast mass of flesh in which he is incased, that all personal movement is so difficult as to render him averse from attempting it. He gives one the notion of a man sheathed in a *couvre-pied* of eider-down, from which he cannot extricate himself, and suffering incessantly from its warmth. His voice, too, is feeble; and, issuing from so huge a frame, reminds one of the fable of the *Montagne accouchée d'une Souris*. He wears a profusion of rings of great value; so large in their dimensions, that they might serve as bucklers for men of small stature. Altogether, he out-herods Falstaff in size, but wants the activity and vivacity of the fat knight. It took him ten minutes to recover his breath, after ascending the stairs to the drawing room, though two servitors assisted him in the operation. And this was the husband of the *petite et mignonne* Pauline! Never, surely, did Hymen join two persons so dissimilar before.

In speaking to Prince Borghese, one is unconsciously tempted to raise one's voice to the loudest pitch, as if addressing some person in an inner room, he seems so hermetically enclosed by his huge envelope of flesh; yet his sense of hearing is not impaired. The wealth of the Prince is immense, and his hospitality is commensurate with it. He is said to have a kind heart—(I wonder how it is to be got at through the thick rampart by which it is encircled)—and though not gifted with much intellectual power, is not deficient in resolution; witness his pertinacity in resisting Pauline's efforts to extract a portion of his wealth. The beautiful Pauline (for beautiful she continued even to her dying day) ascertaining that the allowance granted by her husband when she separated from him, was too small to satisfy her expensive habits, and finding every attempt to induce him to pay her debts unsuccessful, sued him in a court of law, for a restitution of conjugal rights, and gain-

ed her suit. She believed, and so did all who knew both parties, that *il marito* would pay any sum, rather than have her again as an inmate in his palace. But she was mistaken, for he submitted to the law; said he was ready to receive her, but refused to admit any of the numerous suite of *dames de compagnie, gentilshommes de la chambre, secrétaires, medecins, et cetera*, who were attached to her establishment; her two *femmes-de-chambre* only being allowed to accompany her. With these hard conditions, want of money compelled *la belle Pauline* to comply; and she arrived at the Palazzo Borghese determined to achieve anew the conquest of the heart of her husband. She arrived all smiles; the Prince met her at the top of the stairs and embraced her: "*Cara Paulina*" and "*Carissimo Camillo*," were gently murmured by the lips of each, as he led her nothing loth to the wing of the palace appropriated to her use. He inquired kindly about her health; not a word, or look, of reproach escaped either; and his manner was so amiable, that she fancied her empire already established. He took his leave, that she might, as he considerately said, repose from the fatigue of her journey, and kissed the beautiful little hand tenderly held out to him. Pauline was delighted; every thing looked *couteur de rose*; but lo! when having examined the suite of apartments allotted to her, she wished to enter those of the Prince, that she might thank him for the attention paid to her comfort in the arrangement of them, she found the door of communication between the two suites *walled up*!

Finding, after a short residence beneath the conjugal roof, that neither smiles, nor tears could unloose the purse-strings of her husband, or restore to her his affections, she left it and returned to her former abode, unable to commence any new suit against the Prince; he having given her no ostensible cause of complaint; *au contraire*, having treated her with marked politeness during her residence beneath his roof.

A SAXON monk travelling in Bavaria, saw a crowd laughing at the follies of an idiot: "Ah! said he to his companions, idiots are more numerous in Saxony than in this stupid country."—*Hannah More*.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE JEWS.

OUR lot is cast in very wonderful times. We have reached, as it were, Mount Pisgah in our march; and we may discern from its summit the dim though certain outlines of coming events. The tide of action seems to be rolling back from the west to the east; a spirit akin to that of Moses, when he beheld the Land of Promise in faith and joy, is rising up among the nations;—what ever concerns the Holy Land is heard and read with lively interest; its scenery, its antiquities, its past history and future glories engage alike the traveler and the divine. Hundreds of strangers now tread the sacred soil for one that visited it in former days; Jerusalem is once more a centre of attraction; the curious and the devout flock annually thither from all parts of America and Europe, accomplishing in their laudable pursuit the promise of God to the beloved City; “whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.”

It would indeed be surprising if the wide diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the civilized world did not create a wider diffusion of interest for the history and localities of Palestine. All that can delight the eye and feed the imagination is lavished over its surface; the lovers of scenery can find there every form and variety of landscape; the snowy heights of Lebanon with its cedars, the valley of Jordan, the mountains of Carmel, Tabor and Hermon, and the waters of Galilee, are as beautiful as in the days when David sang their praise, and far more interesting by the accumulation of reminiscences. The land, unbroken by the toils of the husbandman, yet enjoys her Sabbaths; but Eshcol, Bashan, Sharon and Gilead are still there, and await but the appointed hour (so we may gather from every narrative) to sustain their millions; to flow, as of old, with milk and honey; to become once more “a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates, olive-oil and honey;” and to resume their ancient and rightful titles, “the garden of the Lord,” and “the glory of all lands.” What numberless recollections are crowded upon every footstep of the sacred soil!

Since the battle of the five kings against four, recorded in the 14th chapter of Genesis, nearly two thousand years before the time of our Savior, until the wars of Napoleon, eighteen hundred years after it, this narrow but wonderful region has never ceased to be the stage of remarkable events. If, for the sake of brevity, we omit the enumeration of spots signalized by the exploits of the children of Israel, to which, however, a traveller may be guided by Holy Writ with all the minuteness and accuracy of a road book, we shall yet be engaged by the scenes of many brilliant and romantic achievements of the ancient and modern world:—Take the plain of Esdraelon, alone, the ancient valley of Jezreel, a scanty spot of twenty-five miles long, and varying from six to fourteen in its breadth: yet more recollections are called up here than suffice for the annals of many nations. Here by the banks of “that ancient river, the river Kishon,” “the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,” the object of the immortal song of Deborah and Barak; and here, too, is Megiddo, signalized by the death of the “good Josiah.” Each year, in a long succession of time, brought fresh events; the armies of Antiochus and of Rome, Egyptians, Persians, Turks and Arabs, the fury of the Saracens, and the mistaken piety of the crusaders, have found, in their turn, the land “as the garden of Eden before them, and have left it a desolate wilderness.” Nor did it escape the ferocious gripe of the revolutionary war; the arch-destroyer of mankind sent his armies thither under the command of General Kleber, and in 1799 gave the last memorial of blood to those devoted plains.

But how small and transitory are all such reminiscences to those which must rivet the attention and feelings of the pious believer! If Johnson could regard that man as little to be envied who could stand unmoved on Iona, or Marathon, or any spot dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue, what must we say of one who cared not to tread Mount Zion or Calvary, or could behold with unmoistened eye,

“those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross;”

We have heard, indeed, that few persons can contemplate the Holy City for the first

*First part of King Henry IV.

time without emotion: not long ago it was brought to our knowledge that two young men, (and they not especially serious,) on arriving within sight of its walls and mountains, struck by the *religio loci*: "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven," slipped involuntarily from their camels, and fell into an attitude of adoration.

This interest is not confined to the Christians—it is shared and avowed by the whole body of the Jews, who no longer conceal their hope and their belief that the time is not far distant, when "the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea; and shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."

Doubtless, this is no new sentiment among the children of the dispersion. The novelty of the present day does not lie in the indulgence of such a hope by that most venerable people—but in their fearless confession of the hope; and in the approximation of spirit between Christians and Hebrews, to entertain the same belief of the future glories of Israel, to offer up the same prayer, and look forward to the same consummation. In most former periods a development of religious feeling has been followed by a persecution of the ancient people of God; from the days of Constantine to Leo XII., the disciples of Christ have been stimulated to the oppression of the children of Israel; and Heaven alone can know what myriads of that suffering race fell beneath the *piety* of the crusaders, as they marched to recover the sepulchre of their Savior from the hands of the infidels. But a mighty change has come over the hearts of the Gentiles; they seek now the temporal and eternal peace of the Hebrew people; societies are established in England and Germany to diffuse among them the light of the Gospel; and the increasing accessions to the parent Institution in London, attest the public estimation of its principles and services.

Encouraged by these proofs of a bettered condition, and the sympathy of the Gentiles who so lately despised them, the children of Israel have become far more open to

Christian intercourse and reciprocal inquiry. Both from themselves and their converted brethren, we learn much of their doings, much of their hopes and fears, that a few years ago would have remained in secret. One of them, who lately, in the true spirit of Moses, went a journey into Poland "unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens," informs us that "several thousand Jews of that country and of Russia, have recently bound themselves by an oath, that as soon as the way is open for them to go up to Jerusalem, they will immediately go thither, and there spend their time in fasting and praying unto the Lord, until he shall send the Messiah. . . . "Although it was," he continues, "comparatively a short time since I had intercourse with my brethren according to the flesh, I found a mighty change in their minds and feelings in regard to the nearness of their deliverance. Some assigned one reason, and some another, for the opinion they entertained; but all agreed in thinking that the time is at hand." Large bodies, moreover, have acted on this impulse; we state, on the authority of another gentleman, himself a Jewish Christian, that the number of Jews in Palestine has been multiplied twenty-fold; that though, within the last forty years, scarcely two thousand of that people were to be found there, they amount now to upwards of forty thousand; and we can confirm his statement from other sources, that they are increasing in multitude by large annual additions. A very recent English traveler, encountered many Jews on their road to Jerusalem, who invariably replied to his queries, that they were going thither "to die in the land of their fathers." For many years past this desire had prevailed among the Hebrews; old Sandys has recorded it in his account of Palestine;—but it has been reserved for the present day to see the wish so amply gratified. A variety of motives stimulate the desire; the devout seek to be interred in the soil that they love; the superstitious, to avoid the disagreeable alternative of being rolled under the earth's surface until they arrive in that land on the great morning of the resurrection. But, whatever be the motives of a people now blinded by ignorance, who does not see, in fact, a dark similitude of the faith which animated the death-beds of the patriarchs; of Jacob, and of Joseph who, "when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave command-

ment concerning his bones?" In all parts of the earth this extraordinary people, whose name and sufferings are in every nation under heaven, think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration—the utmost east and the utmost west, the north and the south, both small and large congregations, those who have frequent intercourse with their brethren, and those who have none, entertain alike the same hopes and fears. Dr. Wolff heard these sentiments from their lips in the remotest countries of Asia; and Buchanan asserts that wherever he went among the Jews of India, he found memorials of their expulsion from Judæa, and of their belief of a return thither. At Jerusalem they purchase, as it were, one day in the year, of their Mussulman rulers; and being assembled in the valley of Jehoshophat, bewail the overthrow of their city and temple, and pray for a revival of its glory.

Though they have seen the Temple twice, and the City six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their faith gone; for eighteen hundred years the belief has sustained them, without a king, a prophet, or a priest, through insult, poverty, torture, and death; and now in the nineteenth century, in the midst of "the march of intellect," and what is better, in the far greater diffusion of the written word of God both among Jews and Christians, we hear from all an harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival, "The year that approaches, Oh bring us to Jerusalem!" This belief has not been begotten and sustained by rabbinical bigotry; for although a fraction of the reformed Jews have excluded from their liturgy every petition for restoration, and even for the coming of the Messiah, yet it prevails more strongly, if possible, among the converts to Christianity. We have now before us a letter from a Hebrew proselyte, dated but a few weeks ago at Jerusalem, which the writer was visiting for the first time; his heart overflows with patriotism, and the remembrance of his ancestry; he beheld the land of his fathers, to be hereafter his; "theirs, not by unholy war, nor by stratagem or treachery, but as the gift of Him who is yet to be the glory of his people Israel."

It is only within the last few years that the Jews, as a body, have been known beyond the circle of curious and abstruse readers. Their pursuits and capacities, it was supposed, were limited to stock-jobbing,

money-lending, and orange-stalls; but few believed them to be a people of vigorous intellect, of unrivalled diligence in study, with a long list of ancient and modern writers, whose works—though oftentimes mixed with matter, much of which is useless, and much pernicious, and calculated far more to sharpen than to enrich the understanding—bespeak most singular perseverance and ability. The emancipation of genius, which began under Moses Mendelssohn about the year 1754, brought them unlooked for fame on the stage of profane literature;—the German, which had hitherto been regarded as an unholy language, became the favorite study of the liberalized Hebrews; thence they passed to the pursuit of the various sciences, and of every language, whether living or dead; their commentators and critics, philosophers and historians, condescended to a race with the secular Gentiles, and gave, in their success, an earnest of the fruit that their native powers could reap from a wider field of mental exertion.

That the Jews should be degraded and despised, is a part of their chastisement, and the fulfilment of prophecy; but low and abhorred as they still are, we now hail for them the dawn of a better day, a day of regeneration and deliverance, which, raising them alike from neology and rabbinism, shall set them at large in the glorious liberty of the Gospel. This desirable consummation, though still remote, has approached us more rapidly within the last few years. The Societies at Basle, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Berlin, Posen, and Breslau, for promoting Christianity among the Jews, have been eminently prosperous; but the London Society, the first in date, is likewise the first in its magnitude and success.

It is a very important feature in the generality of the conversions, that they have taken place among persons of cultivated understandings and literary attainments. We are not to be told that those excellent societies have operated with success on ignorance and poverty, purchasing the one and persuading the other, where either necessity or incapacity lay passive before them. These Jewish converts, like the prototype St. Paul, brought up at the feet of their Gamaliels in all the learning and wisdom of the Hebrews, now "preach the faith which once they destroyed." We have already mentioned that several have become ministers of the Church of England; on the Continent we find many

among the Lutheran and Reformed clergy; they have also their physicians, lawyers, head and assistant masters of the German Gymnasias; there are three professors and two lecturers, formerly Jews, in the University of Breslau; five professors in Halle; in Petersburg a professor of medicine; in Warsaw Dr. Leo, a convert, is one of the most celebrated physicians; in Erlangen we find Dr. Stahl; and in Berlin Dr. Neander, the celebrated church historian, fully proves that poverty of intellect is not an indispensable preliminary to Jewish conversion.

But even where the parties have not been fully brought to the belief and profession of the Gospel, a mighty good has resulted from the missionary exertions. Ancient antipathies are abated, and prejudices subdued; the name of Christian is less odious to the ears of a Jew; and many of the nation, adhering still to the faith of their forefathers, ceased to uphold the Talmudical doctrine, that the Gentiles are beasts created for the purpose of administering to the necessities of Israel. They have conceived a respect for our persons, and still greater for our intellects; an ardent desire is now manifested by the Jews to hold conversation with the missionaries; along the north coast of Africa, in Palestine, and in Poland, they have visited them in crowds; and many, doubtless, have borne away with them the seed which a study of the Scriptures will ripen into conviction.

As a consequence of this more friendly intercourse between Jew and Gentile, we must mention the kindlier feelings entertained by the Hebrews toward a converted brother. We have heard, indeed, from the lips of a proselyte, that he had, even within the last four or five years, observed an improvement in this respect among his own relations; and the same fact is most amply attested by the opinion and experience of Mr. Herschel.

We wish we could say that this sentiment was universal; but, alas, we know many and lamentable exceptions. There are Jews in all parts of Europe who dare not avow their Christianity, so great is the fear of public reproach or domestic tyranny. In Constantinople, Tunis, and Turkey generally, where the Jews have a police, and authority over their own body, conversion is as dangerous as in Ireland itself. Whenever a Hebrew is suspected of wavering in his rabbinical allegiance, he is imprisoned

and bastinadoed; and no later than January of this year, a young man in Tunis, who had discovered an inclination to the hated faith, was assaulted so violently by his relations, that "he fainted on the spot," says the missionary, "and lingered a few days, when he died." Nevertheless, conversions even there, as in Ireland, are constantly on the increase; it being still the good pleasure of God that the blood of the martyrs should be the seed of the Church.

A desire, corresponding to this change of sentiment, is manifested to obtain possession of the word of God; and they eagerly demand copies of the Society's editions of the Old Testament in Hebrew. In the last two years fifty-four hundred copies have been sold by Mr. Stockfeldt, in the Rhenish provinces; several thousands on the coast of Africa, by Mr. Ewald; and in Königsberg Mr. Bergfeldt sells copies to the amount of about one hundred pounds annually. In Poland and Jerusalem the missionaries can dispose of all that are sent; and the last report of the Society informs us that a less additional number than twenty thousand copies would be utterly inadequate to the demands of the Israelites in all parts of the world. It is also very observable that the translation in their vernacular dialect has excited the liveliest interest among the long-neglected females of the Hebrew nation. All this indicates a prodigious change; hitherto they have cared little but for the legends of the Talmud and rabbinical preachments; they now betake themselves to the study of Scripture, and will accept the Pentateuch printed and presented by the hands of Christians! This abundant diffusion of the Hebrew Bible has, more than any other cause, contributed to abate prejudice and conciliate affection.

But a more important undertaking has already been begun by the zeal and piety of those who entertain an interest for the Jewish nation. They have designed the establishment of a church at Jerusalem, if possible on Mount Zion itself, where the order of our Service, and the prayers of our Liturgy shall daily be set before the faithful in the Hebrew language. A considerable sum has been collected for this purpose; the missionaries are already resident on the spot; and nothing is wanting but to complete the purchase of the ground on which to erect the sacred edifice.

The growing interest manifested for these regions; the larger investment of British

capital, and the confluence of British travelers and strangers from all parts of the world, have recently induced the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to station there a representative of our Sovereign, in the person of a Vice-Consul. This gentleman set sail for Alexandria at the end of last September—his residence will be fixed at Jerusalem, but his jurisdiction will extend to the whole country within the ancient limits of the Holy Land; he is thus accredited, as it were, to the former kingdom of David and the Twelve Tribes.

This appointment has been conceived and executed in the spirit of true wisdom. We have done a deed which the Jews will regard as an honor to their nation; and have thereby conciliated a body of well-wishers in every people under heaven. Throughout the East they nearly monopolize the concerns of traffic and finance, and maintain a secret but uninterrupted intercourse with their brethren in the West. Thousands visit Jerusalem in every year from all parts of the globe, and carry back to their respective bodies, that intelligence which guides their conduct, and influences their sympathies. So rapid and accurate is their mutual communication, that Frederick the Great confessed the earlier and superior intelligence obtained through the Jews on all affairs of moment. Napoleon knew well the value of an Hebrew alliance; and endeavored to reproduce, in the capital of France, the spectacle of the ancient Sanhedrim, which, basking in the sunshine of imperial favor, might give laws to the whole body of the Jews throughout the habitable world, and aid him, no doubt, in his audacious plans against Poland and the East. His scheme, it is true, proved abortive; for the mass of the Israelites were by no means inclined to merge their hopes in the destinies of the Empire—exchange Zion for Montmartre, and Jerusalem for Paris. The few liberal unbelievers whom he attracted to his view, ruined his projects with the people by their impious flattery; and averted the whole body of the nation by blending, on the 15th of August, the cipher of Napoleon and Josephine with the unutterable name of Jehovah, and elevating the imperial eagle above the representation of the Ark of the Covenant. A misconception, in fact, of the character of the people, has vitiated all the attempts of various Sovereigns to better their condition: they

have sought to amalgamate them with the body of their subjects, not knowing, or not regarding the temper of the Hebrews, and the plain language of Scripture, that “the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations.”

It is a matter for very serious reflection, that the Christians themselves have cast innumerable stumbling-blocks in the way of Hebrew conversion. To pass over the weak and ignorant methods that men have adopted to persuade the Jews—let us ask whether the Christians have ever afforded to this people an opportunity of testing the divine counsel, “by their fruits ye shall know them?” What is the record of the Christian periods of the second dispersion?—A history of insolence, plunder and blood, that fills even now the heart of every thinking man with indignation and shame! Was this the religion of the true Messiah? Could this be in their eyes the fulfilment of those glorious prophecies that promised security and joy in his happy days; when his “officers should be peace and his exactors righteousness?” What, too, have they witnessed in the worship and doctrine of Christian states? The idolatry of the Greek and Latin Churches, under which the Hebrews have almost universally lived, the mummeries of their ritual, and the hypocrisy of their precepts, have shocked and averted the Jewish mind. We oftentimes express our surprise at the stubborn resistance they oppose to the reception of Christianity; but Christianity in their view is synonymous with image-worship, and its doctrines with persecution: they believe that in embracing the dominant faith they must violate the two first commandments of the Decalogue, and abandon that witness, which they have nobly maintained for eighteen hundred years, to the unity of the God of Israel.

It well imports us to have a care that we no longer persecute or mislead this once-loved nation; they are a people chastened, but not utterly cast off; “in all their affliction He was afflicted.” For the oppression of this people there is no warranty in Scripture; nay, the reverse; their oppressors are menaced with stern judgments; “I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy, and I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease; for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction.” This is

the language of the prophet Zechariah; and we may trace, in the pages of history, the vestiges of this never-slumbering Providence. No sooner had England given shelter to the Jews, under Cromwell and Charles, than she started forward in a commercial career of unrivalled and uninterrupted prosperity; Holland, embracing the principles of the Reformation, threw off the yoke of Philip, opened her cities to the Hebrew people, and obtained an importance far beyond her natural advantages; while Spain, in her furious and bloody expulsion of the race, sealed her own condemnation. "How deep a wound," says Mr. Milman, "was inflicted on the national prosperity by this act of the 'most Christian Sovereign,' cannot easily be calculated, but it may be reckoned among the most effective causes of the decline of Spanish greatness."—*London Quarterly Review*.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we, or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in the calamity, or, at the most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbor, and, seeing that he is not afflicted with any open or palpable grievance, and making no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and in fact, appear as the very step-children of Providence. For every particular evil which besets us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread, then we look up to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth, then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessities of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which

we only know by name. Are we unblest with the possession of children, we pine to see the superabundance which characterizes another family, where they are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives, we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow creatures, or think, in our anguish, that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for beholding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he so well improved his time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly to-be character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness, which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe the solicitude with which a mother—and "she a widow" (to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment, permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he

comes on horse back, she hears the foot-fall of the animal while it is as yet beyond the ken of ordinary ears: if he be walking, she hears the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions ever so softly, she distinguishes him by his very breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she had already parted for the grave. Such exactly were the feelings of the Neapolitan mother respecting her noble and beloved—her *only son*.

It chanced, however, that, just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instructions which could be bestowed him, he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survive, his only care, so far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose aillength suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free from the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that by wearing it he would be speedily cured. The Countess thought her son's request rather odd, but being loth to refuse any thing that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; every body she found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle-aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every

external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this fortunate dame, the Countess offered her request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application.

"My dear Countess," said the lady, spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room. I will prove to you that I am the most *miserable* woman in Naples." So saying she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visiter, a skeleton hanging from a beam! "Oh! dreadful!" exclaimed the Countess; "what means this?" The lady looked mournfully at her, and after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. "This," she said, "was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with, when my relations obliged me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was so much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart. Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning since then, has compelled me to come and survey his remains. To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission."

The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house, in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have who bore no such appearance. "Alas," she said to herself, "no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—*there is a skeleton in every house*."

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sen-

sations were past, she said resignedly to herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was probably no greater than what her fellow-creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar view of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see how great fallacy it is to suppose that others are more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mishaps of life, or that we, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured, that, beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns, have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride of the noble—the luxury of the opulent—even the dignity and worship of the crown—all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter into any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence—that *there is a skeleton in every one of them*.

MACHETH,

AS WRITTEN AND AS ACTED.

WHEN the theatres present no novelty claiming attention, as is now the case, we propose occasionally to take up some topic connected with the Drama, and contribute our mite to the common stock of its literature. Sometimes our argument will be a

play, sometimes an actor; and as we shall be desultory in our periods of writing, so shall we be in our choice of a subject. We shall neither confine our notices to those pieces which have possession of the stage, nor to the Drama of our own country. A tragedy which held the intellectual, impressive, but mobile Greek, by the day, is as full of matter interesting to the lover of the lofty arts as the noble productions of our own ancients. A comedy of Moliere's teaches no less charmingly and well, than one of Congreve's or Farquhar's. The stilted verse of Dryden may unfold scenes as worthy an attentive ear, as the mellifluous lines of Rowe. And the page of Shakspeare is ever the Pierian spring from which we may daily drink deep, and having drunk thirst for more.

After the criticism and eloquence which have been lavished on the play of *Macbeth*, there can but little be said in the way of illustrating the art of the poet, either in the general construction and conduct of his plot, or in his delineation of character. We shall, therefore, avoid ground pre-occupied by our betters, and restrict our remarks to minor, yet not unimportant points, which equally serve to elucidate the all-pervading skill of the one great interpreter of nature. Here, too, we may premise that there is no better help towards reading him than perusing him in an imperfect and defaced copy—and to the proof.

In the play of *Macbeth*, as acted, *Macduff* appears in the second scene, brings the news of the victory gained over "Sveno, the Norway's King," and is deputed by *Duncan* to bear his royal message to the victorious Thane. In the written play, this belongs to the part of *Rosse*; and *Macduff* does not make his appearance until the sixth scene, when we find him in *Duncan's* train on the occasion of his visit to *Macbeth's* castle. Now, after the murder has been committed in the following act, *Macduff* comes, having slept out of the castle, to "call timely" on the King, for "'tis my limited service." The question, then, which rises here, is—whether the poet had a reason for not bringing him on the scene sooner, or whether the stage alteration by which he has given one half the part as signed in the original to *Rosse*, tallies equally well with Shakspeare's purpose. For our part, believing Shakspeare's judgment to have marched hand in hand with his

genius, and that nothing escaped rashly from him, or without design, we are induced by this alteration to search the author's motive for introducing two men, where according to the stage version, one would suffice. And since in Shakspeare, as it is with the real world from which he drew, we but half see events, and infer the rest, it seems to us as plainly as if we were on a jury and hearing the circumstantial evidence of a murder, that Macduff, being in personal attendance on the King, or, more strictly speaking, holding a "limited" office near his person, was persuaded by Macbeth on some pretext to sleep out of his castle on the eventful night, in order that he might thus remove one great obstacle to the commission of the deed. The inference is the more striking from his not being despatched on the mission, given in the original to Rosse; as if his presence were necessary to the monarch; a conclusion warranted by the strong personal attachment his after conduct evinces towards his "royal master." This explanation may be disputed, and the whole question be put down as trivial. It will still remain to be proved that Shakspeare did not use means to an end; or that the suggestive is not as potential in him as the actual.

A more obvious, and most destructive interference of the players with the original, is the introduction of a crowd of witches on the scene, to the ruin of the supernatural grandeur of the poet's design, and the interruption of the action. In Shakspeare we see the three weird sisters only, the postures by sea and land, weaving the web and warp of life, and apportioning fate with the might and solemnity of the *Parcæ*. Even the "contriver of all harms," their mistress *Hecate*, stands apart when *Macbeth* invades the mysteries of "the pit of Acheron," and they alone are suffered to commune with him "in riddles and affairs of death." The game of fate is played betwixt him and the awful three. The tragedy is opened by them in thunder and lightning, its deadly business is speeded by their intervention only, and as in a higher sense they are the representatives of the evil passions of man's own breast, so do they stand out distinctly on the dramatic canvass as the sole agents of destiny. The mortal and the superhuman are here in lone and fearful antagonism, and if Shakspeare has in sight accommodated his "secret, black, and midnight hags"

to the grosser fancies of his time, how wonderfully has he contrived to elevate them to classic dignity by his keeping them before us as the *sisters three*, by the very name of the mistress to whom they are subservient—*Diva Triformis*—and by the shadowy visions and pale recollections crowding upon us at the mention of their place of meeting, *Acheron*, with its Stygian darkness.

But their spectral grandeur vanishes in the acted play. They are lost in a crowd of common-place broomstick witches, are made to rejoice when "cattle die," equally as when "monarchs die despairing," and their power is dissipated by its being shared with Legion. They are, at once and altogether, degraded into the cronies of a vulgar superstition, from the poetic representatives of an imaginative creed. As drawn by Shakspeare, they are "such stuff as dreams are made of,"—the dreams of the human mind when first seeking to comprehend "the burden of the mystery." And next to this in the process of deterioration, the interpolated scenes in which the host of nonentities are made to figure prominently, grossly interrupt the action of the play. The murder has been committed, and the witches are brought on *en masse* to ask "is the deed done," and to dance thereat. Now, when we speak of the *action* of the play, we mean the "*continuity of interest*," for the term of action—we agree with Schlegel—is no otherwise explicable; and in the written play we have the effects of the murder at once presented by the hurried converse betwixt *Duncan's* two sons, *Malcolm* and *Donalbain*, who resolve on immediate flight, and coursing on the heels of this, the news that "*Macbeth* is gone to Secone to be invested." The which natural succession of events (as for the unity of time, Dr. Johnson smashed that with his sledge hammer, together with other nonsense, a long time ago) hurrying on the spectator to what is to ensue, is swept away and a blank substituted in its place.

This leads us to another, and even less excusable gap made by the players in that *continuity of interest*, that same unity, which Shakspeare was the first to perceive, on which all his dramas are built, and which may be resolved into Locke's doctrine of the Association of Ideas. We allude to the omission of the scene between *Macduff's* wife and her son. Let the reader turn to act IV. of the written play, and he will

find that *Macbeth* resolves when he hears, after his interview with the weird sisters at the pit of Acheron, that *Macduff* is fled to England, to

"Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes."

The next scene proves that his savage purpose has not cooled. The beautiful dialogue between *Lady Macduff* and her son,—the home scene which goes nearest the heart in this great tragedy—awakes a deep interest in them, and we are prepared to commiserate and feel with *Macduff* when we are transported to England in the succeeding scene, and view him receiving the intelligence, of the savage butchery of which we are already apprised. The scene has thus a double intent; it is a link in the chain of the action, and it imparts to the succeeding one a touching melancholy. We go beforehand in our sympathy, and pity the unconscious *Macduff* ere he hears the tale of sorrow. The actors omit this scene as irrelevant.

Again, as SHAKESPEARE has thought fit to work out a fine moral lesson by showing the self-deceit to which the human heart is prone, even after its fallacies have been repeatedly convicted by experience, as exemplified in the confidence which *Macbeth* feels, although "Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane," in the prophecy that

"None of woman born shall harm Macbeth,"

and the temporary superiority which this confidence gives him. Thus, he meets and slays young *Siward* directly before his encounter with *Macduff*, and is so flattered into a sense of security, in order to make the gulf about to yawn and open at his feet the more appalling. He is then killed off the stage, and the end of his bolstered ambition is the ignominy which awaits the common malefactor—his head affixed to a pole to feed the kite-crow. His guilt-purchased pomp has been embittered from the first by remorse. The hero and patriot sink into the usurper—the usurper into nothingness. The old gives place to the new, and the curtain falls on a rising sun.

But this would not suit the actor. He, and not the large life embodied in the play, must be the object. There he turns the stage—*speculum vite*—into a gymnasium, and the spectator is dismissed to think of the "poor player," indeed, instead of being

awaked to ponder on the world which should have been imaged before him.

To shew the necessity of each scene of the play, and the havoc committed by any deviation from the original, would require much more space than we can give. It is only, however, by inquiring our way as it were, scene by scene, that we can learn to appreciate the wondrous method of Shakespeare. Can any thing be finer than the progression of the leading incidents of this play of *Macbeth*? The first act is the preparation for crime, the second act brings the commission of the arch-murder, the third and fourth of murders necessitated by this, the fifth retribution. And how truly is the distinctive character of the sexes preserved in the two principal personages! The ambitious woman hurrying to gratify her wishes, by any means, and overlooking every consequence in eager anticipation of that on which she has set her heart, dies unsettled in reason, and the victim of remorse. The man, vacillating ere he has "filed his mind," bears up against the goadings of his conscience, and battles futurity to the last. The blow which shatters the reclain, only bruises the prouder clay.

LADIES AND LOVE.

BY THOMAS H. SHREVE.

WHEN the Grecian Sage recommended self-knowledge as the most desirable of acquisitions, he recommended what is unattainable in its entirety. I doubt whether that person has yet inhaled the breath of heaven, who could in truth say, that he understood himself in all the phases of his being. And yet, this kind of knowledge is that, which most persons suppose they possess. This species of self-flattery leads to a great many amusing, and sometimes to very melancholy results, in relation to the passion of love and the *belle sexe*.

A professed and a sincere admirer of the ladies, I have made it a point to acquaint myself with all that peculiarises them. I have frequently arrived at estimates of their character, based upon their own voluntary manifestations of thoughts and feelings, which have soon been falsified by their conduct. I have often heard ladies protest most earnestly against the supposition that under

certain circumstances they would pursue a particular course of conduct, and when these circumstances have transpired, they have acted in diametrical contradiction to what they professed. Many of these instances have convinced me, that they are wofully deficient in self-knowledge. They were not insincere in profession; but they were mistaken in regard to the tendencies of their own natures. The creatures of impulse, they cannot anticipate the course they will pursue in certain contingencies. To foresee our conduct, it is necessary in the first place that we thoroughly understand ourselves; and, in addition to this, we must give an unflinching adherence to principles, whose truthfulness has been satisfactorily demonstrated to our reason.

In matters appertaining to the heart, ladies generally misappreciate themselves. You rarely find a lady who will not tell you, that sincere, heaven-descended love and patriotism are not only compatible, but necessarily dependent on each other. At the same time they will tell you, that love to be genuine, must be wholly unmingled with worldly considerations—that it must garland its object with flowers of unchanging hue—that it must fling a halo, a glory, a deification around that object, which to its vision assimilates it with all we dream of as common to angelic intelligences. This is the sentiment which radiates from the as yet undeveloped bud of feeling. A little experience modifies this gorgeous dream, and convinces the fair worshiper of such visions, that she is entirely too romantic. Worldly motives begin to shadow her hopes of the beautiful and the true. By degrees what was a vision of poetry assimilates itself to the dim realities that surround her. She hopes less. She expects little. And in course of time she comes out from the ordeal of experience, as dry and expectingless a specimen of a dreamy being hardened down into a worldly schemer, as one would wish to contemplate.

Ladies, at that interesting period of life, when the girlish bud expands into the blossom of womanhood, look upon love as the sunlight of existence. They dream of the glories of a passion, mutual and storm-defying, which adversity and misfortune may prove but cannot blast, and fancy themselves born to realize some of the ultra fictions of the poets. They would regard these lines of Young as consummated nonsense:

“—— the maid that trusts to love,
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her faith in miracles for safety.”

In a few years, experience transmutes the gladdening visions of her gay and bounding heart, into calculations of the closest and most pence-appreciating kind. She discovers, that men are not demi-gods, and that life is not merely a flower-garden. This is a working and prosaic world, and she has an enterprise to prosecute in it, which is to get up a genteel establishment and eclipse the splendors of all rivalry. To this holy consummation she directs her charms and her energies. She marries, and the romantic girl, so full of poetry and romance, is not recognizable in the scheming matron, a glittering bubble on the sea of fashion, devoted to dissimulation and artifice.

We beg pardon—we are not limning the characteristics of the sex, but of an order. Heaven forbid! that we should deviate from our accustomed gallantry and become a wholesale slanderer of womankind. We know too many true-hearted beings on whom worldliness and dissimulation fling no blighting shadows, who in this world maintain uncorrupted those germs of goodness and purity, which when transplanted to the genial soil of heaven will expand into forms of seraphic loveliness, to speak in disparaging terms of the sex.

That dear, sentimental creature, the Countess of Blessington, tells us, that ladies like pensiveness and retiringness, and all that sort of modest thing in their suitors. This doctrine conflicts to the very teeth, with that time-honored maxim which is in every one's mouth, viz: “Faint heart never won fair ladye.” A very diffident gentleman is not apt to have a heart lion-like and unquailing, like Richard's. He is prone to misgivings, and unless his inamorata is remarkably addicted to mercy, he will probably retreat before the first frown which shadows her pretty brow. Now, as ladies love courage in men, one would suppose they would not be likely to associate that quality with the heart, which palpitates with imaginary terrors before the harmless artillery of their smiles and glances. Miss Landon says, that not one lady in fifty marries the gentleman whom of all others, she deems the noblest, and who realizes the beau ideal of her visions. If L. E. L. speaks truth, one would suppose that bridegrooms with the rays of paradise gleaming on each lineament, would not be

the very enviable beings they are fancied to be. For what gentleman would vow everlasting fidelity to one whom he did not think given to that delusion which deems him the very incarnation of all that is noble, and great, and good?

But to return to our first position. I have known ladies who laughed at sentiment and romance ere love had yet woven his toils about the fibres of their feelings, conceive passions of the wildest and most engrossing character for persons in whom others saw nothing very preëminently great. Again—I have known ladies whose conversation would have convinced you that they were ultra-romantic in all their feelings, who have formed contracts as convenient and as worldly as the most uncompromising idolatress of Mammon could have desired. In these instances, these ladies have mistaken themselves utterly. They were deficient in self-knowledge, and any one who had predicated his estimate of their natures on their professions would have been egregiously disappointed. The truth is, you can rarely form a correct opinion of people from their professions, which but convey to you their own erroneous notions of themselves. You must look deeper. You must trace thoughts and feelings to their sources, and then, in the majority of cases, you will wake up some of these mornings and find yourselves——mistaken!—*Louisville News-Letter.*

BROUGHAM'S PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

THE following admirable sketch of the American philosopher, is from a new work by Lord Brougham, recently published in London, entitled "Statesmen in the time of George III." It has not been published in this country:

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin, who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires.

In this truly great man every thing seemed to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit.—First, he was the

architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first, to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor Printer's boy, who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no common-place journeyman, ever laid the foundation of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in courts, or assist at the Councils of Monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoiled by the enjoyment of them, than this common workman did when negotiating with Royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again, he was self taught in all he knew.—His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art he himself exercised, furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb, he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph, after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style, without a classical education; a skilful negotiator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in workshops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action.—Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned, a deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or discoveries pursued.

His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never seemed satisfied until he had, as it were, afterwards translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper; that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles

hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was every thing that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved.

In religion he would be reckoned by many a latitudinarian, yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature; and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

If we turn from the truly great man whom we have been contemplating, to his celebrated contemporary in the Old World, (Frederick the Great,) who only affected the philosophy that Franklin possessed, and employed his talents for civil and military affairs, in extinguishing that independence which Franklin's life was consecrated to establish, the contrast is marvellous indeed, between the Monarch and the Printer.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

RELIGION in the human mind is apt to decline in two different ways. It degenerates into fanatic superstition or into a cold speculative philosophy. Both these are averse from its proper nature; but, perhaps the last most so; for the first is but excess, and the last is defect. The excesses of the first startle men, and warn them back: but the cold speculative faith almost recommends itself to an intellectual age. It looks like reason purifying religious belief, while she takes no more than she can comprehend. Yet it is an inclination of the mind to atheism, for it is a loosening of it from the bond of its full religious obligation. How shall we pretend to say that we will bring to this service our intellectual and not our moral being? That we will know what is to be known, and believe as far as undoubted evidence constrains our conviction? But that our heart, our whole spirit of passion and feeling shall remain exempt from the same influence. If our minds owe any thing to God, they owe all. Their rational intelli-

gence is required to the highest use of its intelligent powers, when it is called upon to know the truths which religion teaches, and on which it rests. The greatest object of thought is presented to the understanding. But, at the same moment, the greatest object of affection is offered to the soul. And it is as absurd and self-contradictory to our nature, not to feel, as it is, when truth is unfolded clearly before us, not to understand.

The mere consideration of the constitution of the human mind is sufficient to show what is the relation that religion bears to the whole. It is the vital principle of the whole being. It is like the soul of the soul. By it all the other powers and feelings are reduced to their right place and subordination. Without it the whole mind is disturbed and thrown into disorder. Hence only are derived true magnanimity and wisdom. Hence only the affections are purified and sublimed. Hence only the passions receive their law.

What religion is to the individual mind, that it is to the mind of a whole people. This alone preserves it lofty and strong. Without this it sinks into weakness and degradation. Its intellectual powers, its courage, its liberty, are no sufficient security. These cannot preserve its elevation. These, though noble in themselves, are not of sufficient power to maintain the whole rational mind ennobled. It is necessary that men should have before their minds some object of regard and desire, of which they fall infinitely short; that so they may be admonished to arouse themselves, and advance their nature. Their spirit is beset with many insidious foes; and it is not possible for them, by any vigilance of their own, to guard and protect themselves from their wily assault. But while they exalt themselves in the highest strength they become secure; for those betraying weakness cease to have any power over them.

The character of nations seems borne down by a fatal power. The great principles of opinion and passion which have sustained them for a period sink away, and none succeed in their place. The very progress of their maturer intelligence advances them beyond the noble errors of their uninstructed youth. There is, then, no principle which can save them from decay coming on, but religion. In their highest state of intelligence, here is an ob-

ject which commands the adoration of reason. In their decay and fall of spirit, here is a passion which can enter the sunk and languishing heart, and rekindle and renovate its strength. In the flow of overwhelming luxury, here is a principle of power to contend against the enchantments of sense, and to cast out the madness of the grosser passions. Here is a spirit which can enter every house, can tell pleasure of its folly and wealth of its vanity, which can address itself to every heart, and chastise in each single breast the universal depravity.

How utterly have those nations fallen who have been without religion! How have those declined and suffered who have corrupted their religion! We feel that we have yet some strength with which to contend against the threatening decays that creep in upon the further periods of a nation's existence. But of that strength how much do we owe to the vigor in which our religion has been maintained among us! How much of it would be left, if we should ever suffer that religion unhappily to decay?

In the laws, the manners, the philosophy, the literature of a people, the influence of high religious feeling will be traced, unobtrusively but powerfully diffusing itself through every part of their welfare. How much of the happiness of a people, of the purity and dignity of its manners, arises from that domestic virtue which religion alone can guard. Their public institutions must be actuated by the same spirit. Their literature will take a character, indirectly, from this source. If the thoughts of the people be high and pure, their whole literature will maintain the same tenor. Their philosophy especially, which continually draws near to religion—which weds itself to their morality—which is constantly derived anew from the highest faculties of their intelligence—their philosophy will be lofty or low, a science of truth or of falsehood, as their whole mind is more or less influenced and governed by these high doctrines and feelings. In truth, what philosophy of morals can there be which does not derive its character directly from this source? Nothing but abasement and degradation of the whole moral nature of man can follow the moment morality is made independent of this connexion. It were better to leave man without speculation at all upon this

subject, than to exhibit to him himself be-
 reft of his highest capacity, and to persuade
 him that this is the faithful picture of that
 being which he was created. Even that
 science which seems less immediately con-
 nected with this part of our nature, physi-
 cal science, is in a thousand ways linked to
 it, and owes to it its noblest character. For
 it is not the subject-matter itself that con-
 strains the mind to an inevitable course, but
 the mind, according to its own character,
 selects the matter of its knowledge. The
 highest researches of this science are those
 which are connected with the great princi-
 ples that govern the natural world; and to
 these the mind seems called full as much
 by that secret moral feeling which accom-
 panies the sublimer contemplations of na-
 ture, as by its own intellectual tendency.
 Nor is it possible to conceive of the mind
 of Newton investigating the laws of the
 universe, without believing that his great
 studies had to himself their brightest com-
 mendation, while he believed himself per-
 mitted, in pursuing them, to become, in
 some part, an interpreter of that divine
 wisdom which has framed and governs the
 world.

In these inquiries we are accustomed to
 speak of the light of nature in comparison
 with the light of revelation, and to speak of
 the theological doctrines of which our human
 reason gives us assurance. Such expres-
 sions as these may easily lead to impor-
 tant error, and do, indeed, seem often to
 have been misconceived and misemployed.
 What those truths are which human reason,
 unassisted, would discover to us on these
 subjects, it is impossible for us to know,
 for we have never seen it left absolutely to
 itself. Instruction, more or less, in wan-
 dering tradition, or in express, full, and re-
 corded revelation, has always accompanied
 it; and we have never had other experience
 of the human mind than as exerting its
 powers under the light of imparted knowl-
 edge. In these circumstances, all that can
 be properly meant by those expressions
 which regard the power of the human
 mind to guide, to enlighten, or to satisfy
 itself in these great inquiries is, not that
 it can be the discoverer of truth, but that,
 with the doctrines of truth set before it, it
 is able to deduce arguments from its own
 independent sources which confirm it in
 their belief; or that, with truth and error
 proposed to its choice, it has means to a

certain extent, in its own power, of distin-
 guishing one from the other. For ourselves,
 we may understand easily that it would be
 impossible for us to shut out from our minds
 the knowledge which has been poured in
 upon them from our earliest years, in order
 to ascertain what self-left reason could find
 out. Yet this much we are able to do in
 the speculations of our philosophy. We
 can inquire in this light, what are the
 grounds of evidence which nature and
 reason themselves offer for belief in the
 same truths. A like remark must be ex-
 tended to the morality which we seem now
 to inculcate from the authority of human
 reason. We no longer possess any such
 independent morality. The spirit of a
 higher, purer moral law than man could
 discover has been breathed over the world,
 and we have grown up in the air and the
 light of a system so congenial to the high-
 est feelings of our human nature, that the
 wisest spirits among us have sometimes
 been tempted to forget that its origin is
 divine.—*Blackwood's Magazine for April.*

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN TURKEY.

As M. MSARA finished his explanation,
 we saw the cadi on duty. He goes out in
 the morning without making known his
 intended rout; takes his walk with suit-
 able attendants, and stops at the first ba-
 azaar. He seats himself at random in one
 of the shops, and examines the weights,
 measures, and merchandize. He lends an
 ear to all complaints, interrogates any mer-
 chant accused of infraction of the law, and
 then, without court or jury, and especially
 without delay, pronounces judgment, ap-
 plies the penalty, and goes on in quest of
 other delinquents. In these cases, however,
 the punishment is of a different character.
 Notwithstanding the identity of the crime,
 he cannot treat the offending merchant as a
 common thief; that would have a prejudicial
 effect on commerce. The penalty is gradu-
 ated thus; the mildest, confiscation; the
 moderate, closing the shop; the severest,
 exposure. This last is inflicted in a singu-
 lar manner. The culprit is placed with his
 back against the shop, and is compelled to
 raise himself on his toes until the weight
 of his whole body rests on them; his ear

is then nailed to the door or shutter of his shop. This punishment lasts two, four, or six hours. It is true, the criminal may abridge its duration whenever he chooses to let himself down. But the Turkish merchant is jealous of his reputation, and nothing but the last necessity would induce him to resemble a thief by the mutilation of his ears.

I stopped in front of one of the wretches, who had just been nailed up. I was disposed to compassionate his case, but Mahommed told me he was an *habitué*, and that if I would observe his ear closely, I should find it was like a cullender. This changed the current of my sympathies, and, as he was to remain sometime longer, I ceased to regret his sufferings, and rejoiced in the opportunity of making a sketch. I drew forth crayons and paper, and begged the rest to continue with M. Msara, leaving Mahommed to assist me in any embarrassment. But Mayer would not quit me; so we three remained and the others proceeded.

My picture was composed; the criminal, nailed by his ear, was standing stiff and motionless on the extreme points of his great toes, and seated near him, on the sill of the door, was the guard charged with seeing the punishment duly executed, smoking a pipe. The quantity of tobacco in the pipe seemed to be graduated to the time that the punishment was to continue. Around these two personages was a demi-circle of idlers. We took our places at one side, and I commenced my task.

After a time, the culprit, finding he had nothing to expect from the crowd—among whom, perhaps, he recognised some of his customers—hazarded a word to the guard.

"Brother," said he, "one law of our holy prophet is, that men should help one another."

The guard seemed to take no exception to this precept in the abstract, and continued quietly to smoke.

"Brother," resumed the patient, "did you not hear me?"

The guard made no other reply than a large puff of smoke, that ascended to his neighbor's nose.

"Brother," still persisted the man, "one of us can aid the other, and do a thing acceptable to Mahomet."

The puffs of smoke succeeded each other with a regularity that extinguished the poor fellow's hopes.

"Brother," cried the despondent, with a dolorous voice, "put a stone under my heels, and I will give you a piastre."

No reply.

"Two piastres."

A pause.

"Three piastres."

Smoke.

"Four piastres."

"Ten piastres," said the guard quietly.

The ear and the purse of the man held a parley which was visible in the countenance; at length pain conquered, and the ten piastres rolled to the feet of the guard, who counted them with great deliberation, put them in his purse, rested his pipe against the wall, and picked up a pebble about as large as the egg of a tom-tit, and placed it under the man's heels.

"Brother," said the culprit, "I feel nothing under my feet."

"A stone is there, however," answered the guard, resuming his seat and his pipe: "but it is true, I selected in reference to your price. Give me a *tatari* (five francs) and I will place a stone under you so appropriate to your necessities, that you shall sigh for it when you reach paradise."

The result may be anticipated; the guard had his money, the merchant his stone. How the affair terminated thereafter I do not know. My drawing was completed in half an hour, and we proceeded on our walk.—*Dewey's Travels.*

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

It was remarked by Mr. Pepys: "I cannot but think, that if many young and beautiful women could be made to see in a strong point of light, the extent of their influence either to do good or to do evil, it might awaken the consciences of some to exert themselves in the cause of virtue, and deter others from affording that countenance to vice, which is given by discovering too plainly, that it is not wholly disagreeable to those who in words profess themselves the patronesses of virtue. No one, who does not enter into the feelings of a young man, can conceive how much less formidable the ridicule of all the men in the world would be, than that of the women with whom he happens to be acquainted."

FARMING.

Is AGRICULTURE an honorable employment?

It is too much the case in our country, altogether too much the case for a republican people, that men are respected according to the wealth they possess, or the display they make with that wealth. It is too much the case that the scale of human glory and admiration is graduated, not according to intrinsic worth, but by the tinsel glittering of external appearances; and it not unfrequently happens that the base compound of spurious metals exhibits a more brilliant outside than the pure gold. But which is preferred when it is brought to the test—when it is offered in exchange for other commodities—which, then, is honored with a preference? And when there is an important case to be decided—when any subject is to be left to the decision of men—when soundness of intellect and faithfulness of conduct are to be brought into requisition, are those selected for the arbiters who possess the most display? In such cases are the external appearances regarded as a guarantee of ability to deliberate coolly, judge soundly, and decide impartially. No, it is then said, give us a jury from the hardy yeomanry of our country, whose minds have been matured in connection with the cultivation of the soil; whose lives have been one continued chain of useful labor *undisturbed* by the fluctuation of trade and *uncontaminated* by the caprice of speculation. Here is the true test of honor from our fellow men. This, however, is but the honor which comes from our equals. Every occupation is truly honorable in proportion to its usefulness. And every man is truly honorable in proportion to the industry, skill, and perseverance with which he pursues it. Where, then, let me ask, can be found a business that is more useful to the world—that adds more to the amount—that contributes so largely to the comfort and happiness of mankind, as farming?

We then fairly draw the conclusion, that farming is not only, according to the opinion of men, the most honorable of all occupations; but according to the design of the creator of the universe, in assigning to mankind the various uses necessary for their comfort and happiness here below, this was the first and most useful, and, hence, takes rank as such in the scale of honor.

Is Farming a laborious business?

According to the accounts some would give us, we should at once be obliged to give an affirmative answer to this inquiry. We not unfrequently hear it represented as a life of hardship—a life of incessant toil, severity and deprivation which is very poorly compensated. But an experiment of ten successive years has led us to question these assertions of others. We will make a few comparisons between the business of the farmer and those engaged in other branches of productive industry. In fact we will not stop here; we will take into the account the trader and the merchant. It is a truth which we would not wish to palliate or deny, that for a portion of the year the business of the farmer requires of him close and assiduous application; but there are several branches of mechanical business which require as close application and are as laborious the whole year through; as the most toilsome part of the farmer's business, which does not last more than one-third part of the year. Another third is not required to be more closely occupied, nor is the employment more laborious than that performed by seven-eighths of the mechanics and laborers in our country. And the greater portion of the other third we can throw in to the farmer for the purpose of visiting and entertaining friends and for the enjoyment of all the social pleasures of life. While to the mechanic, laborer, and even the merchant, we can hardly allow a single holiday in the whole year—they must be constant and diligent in their application to business or their interest is materially affected. While the farmer can so arrange his work that he can leave it without the least degree of inconvenience, except at the time of planting or harvesting his crops; and while he can employ the long winter evening in the improvement of his mind, the mechanic must be plying the implements of his trade at his work-shop, and the merchant posting his accounts at his store. Therefore he is not required to be so diligent in his application to his business, and taking the whole twelve months together he is not required to perform so much labor as the greater portion of the mechanics and merchants among us. The business of the farmer, too, admits of such a variety of exercise that when one kind of labor becomes irksome or tedious, he can exchange to some other without, in the least degree,

militating against the interest of his whole business. These changes may be so managed as to be almost equal to rest. Therefore we must conclude, from a comparison with other branches of industry, that farming is not, taken as a whole, a laborious business.

Is Farming a healthy business?

By comparing the fine and ruddy countenances and the firm and rugged appearances of a large portion of the audience before me, with the pale and sickly countenances of one assembled in any of our large and populous cities or towns, I might at once come to an affirmative conclusion on this point, and spare myself the task of speaking, and you the trouble of hearing a word further on this part of the subject.

It is universally admitted that such an amount and variety of exercise in the open and pure air as is required of the farmer, if not a perfect guarantee of a healthy constitution, is certainly conducive to it; while the close and confined air of the workshop and the nauseous vapor of a dense population are destroying the energies and wasting the constitutions of mechanics and traders who are necessarily, for the most part, within our large and thickly settled towns. The bill of mortality, too, shows that more farmers arrive at an advanced age than most other classes, and that they generally enjoy better health is seldom questioned.—*Maine Farmer.*

MATRIMONY.

THE following beautiful extract is from "Family Lectures," by Mrs. N. Sproat, of Taunton, Massachusetts: "A great portion of the wretchedness which has often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in the neglect of *trifles*. Conubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a plant which will not even bear the *touch* of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with a shower of tender affection, expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded with the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years."

I SEE THEE STILL.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I SEE thee still!

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou 'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear,

I see thee still!

I see thee still,

In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound—
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers all withered now like thee,
Beloved, thou didst cull for me:
This book was thine—here did'st thou read
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,

I see thee still!

I see thee still;

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
This was thy favorite fire-side seat,
This was thy chamber, where each day
I sat and watched thy sad decay:
Here on this bed thou hast didst lie,
Here on this pillow, thou didst die!
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee pale and cold,

I see thee still!

I see thee still!

Thou art not in the tomb confined,
Death cannot claim the immortal mind,
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, oh beloved, 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou, to a fairer land art gone—
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

LINES.

THE beautiful grape must be crushed before
Can be gathered its glorious wine;
So the Poet's heart must be wrung to its core,
Ere his song can be divine.
There are flowers which perfume yield not,
'Till their leaves have been rudely pressed;
So the Poet's worth is revealed not,
'Till sorrow hath entered his breast.

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

My female pupils in the art of swimming were first, Mrs. Gill, whose husband also attended; the Duchess of Cirella and her daughter; Madame Isoard and her sister, (General Isoard was intendant on the arsenal,) the Duchess of Ponalbita; Countess Suini, of Milan; Countess of Battaglina, of Rimini, and several others. They all had dresses, that is, a waistcoat and trousers of dark brown flannel—the gentlemen drawers. Every morning at six we met at the house of Isoard, at Santa Lucia, and provided with every thing requisite for a good breakfast, except figs, oranges, and other delicious fruits, which we gathered on the spot, we embarked and passed over to a grotto under Posilipo.

The limpid water of the grotto we selected, gradually became shallower towards its extremity, which was of fine white sand, and then a clean surface of tuffo rock, on which the ladies undressed and put on their swimming garments. The men performed these operations in the boat aloof from the grotto. On the top of the grotto, was a beautiful little farm house, accessible from the sea by stairs cut in the side of the rock. Here we got fruit and new laid eggs, and fire to make our tea and coffee. Mrs. Gill was the first to swim alone. The very first time she entered the water, she leaped off of a ledge of the rock into a depth of twenty feet; her husband and I being prepared to receive her. By following the plan adopted by Rochow, when I took him across the Tiber, I carried her and the other ladies from the grotto, across deep water, to a rock a hundred yards distant. One morning Mrs. Gill thought she could do the like to another pupil; so placing Miss Isoard, a fine strong girl of eighteen, on her shoulders, off she swam with her towards the rock. They had not got half way, when Mrs. Gill imprudently began to joke her companion on her courage, observing that they were then in water forty feet deep. Miss Isoard began to tremble and to lift herself more above the water, so as to press Mrs. Gill under it. At last she became so alarmed as to clasp her round the neck, and both went down together. I hastened to the spot, and was just in time to save them; but it was a dangerous moment; for both of them having lost all presence of mind, seized hold of me, one by the hair, the other by the throat, scratched

my face and neck, and still clung to each other. No time was to be lost. I forcibly pulled them asunder, and not being able to carry them both, I left Mrs. Gill, who could swim, to shift for herself, and she was the next instant joined by her husband, and I carried off Miss Isoard and got her safe into port. This affair did not interrupt our delightful and healthful amusement, but it convinced me of the danger of allowing any person to commence learning to swim, except in the way recommended by the sagacious Benjamin Franklin, that is wading from a shelving beach into the water, until it reaches the shoulders, and then turning the face towards the shore, endeavor to dive and pick up a white stone, placed between the swimmer and the beach. This was the plan I had begun by adopting; there is no other anything like so safe and also so efficacious.

Long before this period I had bethought me of having recourse to mechanical means to enable me to swim with far more ease and speed, than unaided nature will allow us. In the first place, I found that by rubbing my body all over with oil of pomatum, I not only slipped better through the water, as does a ship with a smooth bottom, but the soddening and weakening effect upon the muscles of long immersion was very much reduced. To increase my power of impingement on the water, I first attached to the soles of a pair of laced boots, flaps of woods on hinges, just like those of a Pembroke table; so that the flaps closed and opened alternately, as I drew up or struck out my feet. But I found that the operations of swimming in our species and in that of a frog, are essentially different. The frog is propelled by the flats on his webbed feet; we advance by the oblique action of the inner portions of legs and feet, in the way of "sculling" with an oar at the stern of a boat. I altered my foot apparatus accordingly, and instead of two flaps to each foot, I only used one. This I applied to stationary pieces of board, ascending upwards over the ancles, which were admitted into it and saved from the pressure by holes. At the bottom of these boards, flaps were attached by brass hinges, but so arranged that they could only move outwards twenty degrees and inwards forty-five. This simple apparatus can be put into the pocket, and attached to the ancles by straps and buckles in a minute; such of my readers as ever try it will be surprised at the increase of power

it will give them in the water. Man is a two-legged animal, his arms can do but little service in the action of progression. Our power is in the legs and thighs. I also made gloves of calico, which upon expanding the fingers and thumb, filled up the spaces between, like the webs in the feet of a duck; but it soon fatigues the fingers, which however, may be expanded only on emergencies. Being thus equipped, I have often astonished persons in a boat, after which I have swam so rapidly as to make them think for a moment that I was towed after them by a rope.

When bathing is merely performed for the sake of its healthful or cleansing effects, it may be best to enter the water early in the day, and fasting, as physicians usually prescribe. But persons of delicate constitutions are ordered by the Italian doctors to bathe at noon, after the water has been warmed by the sun. For the information of those who swim for amusement and, as it were gymnastically, I beg to state that they will be able to swim many times as far again, and dive, and hold their breath much longer, if they go into the water after having taken a nourishing meal and drank a bottle of strong wine. The abstraction of caloric from the body by the water, is enormous, and fuel is required to keep up the supply. The men who at Naples obtain a living by diving for "shell fish," always drink at least a quart of good wine before entering the water, especially if it be chilly.—*Life of Maceroni.*

WAVERLY MANUSCRIPTS.

WE lately had the pleasure of looking over the original manuscripts of the Waverly Novels, which have been re-purchased from various parties, and are now in the safe-keeping of Mr. Cadell, publisher, Edinburgh. They form a long file of quarto volumes, handsomely bound in Russia leather. They are accompanied by the original manuscripts of the "Lady of the Lake," and some other of the poems. So vast a series of original compositions—full of brilliant creative genius—has certainly not issued from one man's brains since Shakspeare threw off successively his 37 plays, apparently with the same ease that a tree resigns its leaves to the wind. Sir Walter Scott wrote a careless but free and regular hand; his novels are written on large quarto post paper, on one side only (as

authors generally do, for the accommodation of the printers,) and each page is crammed from top to bottom, and side to side. Leaf follows leaf, through quires and reams of paper, with only a slight verbal correction or interlineation here and there! His intellect seems at once to have embodied itself in suitable language, and he poured out himself on paper with the same facility that a man engages in conversation, or pens an ordinary letter. Sir Walter, it is known, read over and revised the whole of his novels preparatory to their re-publication in their latest form in monthly volumes. For this purpose he had a copy of each work interleaved; and this goodly array of volumes is also in the possession of Mr. Cadell. Sir Walter appeared to have bestowed considerable pains on this last duty to his numerous offspring; he altered words, improved the phraseology, corrected his quotations, and occasionally heightened and improved the dialogue. Some of the smaller fry of critics used to ridicule the author of Waverly for his Scotticisms, such as saying that one man inquired *at* another, instead of inquiring *of* him. Sir Walter made the only sensible use of these criticisms; he quietly drew his pen through the "at" and substituted "of." No Scottish author, with the single exception, perhaps of Dr. Beattie, ever fairly got rid of these little peculiarities of style and expression which betray his origin; but few or none could be more indifferent about the matter than Sir Walter Scott. He looked to the general effect—to the grouping of incidents—and to the delineation of character and passion, leaving the language to shift for itself. The world was content to take the words as they came. The press was always calling to him for manuscript; and the prospect of a new wing to Abbotsford, or the payment of another £1000, spurred him on his almost superhuman career. Alas! that he should have taxed himself beyond the strength and endurance of frail humanity! We may add that the Waverly manuscripts are kept in a fine Gothic cabinet of oak, which Mr. Cadell has had made for the purpose; and if no accident intervene, future ages will undoubtedly look on this ark of genius with wonder and delight.—*Inverness Courier.*

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise.

THE PASSION TO GROW RICH.

THE desire of advancing one's self in the world is a natural and even an honorable desire. But he who acts upon it, having his mind still intent in desire upon the acquisition of money, and therefore feeling gratefully all the acquisitions he makes, is soon led to look upon the growing amount of his property as something excellent in itself, even beyond and independently of the service to which he can apply it. He has exerted, for this end, the whole power of his mind—his talents, his genius, have been devoted to bring together this amount—to win it from the strife of the world. He looks, therefore, with self-complacency on the amount he has gained, because it bears witness to him of his talents, his genius; it is the trophy which signalizes his success. In this way the man is identified with his property; he sees in it all his exertions, perils, watchings—his sleepless nights, his anxieties, his struggles are all embodied to him in that amount of property; and in this, which is the fruit of his whole past life, he still possesses that past life in the present. Is it not even so?

Analogous to this is the passion with which he looks onward to the future. He carries into it his own desire of enterprise and achievement. He conceives projects by which far greater wealth may be realized. He asks these accessions not from fortune, but from his own genius and skill, commanding fortune. He imagines and weighs various projects which suggest themselves to his imagination. He seizes upon some one more bold than the rest, and in which his sanguine thought and his trust in his own judgment and skill promise him magnificent results. He engages in it, and, while time slowly brings forth the birth of the enterprise, his whole passion of hope and fear is intent upon the issue. It is thus that, in such undertakings, the passion engaged is not simply measured to the fruit which is to be reaped from it, but the man gives himself wholly to his enterprise, and feels in the issue not merely property at stake, but his own energy and power. Is it not even so?

Were some simpleton to ask us to explain how any man should give himself up so eagerly and passionately to a state of mind which is full of anxiety, fear and pain, we should say—*oracularly*—the explanation is to be sought in a law of our nature, which

makes passionate desire of all kinds agreeable to the mind. Languor only, and the want of interest, are painful and insupportable; but the most eager and anxious passions, however they may be mixed with fear or pain, are grateful, by the excited state of hope, desire and power which they bring into the mind. It is by such passions that he is drawn on who engages in intent speculations for the augmentation of property. When they succeed, the amount which he adds to his former amount is to him of the nature of a triumph. When they fail, the loss he incurs is to him of the nature of a defeat. And thus, his whole amount of property continually varying, and being to a certain extent in continual hazard, his mind constantly revolves it, viewing it under all aspects, as it actually is, as it may be greater or less. It is an image continually before him—with which he is constantly connecting intenser passion and feeling, not only in failure and success, but in every variation of hope and fear. He sees in it that to which he has lived, and for which he is to live. His other desires have ceased—his other passions are extinct. He has transfused his whole being into one object, and with that he seems to live and die.—*Blackwood.*

ABYSSINIAN MANUSCRIPTS.

THE most remarkable of these is a copy of the Bible containing an additional book by Solomon, one or two additional of Esdras, and a considerable addition to the book of Esther; none of these augmentations of the Bible have yet been heard of in Europe. It contains also the book of Enoch and the fifteen new Psalms, the existence of which has been some time known among the learned. Another curious manuscript is a species of code, which the Abyssinians carry as far back as the Council of Nice, when they say, it was promulgated by one of their kings. This code is divided into two books, the first of which relates to the canon law, and treats of the relations between the church and the temporal power, and the second is purely a civil code. M. Ruppell has also with him some Abyssinian church hymns, which display the only indications of poetry which has been found to exist among the Abyssinians.—*Hannah More.*

THE THREE SHARPERS.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

A PEASANT was conducting a goat to Bagdad; he was mounted on a mule, and the goat following him with a bell hung to his neck. Three young bucks observing him, one of them proposed an even bet that he would take the goat without the countryman's knowledge, notwithstanding the tinkling of the bell. "Done," said the second, "and at the same time I will lay you a wager that I will steal from the fellow the mule he rides upon without exciting his suspicion." "That must be a difficult task, indeed," observed the third; "but if you will double the stakes, I will engage to take from him all the clothes upon his back, and carry them off, without his trying to hinder me!" These proposals being mutually agreed to, the first commenced his task which was to steal the goat. Having dexterously loosened the fastenings to the bell, he slipped it from the goat's neck, tied it to the mule's tail, and made off with the goat undiscovered. The peasant, hearing the tinkling of the bell, never doubted but that the goat followed. However, happening to look behind him some time after, he was strangely surprised at missing the little animal, which he was to sell at market. He now made inquiry of every passenger, in hopes of hearing of his strayed goat; at last, the second sharper accosted him, and told him he had just seen a man make down the next lane precipitately, dragging along a goat by the hind-legs. The peasant, thinking he could run faster than his old mule could carry him, instantly dismounted, and requested the young fellow to hold his mule, while he set off in full speed in pursuit of the thief. After exhausting himself in running without getting sight of the man or the goat, he returned quite spent and almost breathless, to thank the stranger for taking care of his mule, when to add to his misfortune, behold, his mule and keeper were vanished.

The two successful rogues had gained a secure retreat, and were triumphing over their associate, while he waited for the countryman at the side of a well, in the part of a road he knew he must pass. Here he sent forth his lamentable cries, and made such bitter wailings, that the peasant was touched with commiseration as he approach-

ed him, and reflecting on his own misfortunes, found himself disposed to listen to the afflictions of others. As he appeared to be overwhelmed with grief, he thus addressed him: "How can you take on so piteously? surely your misfortunes are not so great as mine; I have just lost two animals, the value of which is more than one-half of my substance; my mule and my goat might, in time, have made my fortune." "A fine loss, truly," said the man at the well, "to be compared with mine! you have not, like me, let fall into this well, a casket of diamonds delivered into my hands, and entrusted to my care and discretion, to be carried to the Caliph of Bagdad; no doubt I shall be hanged for my negligence, which will be called an excuse for having clandestinely sold them." "Why don't you dive to the bottom of the well, and fetch up your treasure," said the peasant; "I know it is not deep." "Alas," replied the sharper, "I am quite awkward at diving, and had rather run the risk of being hanged, than meet inevitable death by drowning; but if any one who knows the well better than me, would undertake the kind office, upon recovering the jewels, I would give him ten pieces of gold."

The unwary dupe poured out his pious ejaculations in gratitude to Mahomet for having thrown in his way the means of repairing the loss of his mule and his goat. "Promise me," said he, in an ecstasy, "the ten pieces, and I will recover your casket." The sharper agreed, and the countryman stripped himself and jumped with such alacrity into the well, that the sharper saw he had no time to lose, and immediately took to his heels with the clothes. The poor peasant felt all round the bottom of the well to no purpose, and then raising himself to the brink to take breath, and recover strength for a second attempt, he found that the stranger had decamped with his apparel. Grown wise too late by woful experience, he returned home by many a lonely path to conceal his shame; and relating his tale to his affectionate wife, the only consolation he received from her was, "that from the king upon the throne to the shepherd on the plains, two thirds of the human race owed the greatest part of the vexations of life to imprudent confidences." The next day he not only received back both his animals and his clothes, but in one of the pockets he found the full sum he so much coveted, to wit: ten pieces of gold.

"THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES."

THE Pacha of Egypt, I believe in 1818, assembled together the whole corps of the Mamelukes, as if for a feast; and having secured all egress except a steep and precipitous descent over the sides of the elevation, (the platform of the Citadel,) he destroyed them with cannon and musketry. They came according to custom, in their richest costume, with their finest arms and bearing about them all their wealth. At a signal given by the Pacha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron, and men and horses were at once weltering in their blood. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the Citadel, and were destroyed in the abyss. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion both horses and riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant like equestrian riders shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning; they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to Ell Ezish, the other darted up the mountains; the pursuers divided, one half followed each.

It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death! The steeds of the desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, flew along the edges of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times hearing the tramp of his pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell at length, not to rise again. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity; instead of gliding down the rocks into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and awaited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed Ell Ezish, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and in time, became the Governor of Jerusalem, where, at a later date, I had the pleasure to see him. The last and only remnant of that redoubtable corps which thirty years before, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the elite of Napoleon's army.—*Damas.*

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN GREATNESS.

THIS pamphlet is an address delivered before the Kensington Institute, by the Rev. G. W. West, pastor of Trinity church, in Kensington. Among some errors, it contains some useful truths. He offers as fundamental principles of national policy,—1. Deferential submission to the laws. 2. The extension and deepening of sound education. 3. The cultivation of the esteem of enlightened foreigners, of all nations, more particularly those of the British dominions, for the purpose of inducing a more deserving class of emigrants to settle among us. 4. Reformation of laws, customs, churches, sects, parties and societies, according to the principles laid down in the constitution.

He proceeds to illustrate and enforce these principles by means of an allegory, in which he represents *Wisdom* and *Prudence* as urging upon the people of the United States their respective claims to attention. He acts as counsel for both, and in the exercise of this office, he complains of our jealousy towards foreigners, and more especially the subjects of the British empire; and to show the groundless character of this jealousy, he says that we owe every thing, even our existence, to foreigners, being the very children of those whom we stigmatize as such.

We are among the last to encourage or flatter prejudices, for we respect nothing but truth; but we regard any degree of jealousy towards foreigners that is essential to our safety, as *no prejudice*. We admit ourselves to be the descendants of European ancestors. But these ancestors are not the present inhabitants of Europe. Both we and the present Europeans are descended from the same ancestors; but this places us in the relation of *independent* brothers, and not of *dependent* children, to the present Europeans. Due regard to our own safety, therefore, requires us to entertain just so much jealousy of foreigners as shall prompt us to retain the management of our own affairs, and no more. We ought to encourage the worthy of Europe to settle among us, and promote the productiveness of our own country. But we ought to preserve most carefully, the management of our own institutions. No people more carefully exclude foreigners from the management of their political institutions, than the British; and to prove it, we defy any one to show us a na-

tive Frenchman, German, Dane, Swede or Norwegian in either House of Parliament, in the Privy Council, in the Ministry, or the Bench of the Law or the Church, or in high commission in the Army or Navy. Yet the whole people of England are descendants of Germans, Saxons, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Normans, and are therefore as much *foreigners* as we are now. Whence came our ancestors is not important. *We* are *natives*, and if nativity gives any claim over foreign birth, we have an equal right to assert it with our brothers and cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. We admit that our freedom and laws are derived from England. But they are ours *now*; and we are bound to guard them as carefully against our English, as against our French or Dutch cousins.

He ascribes our wealth to England. It proceeds from our own industry, exerted on our own soil and in our own workshops. He implies that at the beginning of the revolution, we were largely indebted to England, and sought to avoid the debt by a war; and that at the commencement of the revolution, in 1837, we were largely indebted to the same country, and sought to pay the debt by bankruptcy. He is mistaken. The revolutionary debts were punctually paid after the peace of 1782; and the suspension of suits for them during the war, was founded upon a fundamental principle of English common law.—The difficulties of the late revulsion were produced by a combination of English bankers and merchants, who having our cotton in hand, wished to obtain it for half price, and therefore begun their system of restrictions. Does he remember the famous *circular* of the Barings?

But the pamphlet contains many useful hints, and we commend it to the notice of our readers; and among these hints, we particularly refer to his remarks upon the miserable defects in our laws upon the subject of marriage. At present, no woman is safe in Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia World*.

YOUNG WIVES.

A writer in Queen Anne's day, speaking of young brides, says it is usual with young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a confident look and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a constraint upon their nature; whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favor of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that holy state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness. Avoid the least degree of fondness for your husband before any witness whatever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgusting to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it: the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to be mentioned. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty.

ORIGIN OF STERNE'S MARIA.

By some unpublished letters of Sterne, it appears that early in life he deeply fixed the affections of a young lady, during a period of five years, and for some unknown cause suddenly deserted her and married another. The young lady was too sensible of this act of treachery; she lost her senses and was confined in a private madhouse, where Sterne twice visited her. He has drawn and colored the picture of that madness which he himself occasioned! This fact adds only to some which so deeply injured the character of this sentimental writer, and the whole spurious race of his wretched apes. His life was loose and *shandean*—his principles unsettled; and it does not seem that he carried a single attraction about him: for his death was characteristic of his life. He died at his lodgings with neither friend nor relative by his side; a hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart could not draw one by his death-bed.

THAT every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed. But let us not attend only to mournful truths: if we look impartially about us, we shall find, that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

BURT'S SOLAR COMPASS.

A COMPASS has lately been perfected at the shop of L. N. MITZ, mathematical instrument-maker, No. 83, Main street, Cincinnati, by which lines may be run at any angle with the meridian when the sun is not obscured, without the use of the magnetic needle. We owe this invention to the patentee, WM. A. BURT, esq., of Mt. Vernon, Michigan, a surveyor of the public lands. A year or two since, a similar instrument was constructed at Philadelphia, which was noticed in the proceedings of the Franklin Institute, and has since been in successful use by the inventor and others in the public surveys. The one first above referred to, is an improvement upon the last named, not so much in principle as construction. The great advantages secured by the Solar Compass, arise principally from its taking the true, and not the magnetic meridian, as a guide. Over the tracts to which the government surveys have extended, the needle varies from 0° to 11° from the true meridian; and although the section lines are referred to this, it can only be done with great trouble, and in a manner which does not secure accuracy. It is commonly effected by nightly observations of the pole-star, always tedious to the observer, fatigued by the labors of the day, and often impracticable by reason of the obscurity of the heavens, or the disturbing presence of "northern lights." Between observations frequent changes take place in the amount of variation, which cannot be appreciated, sometimes as high as half a degree in the distance of six miles or length of a township. These difficulties, with the numerous agitations a needle undergoes in storms, added to the diurnal variation, which of itself may cause an error of nearly one chain in a mile, have caused all practical surveyors to lose confidence in the magnetic compass. If, therefore, the present instrument shall prove itself capable of ordinary use, the constructor has accomplished a most important object, and placed himself high among the celebrated inventors of this inventive

age. But it has other qualities that may be turned to valuable purposes. A description, upon paper, without drawings, must necessarily be defective, and may in this instance be unintelligible. There is a plate, and arms with uprights at the extremities, for sights, like an ordinary compass. The circular part is graduated, and revolves with accuracy, when made level. Upon it is a circular plate hiding the surface, except at two openings, where the graduated circle is read, as it revolves in the plane of the horizon. When the sights are fixed in the meridian, the upper plate may be clamped, and directing the compass upon any object, the angle is seen and read by a double nonius at the apertures of the superior plate. To place the sights on the true meridian, an apparatus is constructed upon the top of the compass somewhat complicated and difficult to represent.

A plane, which revolves vertically upon a horizontal axis, perpendicular to the meridian, is here established. Its elevation is equal to the complement of the latitude, which brings it parallel to the equator. But the graduation of the arc, which shows the angle of elevation, gives the latitude direct. Upon this inclined plane, is a limb or plane which has a circular motion parallel to it, on a pivot which is fixed near its center. Its movement is measured by a graduated and moveable arc, on the face of the plane, representing the equator, and indicates apparent time. There is also in the last mentioned limb or plane, a graduation, and a lens, at opposite points, by which, when the sun's declination is known, and the arc is moved, as it may be, so that a line through the lens to a given point on it, (the arc,) shall make the same angle with the equatorial plate, as the sun's rays do for that day and hour, with the equator, the image of the sun, from the lens, will fall upon the same point. But this can only take place when the pivot is in the meridian; and when that is the case, the sights of the instrument are also due north and south. Here we suppose the latitude and declination is known, and the time and

meridian is wanted, and the observation takes place at mid-day. The arc of declination being set accurately, and the artificial equator established, as the sun approaches the meridian, the image of the sun must be brought to occupy the space allotted to it on the arc, a point it will reach but once, and only when the sun is at its greatest altitude for that day, and the instrument in the meridian. A needle is attached, and the variation is thus seen at once. This variation is set off on the nonius, and answers for that day's work, should the sun become obscured. But if the country is open, and the sun shining, it is more accurate and more expeditious to use the solar ray. For this purpose, an accurate time-piece is necessary, and should be well adjusted at meridian—for the apparent time being exactly known, the latitude and variation may be found at any hour, when the sun is well above the horizon. The axis, about which the upper limb or plane, which carries the arc of declination, revolves on its pivot, is a line perpendicular to the equator, and consequently parallel to the axis of the earth. When the compass is horizontal, this line is in the meridian whenever the sights are; and when the sun enters their plane, and answers to its declination, for noon, as shown on the arc, which is in the same vertical plane, it gives the true meridian. At any other hour, the same purpose is effected by the motion of the limb about its axis or pivot. The revolution being made to correspond to the horary angle for that hour, say four P. M., would, if the declination is correctly noted, bring the lens to the sun, so that its image would fall upon the cross lines of the arc of declination, the instrument not having been disturbed in its position since the mid-day observation. By setting this limb from the watch, to correspond with the time, and moving the sights till the sun's image takes its proper place, it is as evident it must be in the meridian as when it had remained stationary. The lens and its arc, are thus enabled to follow the movement of the sun from morning till night in its apparent daily revolutions. It follows, also, that the above results can only be had when all the requisite circumstances concur. The equatorial plane must be in due position, and when it is so, gives the latitude. The tables are not supposed to err in the declination, and a good watch will not vary perceptibly in the course of a few hours. At

noon the compass gives the apparent time as accurately as an observation of the sun would do it, and corrections may then be made, or the rate of error in the time-piece noted. If the latitude is well ascertained, time may be had at any hour when the sun shines. This results from the necessity of bringing every part of the apparatus to its proper place, before the sun's image will come to its position; and when that is done, the hour is marked upon the moveable arc, or dial of the equator. It is also evident, that an error, in any of the known quantities, or of construction, or adjustment, must disclose itself, and nothing can be done till every part is put in order; and for this reason, if the declination is fixed for an hour, or point of time not exactly known, but very nearly, and the image is brought to its place by working the various parts of the instrument, no perceptible error can exist in the meridian, and none of consequence in the latitude deduced—or the latitude being ascertained very nearly by maps or distances, the time given would not be materially in error. We are speaking, however, with reference, more particularly, to the accuracy of the same instrument, when governed by the needle, and not of absolute mathematical results. And by such a comparison, the solar compass will be found far before the magnetic. Very few needles give an angle within five minutes, and more often not within ten or fifteen. A deviation, either of adjustment or construction, of one or two minutes, in the compass of Mr. Burr, would be uncommon, and make itself known at once. The other uses, to which we referred in the commencement of this notice, are, the determination of latitude, and apparent time. For nice calculations of this kind, the arcs and circles may be enlarged, when almost any degree of accuracy attainable by solar observations, may thus be had with ease. By affixing a telescope, and constructing a large horizontal circle, the minuteness of the errors of the horizontal angles, may be almost indefinitely reduced.

In the field, owing to refraction and the difficulty of setting the dial arc at an early or late hour of the day, resort may be had to the needle. The arrangements for the use of the magnet are so made, that greater accuracy is attained than by the ordinary compass. This is done by setting the needle to the last observed variation, and thus fixing a meridian. The horizontal an-

gles" are then measured by the revolution of the horizontal plate, as in a theodolite.

In the above notice, we have given our ideas of the construction, principles, and power of this instrument; and having seen it in operation but once, may have omitted some particulars of importance, and misunderstood some of its parts. The author has taken it to the north for the purpose of running township lines on the upper peninsula of Michigan, and its value, as a field compass, will soon be tested. But whatever may be its success in this respect, it is clear that great advantages will flow from the principles here applied. The image of the sun appears to occupy a space measured in minutes on the arc of declination, equal to its diameter in minutes in the heavens: consequently, by enlarging all the arcs so as to read small angles, solar observations may be made at stationary points, such as observatories, with great closeness. It is also suggested, that it may be turned to account in navigation. If the suspension can be arranged to give complete repose to the instrument during the movements of the ship, something of the kind may, undoubtedly, be used at sea, both for the determination of latitude and variation.

PROF. LOOMIS'S ADDRESS.

THE Inaugural of Prof. E. LOOMIS, on accepting the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy at the Western Reserve College, August 21, 1838, has but this moment reached our table. Mr. L. is beginning to be known as a student of great industry and ability in the departments to which he is elected. He is, moreover, a young man, and ardently attached to his profession; and, in addition to a clear head, possesses a patience of investigation which promises celebrity in future. And farther, and not less important: his practice of recording the observations made, and results obtained, places the benefits of his labors within the reach of the world and posterity. The institution to which he is attached, has, as yet, only a small collection of philosophical instruments; but they are of the first quality, and so arranged by the Professor in a little observatory, as to make the most of them. But the address is in waiting. Its object is to show the *practical benefits of science*—to do away with the *American* impression that learning is an abstraction—the amusement

of the intellectual idler—above the capacity and beyond the use of the people.

The application is confined mostly to mathematics, and the force with which he sustains the position, may be seen by a few extracts.

My aim is not to prove the utility of the pure mathematics in themselves considered, without reference to their applications. For the pure mathematics are entirely an ideal structure, independent of the material universe. Every proposition is of necessity true. The laws of nature might have been different from what they are; yet to suppose a proposition of the mathematics false, involves an intrinsic absurdity. The mathematics then may be regarded as an engine, useless so long as it is unapplied, but most powerful when used for the discovery of truth. If, then, I succeed in showing that the highest branches of the mathematics, when applied, for instance, to astronomy or natural philosophy, have led to results most important to society, I trust that it will be admitted that those who devote themselves to the cultivation of the mathematics are benefactors of their race.

The importance of foreign commerce to the prosperity of this country will not, I presume, be questioned. But how is this intercourse with foreign countries maintained? How does the solitary vessel find its way across the pathless ocean? Who is its guide? Various articles are needed for such an expedition. The adventurer takes with him a chart of his route, a compass, a chronometer, a sextant, and a nautical almanac. By the compass he steers his ship nearly in the desired direction. Knowing the rate of his progress and the direction of his course, he is able to mark, from day to day, the spot which he occupies upon his chart. But the compass is a very uncertain and an unsafe guide. The needle is ever changing its direction, and the amount of this variation cannot be very accurately known. Moreover, irregular currents which may entirely escape notice, and whose effects, if noticed, it would be difficult to estimate, may be carrying him continually aside from his desired haven. Under these circumstances, the mariner is driven to celestial observations. His chronometer shows him the hour of the day at the port from which he started. With his sextant he measures the sun's altitude at noon, and by referring to his nautical almanac he knows at once his latitude. Two or three hours later in the day, he measures the sun's altitude again, and by referring to his nautical almanac, aided by a few figures, he determines his longitude. He is thus able to mark exactly the spot which he occupies upon his chart. Thus from noon to noon he presses boldly on, confident in his calculations, and fearless of danger. Though he leaves upon the ocean no permanent marks of his course, yet his route is drawn upon his chart with as much nicety as is the National Road upon a map of Ohio. Captain Basil Hall relates that he once sailed

from San Blas on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having in this interval passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining by lunar observations the position of his ship. For some days after taking these lunars, we steered, says he, towards Rio de Janeiro, and having arrived within fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I have to at four in the morning till the day should break, and then bore up; for although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so. About eight o'clock it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in farther, and was just bringing the ship to the wind again before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar Loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbor's mouth, so nearly right ahead that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance of Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds. Behold here one of the wonderful results of modern science! Yet the case I have quoted is by no means a solitary example of its kind. It is one of almost daily occurrence upon the ocean.

And what is this nautical almanac? An octavo volume of six hundred pages filled with figures. A catalogue of the places of the sun, moon, and planets, for every day of the year. And how are these places determined? They are computed from Tables. And how are the Tables constructed? By means of long continued and careful observations upon the heavenly bodies, which in their analysis require the utmost resources of mathematics. And where have these observations been made? Principally at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the liberal and enlightened government of England caused to be erected at Greenwich a small observatory, furnished it with instruments, and appointed an Astronomer Royal for the sole purpose of observing from day to day the places of the heavenly bodies. These observations have been continued to the present day, increasing annually in accuracy and value. It is from these observations almost exclusively that our tables are constructed. It is these observations long continued and laborious which have given wings to commerce. The sums which have been devoted to this observatory could not possibly have been expended more economically. Already has it been returned into England's coffers a thousand and a thousand fold, by means of her extended and unrivalled commerce.

Tracing the progress of astronomy, and its connection with commerce, he says:

One might fancy that having carefully observed the places of the moon for several years, it would be easy to determine the laws of its motion, and predict its position at any future time. Experience, however, has taught the contrary. The ancients attempted this problem. They had their Tables of the moon, and they were able to compute its place without an error greater than fifteen minutes. To proceed thus far is not very difficult. But of what use are such Tables to navigation? Who would trust a farthing of his property to a ship with such a security? But to construct more accurate Tables, to make this error of fifteen minutes disappear, has employed the profoundest mathematicians since the revival of letters. The ancients reasoned thus: The works of the Deity are perfect; the circle is the most perfect of all figures, and therefore the heavenly bodies revolve in circles. The hypothesis then itself must be in error, and Kepler was driven to the adoption of some other curve than the circle. He tried an *ellipse*. After years of labor, by a most diligent comparison of the observations of Tycho, Kepler established three fundamental laws upon which at present the whole fabric of astronomy rests. These laws are, that the orbits of the planets are ellipses, of which the sun occupies one of the foci; that the radius vector describes areas proportional to the times; and that the squares of the times of revolution are as the cubes of the mean distances from the sun. In these three propositions is embraced the labor of a life. What folly! What matters it whether the heavenly bodies revolve in circles or ellipses? Of what possible utility can it be to society? Who is made the happier or the richer by such a discovery? To him who regards only immediate results, Kepler must appear a busy idler. But to one who weighs the consequences of a discovery, Kepler will appear one of the greatest benefactors of his race. Newton raised the frame-work of the building, and advanced far towards the completion of the edifice. But here he was beset with unforeseen difficulties. From the laws of Kepler he had deduced the general principle that all matter attracts matter with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance. This principle being admitted, it follows that the orbits of the heavenly bodies cease to be *strictly ellipses*. Thus the ellipse which the moon would otherwise describe about the earth, is by the sun's influence elongated in the direction of the sun. It is easy without the aid of mathematics to predict this general result. But in order to construct *lunar tables* which shall be of service to navigation, we must go farther than this; we must compute this effect numerically. But how will you compute this effect? The problem is not a simple one. Newton essayed it; but he found the mathematics of his day too feeble an instrument for so formidable a

work. The problem was too stubborn to yield to the analysis of the ancient geometry. It was necessary then in the first place to perfect the mathematics. A more powerful instrument was needed. Newton invented a new analysis which received the name of Fluxions. With this new instrument, he again attacked the great problem which is known by the name of the Problem of Three Bodies, and obtained for it a partial solution. And here you exclaim, what folly! what useless expenditure of labor! to rack one's brain over mere abstractions, to torture oneself in creating a system purely ideal. Of what conceivable utility can be this new science of Fluxions? Will it promote the happiness and comfort of society? Will it diminish our taxes? Will it improve our crops? But let us patiently follow its history and see its results. In 1762 the celebrated lunar Tables of Mayer were presented to the British Board of Longitude and received a premium of £3000. To this was subsequently added £2000. These Tables were the fruit of all the observations made by Mayer, and of all the accurate observations which had been made before him. They were the best hitherto published, and never exceeded about a *minute in error*. To these succeeded the Tables of Mason, which were published under the direction of Maskelyne, who expressed the opinion that they would never exceed *thirty seconds* of error. The researches of Laplace, seconded by the more accurate observations of the last half century, have given us the Tables of Burckhardt, which are thought never to exceed *fifteen seconds* of error.

I trust now it will be conceded that the man who devotes himself successfully to the cultivation of the pure mathematics confers a lasting favor upon astronomy. But of what use to society is our knowledge of astronomy? I have already mentioned the British Nautical Almanac as being the *fruit* of all our astronomical knowledge. Here you have the places of nearly all the members of the solar system computed several years in advance. Here you have an exact index of the actual condition of astronomy. The true test of our acquaintance with the phenomena of nature is our ability to *predict* them; and the accuracy of our predictions will test the precision of our knowledge. Now the nautical almanac is a book exclusively of *predictions*. And how far are these predictions verified by observations? The places of the sun and moon seldom differ from observation more than three or four seconds of arc; and the places of the planets, under the most unfavorable circumstances, are found sometimes to be in error fifteen or twenty seconds, and occasionally even thirty seconds of arc. The nautical almanac then represents the motions of the sun, moon and planets with an astonishing precision. I have already alluded to the importance of this publication to commerce. It is the life, the soul of commerce. Without it, vessels might indeed venture to sea, but navigation

would be brought back to the rules of the Roman sailor, who crept timidly along the coast. The magnetic needle is a most valuable acquisition; yet suppose the mariner encounters a gale, which is to be expected in every long voyage. He is driven furiously before the wind. He is unable to determine his rate with accuracy, and after the gale he finds himself in the midst of a boundless and a trackless desert, without a landmark, without a guide. He has lost his reckoning. He knows not how far he may be from his desired haven. He knows not what rout to pursue. If he advance, he may be conducted to a port remote from what he desires, or he may be led upon shoals and rocks where life would be the forfeit. In this state of anxiety, his only sure reliance is upon celestial observations. Thus he determines his position independently of contrary winds. No matter how much he may have been driven from his true course by furious gales and unobserved currents, no matter how much his compass may have deceived him, two simple observations of the sun with his sextant show him his true position, and he starts again upon his course with the same confidence with which he first left his native port. Basil Hall relates a fact which shows the estimation in which *mariners* hold the *nautical almanac*. Being once on the coast of Chili, he found there in port several vessels without any almanac. This publication usually appears two or three years in advance; but these vessels had been out on long voyages, and their almanacs were exhausted. There they were ten thousand miles from home, and not one of them had a solitary almanac for the current year. To venture thus upon the ocean, and attempt to double Cape Horn, they dare not. They therefore lay in port, hoping that ere long some vessel might arrive which would furnish them an almanac. In this situation they were found by captain Hall. His arrival was greeted with acclamations, and he was instantly beset for an almanac. Unfortunately he had but a single copy. He had left home with a large supply, but had parted with every copy but one, to vessels in a like condition with those he found at Chili. To part with his last copy was impossible. He finally nails down his almanac to a table in the cabin, and tells them to copy it. The commanders of the other vessels seat themselves around and proceed to take copies in manuscript. It was an enormous undertaking, to copy a large volume of figures. But what else could they do? They had waited long in the hope that a supply of almanacs might arrive, and now came a solitary copy. They knew not if they should ever see another. To this they clung as for their lives. It was their only alternative. Judge then of the importance of this publication to commerce, and let it be acknowledged that society owes no small obligations to the mathematician and astronomer. The nautical almanac must be conceded to be one of the most valuable presents which science has made to society. But it is not the only one.

Since the author penned this address, a new value has been given to this magnificent "present" of science. No longer depending upon the uncertain assistance of the winds, we now pass from continent to continent by the combined agency of fire, water, and machinery. Disregarding the favors or the adversities of the weather, we name the departure, and predict the arrival of steamboats, between England and America, with as much confidence as we do a mail-coach, or a rail-road car upon land. And to the navigator by steam, how important, how completely indispensable, is the information of the Nautical Almanac. Time is every thing. To a vessel making from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles per day, in all weather, how valuable is this book of figures. Add to it, a perfect chart and soundings, and with an accomplished sailing master we may as safely repose at night, in the berth of a ship, as on the pillow of our homes.

Referring to the federal government of the United States, and the people of the Union, it is said:

To the cultivators of science in the United States, there is presented a vast and almost untrodden field. Presenting the novel spectacle of a nation without debt, almost without taxes, and still a revenue in times of ordinary prosperity greater than we know how to dispose of; with an amount of commerce inferior to that only of England; with a commercial port second only to London in the amount of its tonnage; with an amount of canals and rail-roads equal at least to what is to be found in all Europe, what American is not proud of his country, who does not kindle into a degree of enthusiasm in contemplating the future? Nor has popular education been entirely neglected. In no country of the world is it so rare a phenomenon to find an individual who can neither read nor write as it is in some of the States of this Union. But the fact is notorious that we have hitherto done very little to extend the boundaries of science. Numerous works of science annually issue from the American press, yet they are almost without exception compilations from European treatises. We owe every thing to Europe; Europe owes almost nothing in science to us. Perhaps there is no ground of reproach for the past. The circumstances of our country have called our almost exclusive attention to other subjects. But these circumstances are fast changing. The forests are well nigh subdued; we no longer fear the irruptions of the savage. It is time to give a portion of our attention to those sciences which exalt, to those arts which adorn human nature. There is one very honorable exception to that general neglect

of the sciences of which I am complaining, and that is, in the department of Geology. Geological surveys of most of the States have already been completed, or are now in the course of execution at the public expense. It is scarcely doubtful but the result will shew this to have been a most economical expenditure, that such a development of the resources of the country will defray a hundred fold the expense of the surveys. It appears to me there would be an equal advantage in connecting with this, a topographical survey of each State, a survey which should accurately determine the position and relative level of every important point in the country. Such a survey would be invaluable as indicating the best route for a canal or a rail road. It would shew at once if a route were practicable, and would also exhibit the most eligible location.

And then, turning to the old world, the care which her despotic and far-seeing governments bestow upon science, as the adjunct of commerce, is manifested in strong contrast with our own.

In Europe, observatories are multiplied and are multiplying almost without number. Every nation, every petty state has its imperial or royal observatory furnished with the most valuable instruments which art can supply, and astronomers appointed for the sole purpose of observing the heavenly bodies. Great Britain has six public observatories within her own territory, besides private observatories without number. She has a public observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, and another at Paramatta in New Holland. It is also in contemplation soon to establish one in Canada. The East India company too has observatories at Madras, Bombay and St. Helena. Russia has numerous public observatories, and one is now in the course of construction at St. Petersburg, which shall eclipse every thing of the kind hitherto known. It is building on a most magnificent scale, to be furnished with the most powerful instruments which can be obtained. France has several observatories, Austria and Prussia have theirs, and the little states of Denmark, Belgium, Holland and Sardinia, have royal observatories also.

Where now is our American observatory? Where throughout this rich and powerful nation do you find a single spot where astronomical observations are regularly and systematically made? There is no such spot. There are to be sure various astronomical instruments in the country, but generally they are of very moderate size and illy fitted for the duties of an observatory. To this remark there are some exceptions. Of all such establishments, it is believed the one erecting in this place will be among the most efficient. It will be a European observatory in miniature, and as auxiliary to the instruction of a class will serve nearly the same purpose as a large observatory. It is believed moreover that observations may be made here which from their locality will

be considered valuable even by European astronomers. Observations of this kind made in America with inferior instruments may be a valuable contribution to European science. Yet notwithstanding these laudable private efforts, it is still true that we have no public observatory in America; and private establishments can never supply the want of a public one. All this is beyond the means of private individuals. The expense of such an establishment may be justified from the interests of commerce alone. At present we are *dependant upon Great Britain* almost as truly as we were a century ago. Our ships reckon their longitude from Greenwich; their chronometers are set to indicate Greenwich time, and the English Nautical Almanac is their invariable guide. If an observatory were established at Washington by the General Government, furnished with proper instruments and competent observers, we might reckon our longitude from that meridian, but it is folly to reckon our longitude from a meridian, whose distance from European observatories is but *imperfectly known*. At New York it would seem as if an observatory were absolutely necessary for the prosperity of its commerce. To such an establishment every ship might send its chronometer to be rated and set to the correct time.

We would utter no complaints against our own government; for, considering the purpose for which it was organized, the manner in which it came into being, and the political duties it has necessarily fulfilled, it has done much for learning. To us, an inland people, the survey of our entire sea-coast, now in progress, does not present itself with its full force and consequence.

These charts are invaluable to commerce. Suppose on a voyage from New York to Liverpool, you approach St. George's channel. You have seen no land since the coast of Jersey sunk beneath the horizon, but from celestial observations you know that you are near the channel. Here you are enveloped in a fog. You are sure that you could discover land if the sky were but clear, yet at present you can scarcely see the length of your ship. What will you do? Will you lie by and wait for pleasant weather? The fog may continue for a week; and a week to a valuable cargo may be the loss of a fortune. There may too be a heavy wind, which imperceptibly and without your power to resist, may be drifting you upon a dangerous coast. The mariner resorts to soundings. He has a chart which shows him the depth of water in every part of the channel, and moreover informs him of the nature of the bottom, sand, mud or pebbles. The mariner thus *feels* his way through the fog. His soundings inform him, not always exactly, but very nearly his position in the channel; and thus he creeps along perhaps even to the very harbor of Liverpool, having seen no land since his departure from New York. Judge then the

importance of most accurate and minute surveys to a commercial nation.

In these days of commercial enterprise, vessels are constructed whose cargoes are valued at a million of our currency. The loss of such a craft may be equal to the expense of a survey of one thousand miles of coast, and occasion a vacancy in trade that cannot be filled. The *expenditure* of the same sum is not a loss, but only a transfer of funds. Of the dangers which surround the mariner, a landsman has but an imperfect understanding. Our author truly remarks:

For the security of commerce, it is important that the latitude and longitude of every conspicuous point upon the coast of every sea should be known. This is a formidable work, but it is necessary, for otherwise the adventurous navigator might be driven upon land by night when he was least dreaming of danger. But how are latitudes and longitudes determined? By celestial observations and by these only.

And without *mathematical accuracy*, of what use are the determinations of latitude and longitude? Nay, without the most *perfect* precision of observation, they only lull the fated ship into a false security, more dangerous than the deepest ignorance. An error of five miles, or even of one mile in the location of a point, or shoal, may cause the shipwreck of a dozen vessels. How is this strict accuracy to be obtained? The reply is at hand: by the *perfection of science*. The surveyor may meander the coast with his chain and compass, and give us the windings of the beach in detail, with but a moderate share of mathematical knowledge. But how verify his work, at points distant from each other, many hundred miles? By an observation upon a heavenly body, which is fixed, or whose place is known, and by that means only. And to what does the celestial observer refer to correct himself and the surveyor? Either to Greenwich, the spot where longitude begins to be reckoned, or to a point on this side the ocean established by reference to that. If to the latter, how necessary that no errors exist in its determination, to be perpetuated through every station having reference to this standard. And now, however it may touch our pride, it should be stated: the meridian of Washington is "*imperfectly known*," and is well suspected of an error of about six minutes and twenty seconds, ($6' 20''$) or three miles and fifteen one-hundredths, ($3\frac{15}{100}$), and amounts in the reckoning of time to twenty-five

minutes and two seconds (35' 2"). Mr. Hassler, if he has not already verified our national standard, will undoubtedly do so before the close of the coast survey. Between Greenwich and Paris, it is supposed the difference of longitude is known within one tenth of a second and the latitude of Greenwich within one fourth.

The quotations we have made speak for the literary character of the Address, without a voice from us. We wish it could be more extensively circulated than such compositions generally are, for the theme is one of interest to the people and the ruler. The newspaper press could do no more acceptable service to the cause of general intelligence than by extracting liberally from its pages.

In conclusion, we seize the occasion to recommend the American Almanac, published at Boston, to the consideration of all enlightened minds. For the space and price, (one dollar,) the same amount of information, valuable to men in every active occupation cannot be found. We refer to it, in this connection, on account of its merits, and also, because, so far as landmen and shore operations are concerned, it has nearly the value of the Nautical Almanac. The tables of the sun's declination are taken from that work, and the latitudes and longitudes of places in North America, are given with more accuracy and in greater detail than can be found elsewhere. Booksellers in the West are generally supplied with this work at the proper season. The publication has been prosecuted under very discouraging circumstances for nine years, and with great labor and expense. In the last volume the publishers have made an appeal to the business men of the United States, which we hope will be heard and answered in the right spirit.

ALTHEA VERNON.

"ALTHEA VERNON; or, the Embroidered Handkerchief. To which is added Henrietta Harrison; or the Blue Cotton Umbrella. By Miss LESLIE, author of 'Pencil Sketches,' etc." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1839.—Although Miss LESLIE lacks many of the graces of composition, and is not very remarkable for delicacy of sentiment, or tenderness of expression, we have yet a very high regard for her as an authoress, and hold many of

her writings in pleasant remembrance and warm admiration. We do verily believe that the pointed satire of "The Miss Vanlears" has been widely felt in our land, and that the graphic delineation of "Mrs. Washington Potts" has forced hundreds of ambitious parvenues and scheming mammas to ask themselves, Does this mean me? In showing up the vanity of the *belle seze*, and depicting their foibles, Miss LESLIE has scarcely a superior among living writers; and in the management of her incidents, the grouping of her characters, and what may be called the dove-tailing of the different parts of her stories, she is altogether superior to two-thirds or three-fourths of the novelists of the day. *Exaggeration* is her greatest fault; but this, to a certain extent at least, is perhaps essential to the success of the object she has in view in her graphic portraiture. We do not think it probable that a veritable "Mrs. Washington Potts" could be found in our country, with diligent searching; and we hope that of that sex which we delight to honor, there is not so simple, ineipid, and coarse a specimen as "Mrs. Vandunder, of Schoppenburg." Yet to such characters as we have seen, time and again, these delineations do certainly approximate; and were it not for the very exaggeration to which we have alluded, the resemblance might altogether have escaped our observation.

The latter of the two stories which make up the handsome volume before us, is tedious and long drawn out; and although it reads a wholesome lesson to young ladies who prefer the show of gentility to its substance, yet we are inclined to think that those of its readers who will finish it with an exclamation at its dullness, will far outnumber those who will perceive the force and treasure the wisdom of its teachings. "Althea Vernon," however, is a very interesting and an exceedingly well-wrought tale; and so forcibly, yet delicately, does it give out the little piece of domestic morality with which it is charged, that we do not see how any young lady of common discernment and even average intellect, can fail to perceive its point and bare her heart to its influence.

The volume is of equal literary excellence with the several similar sketches of Miss LESLIE, by which it has been preceded, and we recommend it to our female readers as a work whose perusal may profit them. Morally, none are so whole as not to need a physician.

HISTORICAL RECORDS.

OHIO, in the early institution of a Historical and Philosophical Society, set an example to her sister commonwealths of the West, which it is to be much regretted has not been more generally followed. Kentucky is making something of an effort to collect her scattered historical records, and to procure the reminiscences of her early times from the few remaining of her early men; and private individuals in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, are making occasional collections of authentic information with regard to the first settlement of those States; but to Ohio alone, of all the Western States, we believe, belongs the credit of making a systematic effort to rescue from oblivion her traditional lore, and of placing it upon public record, where such errors as creep into all annals may be pointed out and corrected, and where it can at all times be immediately and easily referred to by searchers after correct knowledge.

The first part of the first volume of the Transactions of the Historical and Philosophical Society of this State, issued last fall, was a publication of much interest; and the second part of the same volume, just put forth, more than fulfils the promise of the first. This contains a series of Letters on his own personal history, from the venerable JACOB BURNET, addressed to the corresponding Secretary of the Society; the Annual Discourse for the year 1838, delivered by TIMOTHY WALKER; an Essay on the Origin and Progress of Political Communities, by JAMES T. WORTHINGTON; a Fragment of the Early History of Ohio, by ARIUS NYE; a Discourse on the Aborigines of the Ohio Valley, by WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON; and the Annual Discourse for the year 1839, delivered by JAMES H. PERKINS.

These several papers have been briefly referred to already in our pages, but shall be more particularly noticed hereafter. The volume is one of very great interest, especially to citizens of Ohio, and we trust they will readily take the edition off of the publisher's hands.

"NORTHERN OHIO."

To the article with this caption, in our present number, we ask the attention of our law-makers and our business men. It is not the production of a narrow mind, which wishes to create or is

willing to foster sectional jealousies; but comes from a gentleman of enlarged views, who has long had the subject under consideration, and believes that in the distribution of legislative favors, the northern part of the State, and in particular that portion of it which constitutes the Reserve, has been unjustly dealt with.

A blank occurs in the tabular statement on page 119, which the writer was not able to fill with accuracy at the time of printing that portion of the *HESPERIAN* which contains the article. He has since received, and communicated, the omitted particulars; and in order that there may be no chance of mistake on the part of readers, we re-publish the table here, with the omissions supplied:

The exports of Cincinnati, for 1838,	
are stated at	\$7,000,000
The number of steamboat arrivals at	1,270
Her active legal bank capital,	\$4,216,000
The exports of the port of Cuyahoga,	
for the same year, are estimated at	5,000,000
Arrivals of steamboats,	1,378
" of vessels,	1,125
Active capital,	723,345

POETIC WREATH.

"The Poetic Wreath: consisting of Select Passages from the works of English Poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth. Alphabetically arranged." Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Columbus: Isaac N. Whiting. 1839.—A very rich and beautiful volume of three hundred and seventy pages, gotten up after the manner of the annual souvenirs. It contains many passages of true poetry, abounding in wholesome sentiments, ennobling thoughts and just descriptions. In the alphabetical arrangement, each of the twenty-six divisions commences with one of Adams's really beautiful engravings on wood, from designs of Tucker and Drayton. A handsomer summer Keepsake, we do not recollect that it has been our fortune to see.

THE ANONYMOUS.

In regard to the animadversions of one of our editorial friends, we have room this month only to remark, that he widely misapprehends our object in attaching the names of writers for the *HESPERIAN* to their contributions to its pages. He shall hear further from us hereafter upon this subject.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME III.

CINCINNATI.

NUMBER III.

THE DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE EARLY EMIGRANTS. IN FOUR PARTS.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

PART THIRD.

As down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale,
His cheeks to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

Burns.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE day following that upon which Part Second of this narrative closed, was the Fourth-of-July; and those of our readers who remember the interview between Mary Vantyle and Lucy Winters, will not have forgotten that great preparations had been making for its proper celebration. Che—che-re—che-e! cried the paper squibs; pop—pop—pop! answered the red crackers; crack—crack—crack! chimed in the horse-pistol and the leaden-swivel! bang—bang! sharply retorted the old musquet; and boo—boom! boo—boom! roared the excited cannon, by way of chorus. And thus dawned the day.

It was a clear, beautiful, and breezy morning. By nine or ten o'clock the squibs, crackers, and small-guns, had quite

worn out their lungs; and only an occasional weak and consumptive belching could be heard from the lately furious artillery. Groups of young men and old, "all drest in their Sunday's best," were congregated upon the street corners, around the doors of the groceries, and in the bar-rooms of the taverns: some discussing the measures of "the administration," others expounding the laws of the land, still others vaunting of the glories of "The Day," and a fourth class forming circles around the various speakers, and listening with all their might—mouths, eyes, and ears, stretched to their utmost.

The bar-room of "The Swan" had been crowded from an early hour, and old Derrick Vandunk's money-till had made many a new and shining acquaintance: but now, as the shrill voice of the fife, and the full roll of the spirit-stirring drum, were heard in the direction of the parade-ground, the groups at the corners began to disperse, the taverns were soon emptied, and the main street was alive with the principal operators of the morning, in the shape of boys with horse-pistols and leaden-cannons under their arms, many of them bare-headed and bare-footed, some with bloody noses and scratched cheeks, and most with powder-blackened hands and faces, all scampering off in the direction of the assembling soldiery. And presently came pouring into the village from all directions, gaily rigged out in the best their wardrobes afforded, the lads smirk-

ing betwixt shining brogans and new palmettoes, and the lasses smiling from the midst of bright calicoes and flaunting ribins, the younger portion of the agricultural population of nearly the whole county. It was to be a proud day, beyond question; and as proudly as kings and queens did the smallest bear themselves, among those who were assembling to give it due observance.

The inmates of the tavern were soon reduced to three in number. One of these was Derrick Vandunk, the loquacious landlord of "The Swan," and another Clymer Clymers, the quondam preceptor of the village academy, but now Clymer Clymers, Esquire. The landlord was adjusting his bar, which had gotten much disordered by the morning's business, and Clymers was parading his small but well knit and hardy person up and down the hall. The third individual present, was a stranger who had arrived about an hour before, on horseback, accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog. He was a man of perhaps medium height, some twenty-five years old, rather slenderly made, with an olive complexion, dark hair and eyes, rather handsome face, and an expression of great intelligence. He wore, with a light vest and well-polished boots, pantaloons of yellow nankin, and a frock coat of black summer cloth. His shirt collar lay over on either side, and was fastened by a broad ribin, which dangled about his bosom. He was now reclining upon a much-worn settee, which stood under one of the front windows, dividing his attention between a newspaper which he held in his hand, and the strings of persons who still kept passing in the street on their way to the parade-ground. He seemed to be rather restless, and would once in a while lean over the window-sill as if expecting the arrival of some one; and whenever he did this, he would gaze earnestly in the direction of the residence of Mr. Winters, for whom he had inquired on his first arrival, and whose dwelling-house had been pointed out to him by the inn-keeper.

"You have just arrived in town, I believe sir?" said Clymers, passing from the hall into the bar-room, and bowing towards the stranger.

"About an hour since," replied the latter, with a slight inclination of the head. "And I'm most fortunate in the day, I find."

"Ah, this thing is worn out, sir. It may

have been something once, but it's all baby's play now."

The stranger gave an indignant glance at the speaker, and resumed the perusal of the paper. In a minute or two, the questioner broke silence again.

"Do you come from the East, sir? if I may take the liberty."

"I do not," answered the stranger, without lifting his eyes from the paper.

"Excuse me, sir. I should have known you were a Southerner, from your air and complexion."

The stranger deigned him no reply, and he turned to the landlord.

"I suppose Tony Connell means to win laurels to-day, Mr. Vandunk."

"Tony's a mighty smart young chap, 'Squire; and he'll do himself credit."

"Credit in preaching a Fourth-of-July sermon! He! ha! ha! It's all baby's play, Mr. Vandunk."

"I don't think so, 'Squire. These celebrations all do some good. The spirit!"

"The spirit of your bar-room money-drawer speaks there—ha! ha! ha!—Mr. Vandunk. It's a fine harvest for you publicans and sinners, to-day—ha! ha! I saw you peeping into the till, only a few minutes ago!"

"So you might, 'Squire. We all love the metal, that's certain. It's as natural as to eat and sleep; and that's what always puzzles me, when I sit down to think about human nater; for there wasn't any money in the first man's lifetime—as we read of."

"And so you think Adam had'n't a fair shake!"

"Why, as to that I can't say. He had a good many blessings that we know nothing about. But"—

"But you think he was deprived of the greatest blessing of all, in not having a good chest of money. Ha! ha! you're a sly dog, Vandunk! give me a gin-sling,"

"With pleasure, 'Squire."

"But stop! May-be I'll have two. Will you take something, Mr. ——— What shall I have the pleasure of calling your name, sir? Mine is Clymers."

"Christian!" replied the stranger.

"Mr. Christian!"

"Do you drink *The Day!* 'Squire?"

"Not I—curse it!"

"Ha! ha! then"—

"Will you do me the honor to drink with me, Mr. Christian!"

"I have no occasion," answered the stranger abruptly, as he rose and looked out at the window.

"One sling then, Vandunk. And here's another piece of that metal which you worship so."

"True, Squire—I do love it 'mazing much. But not more," and he looked knowingly into his customer's face, and lowered his tone a little, "not more than some people love what brings it into my bar, and puts it in my till!"

"At your old tricks, Vandunk!" and Clymers lifted the gin-sling towards his mouth.

"*The Day!* 'Squire."

"No indeed! Thank you, though, Vandunk, for pricking my memory; I had nearly forgotten to give a toast at all."

The stranger turned from the window, and looked sternly at the speaker, who continued:

"Here, then, is—*The health of His Majesty, George the*—"

"Not another word, on your peril!" said the stranger, advancing towards him.

"*My peril!* Why, who the devil are you?"

"I am an American!"

"I should think so, from your manners."

The stranger's eye flashed, and his lip quivered with madness.

"Wonder which of the States had the honor of bringing forth such a champion! Do you know this hero's *real* name, Vandunk?"

"My name is Lester, and I am a Virginian!" proudly replied the stranger.

"Well—what the devil does all that concern me?—*The health of His*—"

Quick as lightning the stranger sprang forward, and dashed the glass from his hand; and the fragments rang upon the oak floor. He then stepped back and braced himself in posture of defence.

"Hell and Devils!" exclaimed the enraged attorney; "what does this mean?" and his keen eye measured the stranger from head to foot. He saw before him an antagonist of little more than his own height, and less than his weight; but his coward heart quailed before the determined look of the fiery Southron.

"Another sling, Vandunk!—Who the

devil are you, sir?" addressing the stranger.

"Gentlemen!" interposed the landlord.

"I?" calmly replied the Virginian; "I have already condescended to answer that question. It is enough for me to repeat, that I am an American, and feel myself insulted."

"Insulted, eh?—That sling, Vandunk!"

"And," he continued, raising his right hand, and making a step towards the attorney, who paled in an instant, "By the God that made me! if you persist in drinking that toast, at this time, I'll stretch you upon the floor, with a force shall keep you there till you have learnt a lesson or two in good breeding."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the landlord, stepping between the parties—"gentlemen!—why gentlemen!—gent!"

"While yon blackguard refrains from his toast, which under present circumstances I will not permit him to drink, you need fear no disturbance from me," said the Southron, stepping back.

"Squire Clymers"—

"Is *this* the way; Mr. Vandunk, that you allow a gentleman to be insulted in your house? Do you keep a house of entertainment for braggarts and ruffians, sir?"

"Mr. Clymers"—

"Sir, I shall leave your house instantly, sir—unless you turn yon mongrel out of doors, sir;—and I'll never darken your door again, sir."

"Hush, Mr. Clymers! For shame!" said the landlord, urging the exasperated man towards the door.

"Shame, indeed! I think the shame will fall on you, Mr. Vandunk—and a part of the punishment too. You have got to harboring such a set of rapscallions about you, that a quiet gentleman can no longer take a glass in peace—Mr. Vandunk!"

"Mr. Clymers—you will give our town a fine character for courtesy towards strangers."

"Allow him to bray on, landlord, if 'twill do him any good," interrupted the Virginian; "his asinine gabble does not disturb me in the least."

"Listen to that! Mr. Vandunk. That in your house, sir! He has insulted me—and called me an ass—Mr. Van!"

But by this time the landlord had got him outside, and closed the door upon him.

The music of the village band now struck

upon the wrathful attorney's ear, and looking down street, he perceived the procession moving towards "The Swan," on its way to the chapel. Ashamed to be seen in his present plight, he retreated rapidly in the opposite direction—muttering as he left the door, "the damned Southern cur! I 'll be revenged yet before I sleep."

CHAPTER II.

THE DUTCH PHILOSOPHER.

THE procession came on, and moved by "The Swan," in the usual order of such things. Immediately in its rear, was a motley array of half-grown men, chubby negroes, sleek school-boys, ragged urchins, frightened pigs, and "dogs of high and low degree." Among the mass was an occasional gray-haired patriarch, who did not feel disposed to join the procession, and yet was unable to remain out of sight of it. With the histories of all such, the landlord of "The Swan" was well acquainted; and he amused the stranger much, with some of the brief sketches he gave of them, and the anecdotes he related of the early times in and about the town. He drew a picture of human life, which would have answered almost as well for the largest city in the Union, or the most extensive empire in the World, as for the county-town they were now in.

Such an one had been among the early settlers, and was once well-to-do in the world. He was now reduced to beggary; and nobody could tell how it had come to pass.—Another, who had been one of the first emigrants to the "Settlement," and was once what was considered wealthy in those regions, was now tottering into the grave on the charity of his neighbors: it was curious, for his own descendants were well off.—A third, who had grown prematurely old, had come to the town with nothing but his clothes, and by a judicious system of management, had heaped up considerable wealth. He could not bear his improved condition, and suddenly became very dissipated. He had a large family who were now in want; and the money which his daughters earned by working out as domestic servants, he frequently drank up at the grocery. Another was a man, who had seen more ups and downs

than could be recounted in an hour. To-day he would be rich, to-morrow poor. He had always been an incessant trader, and still continued so; and he might die worth many thousands, or not worth a dollar.—This one had always worked industriously at his trade; and always lived comfortably. That one was equally industrious; always laboring, but always poor.—Here were a number of middle-aged men. Such an one was always in good health, and always grumbling about something or other. Such another one had a settled disease, and did not know at what time he might become a burthen to his friends, or a charge upon the town; yet he was always cheerful, and had a pleasant word for everybody.—There was one who was always cursing the rich, and yet straining every nerve and muscle to become one of them. Here another, who was quite contented with his lot, though his coat was threadbare and his pantaloons were full-kneed and worn to a fringe at the bottom. There a third, who owed no man, but feared coming to want. Here, a fourth, who was indebted at perhaps half the stores in the town, but kept a good table, and lived as contentedly as a philosopher.

And thus the garrulous landlord ran on, passing from one to another as they caught his eye, occasionally drawing a very graphic sketch, and now-and-then relating a very amusing anecdote,—and presenting, on the whole, from the straggling characters of that motley assemblage, a nearly perfect panorama of human life.—He was still going on, as interesting in matter and happy in manner as ever, and greatly pleased at having so attentive a listener as the stranger, when it all at once occurred to him, that he was keeping his guest from the chapel. He therefore observed—

"But perhaps you wish to hear young Connell's oration, sir?"

"Is it *your* intention to go, landlord?"

"I believe not—I can't well leave the house to day."

"Then, as I am somewhat tired, I'll remain with you, and hear further of your early times."

"If you are not wearied of an old man's clatter, Mr. Lester, I will go on with much pleasure."

"Not wearied at all, Mr. Vandunk. On the contrary, I have been much interested in your narrations, and am delighted with your manner of imparting information respecting

your town and its older inhabitants, to a stranger."

"Why—Mr. Lester—you see—I've kept Public House here eversince there has been a building in the town; and if a man can't learn to be agreeable in that time, he's not worthy to bear God's image."

At this moment a tap at the bar succeeded close upon the entrance of an ebony face, a couple of rows of ivory, and a pair of shining orbs. But the landlord's attention was too much engrossed with *self*, to hear the summons.

"But there's some people, Mr. Lester, can never learn anything. For my part, I'm al'ays gathering knowledge; and never a day passes, but I pick up a crum or two."

"I should think your occupation, Mr. Vandunk, a fine school for the study of human character."

"It is, Mr. Lester, it is; and I've studied human nater a good deal. I've not got much learning, as you see, but I have a good pair of eyes, and a good pair of ears."

"Two things not so common in this world, Mr. Vandunk, as one might suppose; and worth, in my estimation, more than the best education which man is capable of receiving."

"That's al'ays been my opinion, Mr. Lester. And you see—I've made up my mind on six pints."

"Six pints!" repeated the Darkey to himself, licking his lips and swallowing the spittle. Another tap at the bar. Still unheard.

"The first is, Mr. Lester," continued the landlord, putting on his specks and inclining his body a little more towards his pleased listener,—that human nater is sometimes naterally corrupt, and sometimes not naterally corrupt. I've heard a good many preachings on this pint, Mr. Lester, and no two ever agreed; but that's my solemn conviction. Second: That preaching and all that parade, will never do any good; as it aint to be supposed that man can improve on the works of God. We've a young Schoolmaster here, Mr. Lester, from New-England parts; and him and me's battled about that pint a good deal. He's a mighty smart man, but he haint shaken the foundation of it but very little. Indeed, he 'lows that the way preaching's done, can't be very 'fectual; but he arg'es that preaching *might* be done, so's to do good everywhere. But I never talk to anybody, Mr. Lester, about what *might* be; we've enough to do, in this life, to under-

stand what is. When I see a man sailing away off among the clouds, like a piece of goose-down, I'm apt to think he's mighty like the feather, if not 'kin to the animal itself—ha! ha! ha!—Mr. Lester.—Third: 'That a wise man will al'ays go a mile out of his way, rather than offend his neighbor. Fourth: 'That as man can laugh with his whole body—you've seen men shake all over, Mr. Lester, from head to foot, with laughter?—and only cry with his eyes, it was meant that he should laugh a good deal, and cry very little. From which fact I deduce this—this'—and he began to fumble in a side pocket—"I—I deduce"—and the fumbling continued.

Lester at this moment felt very much, himself, like "laughing all over, from head to foot;" for he had seen the negro from his entrance, and observed his impatience for a pause in the landlord's discourse; and he could not help contrasting his restless behavior with the increasing interest of the old gentleman in his "six pints." He had a picture before him, which was worthy the pencil of Hogarth; and one which would have thrown our own Beard into ecstasies, had he been present to see it. There stood the negro, tapping lightly upon the bar, now sucking his lips for spittle enough to moisten his throat, now looking wishfully up at the decanters, and then rolling his shining eyes over upon the landlord, with an impatient look but most beseeching air, yet fearing to interrupt him. And here sat the little gray headed publican, his brow knitted, his lips compressed, his spectacles almost on the tip of his nose, and his countenance and whole manner expressive of the greatest anxiety and consequence, drawing a dozen rolls and folds of paper from his capacious side pocket, and searching among them as though there were something there upon which hung the fate of an empire.

The landlord soon selected one from the number, and thrust the rest back into the store-house of his wisdom. This was a small roll, much soiled, and bound round with a slip of buckskin. He quickly undid it, and cleared his throat preparatory to commencing its perusal. The thirsty negro could not stand this; yet he dared not disturb his master; he might, however, resort to trickery. So, shutting his eyes, opening his mouth, and distorting his visage, he threw back his head, and bringing it forward with great force, sent forth a report, long, loud,

and terrible—it was such a sneeze, indeed, as had never before been heard in those parts, even by “the oldest inhabitants.” The window-frames shook, the tumblers rattled, the decanters knocked against each other, the “six pints” dropped to the floor like lead, and Lester’s large Newfoundland dog, which had but a minute before come in from a survey of the stable into which his master’s horse had been led, sprang out at the window with a single bound, capsizing a huge form which was passing by on the pavement at the time, and rolling over with it into the dust, and the dirt that had been created by the horses which were hitched there in the morning and the previous evening.

The unfortunate passer-by soon gathered up his soiled proportions; and he stood for several minutes, completely bewildered, and uttered not a word. The Newfoundland took advantage of this opportunity to bid his new acquaintance “good bye!” and seeing his master at the window, he bounded into the entry, and crouched at Lester’s feet. When the capsized Goliath came to his wits, he surveyed himself very composedly for a moment, and then danced up and down with rage, shook his fist at “The Swan,” and walked away swearing vengeance against its inmates. Lester was too full of laugh to say a word; and Vandunk himself was as much confused for a time, even as the unfortunate passer-by. Following the discomfited man with their eyes, they soon saw Clymer Clymers turn a corner and join him. Under his arm he carried a stout cane. The man explained, and cursed heartily; Clymers flourished his stick, and endeavored to draw him towards the Inn; but he shook his head, and began to rave again, and the Squire was obliged to follow him away. And thus ended an expedition which the Bristolian had set on foot, for the purpose of invading “The Swan,” and chastising the Virginian for his insolence. It is supposed that in beating up for recruits, the valiant attorney had met with the huge overthrown, and enlisted him in the good cause; and that he had sent him forward as an advance guard, intending to constitute the rear himself, and bring it up to the enemy’s posts in a short time, when the action should begin.

Clymers walked a few squares in a woful rage; but finding his malady increasing instead of diminishing, he turned on his tracks, and going directly to the stables, had his horse saddled, and rode rapidly out of town.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIX POINTS.

THE invading force of Clymer Clymers entirely out of sight, the landlord was not long in securing his “six pints,” and thrusting them back into his pocket.

“Cesar!” exclaimed he, approaching the trembling Darkey, “what does all this mean?”

“O, Lordy! Mas’ Vandunk, I no tell. I frightum half to deff myself.”

“But how came you to make such a noise!”

“Don’t know, Mas’ Vandunk! A-most blow all my insides out!”

“All *your* insides! it came mighty nigh blowing out all the insides of this room. But what are you doing here, you black rascalion?”

“O, Lordy! Mas’ Vandunk, sich a cold! Cesar neber hab sich a cold afore!—neber cough so much neder!—neber sneeze half so loud.—Oh, Mas’ Vandunk! fraid I shall die!—got sich a colic—sich a *bad* colic!—hab come for some peppermint drops, wid a little brandy in ’em—jist a *leelle*, Mas’ Vandunk—glass quarter full, or so! I in sich misery.”

“Well, Cesar—if that will cure you”—

“Sartin it will, Mas’ Vandunk!—tried ’em many a time!”

“But you ’ve had one extra glass, already, this morning. I’m afraid you want to get drunk, Cesar?”

“O, no! Mas’ Vandunk. Hab one leelle extra glass, I know; but Cesar hab strong head—and dis be extra day: curry down twenty-six horse a-ready! Think of that, Mas’ Vandunk. Oh, Lordy! dis colic will be de deff ob me!”

“Well, Cesar, turn that down, and be off. There—off with you now!”

“Cesar thank you from de bottom ob he heart, Mas’ Vandunk!” said the already visibly better negro, laying his hand upon his stomach.

“Off!—away with you!—don’t stand there grinning at me!—begone, I say! and don’t show your face here again for a week.”

The black disappeared—and the landlord resumed his seat by the window.

“A mere trick of that fellow, Mr. Lester, to get a swig at the bottle.”

"I thought as much, sir. But why do you encourage him in it?"

"Ah—he's the cunningest boy in town, and the best fellow for a stable that's to be found in all the State. It's the only way I can get along with him. If I didn't humor him, he'd be away in a jiffy, and give me more trouble than a little. But I have him on allowance—one dram in the morning, and one in the afternoon—and he very seldom comes to the bar oftener, except on what he calls *extra* days."

"He had been standing there for a quarter of an hour, sit, before that tremendous explosion of his nasal boilers took place."

"No doubt of it, Mr. Lester: I've learnt the boy manners, and he knew better than disturb me when he saw me engaged with a gentleman.—But I'll be bound he was hard at work all the time, hatching up that trick with which he so frightened us. We will now finish the 'six pints,' Mr. Lester,—that is, if you are not wearied of an old man's clatter?"

"I feel under obligations to you, Mr. Vandunk. Be good enough to go on."

"Why—you see—Mr. Lester—one don't live so long in the world as I have without——But bless me! I have neglected to sweep up the fragments of the broken tumbler. Have patience a moment, Mr. Lester, and"—

"And I to pay for breaking it, Mr. Vandunk," interrupted Lester, walking to the bar, and throwing down a piece of silver.

"Stop! stop! Mr. Lester. Can't receive a cent, sir. I consider that"—

"It is no more than right that I should pay for it, sir."

"I cannot think of taking it, Mr. Lester, I"—

"But I insist upon it, Mr. Vandunk."

"Well, then—if you *insist* upon it, Mr. Lester," walking round, and taking up the money, "I s'pose I *must*;" and he dropped it into the drawer, nothing loth to introduce it to the many bright faces already there.

"A moment's patience, Mr. Lester, and I'll have these fragments swept up."

"And while you are doing it, Mr. Vandunk—who is this Mr. Clymers?"

"Oh, sir—he's a lawyer; and that's about all. Nobody, hardly, likes him; and yet he's a good customer of mine. He does most of the business for the land speculators; and that's about all. He's been

here for about five years now, and says he came from a town called Bristol, in England. He was a sort of tooth-doctor at first, and then he got to be a schoolmaster, and then a lawyer; and that's all."

Lester could not help smiling; for he observed, throughout this description of his late antagonist, the publican's impatience to get at the "six pints" again.

"Now, Mr. Lester," said the old gentleman, taking his seat, and drawing out the roll, "we'll finish the six pints. You see—I was one day chatting with Tony Connell, and discussing the six pints, when he said they ought to be written down on parchment, and I jist got him to write 'em down on paper, for the present, intending to have 'em put on real parchment afore I die. So here they are—and we'll jist begin at the first pint again, and take 'em regularly through. That is, Mr. Lester, if you are not wearied of the old man's clatter?"

"By all means, sir, let us have them from the beginning," said Lester, stretching himself at full length upon the settee, with one foot upon the window-sill. The publican adjusted his specks, and began:

"The first is, Mr. Lester, that—But as I told you, I haven't got much learning, and make but a poor out a-reading a lawyer's hand. Perhaps you'd have no objection to read 'em yourself, Mr. Lester?"

"None at all, sir."

"Well—jist read them out, if you please, Mr. Lester."

Lester took the extended sheet and began:

"THE SIX POINTS."

"*The Six Fundamental Points, of Mr. Derrick Vandunk, Inn-Keeper.*

"FIRST:

"Human nature is sometimes naturally corrupt, and sometimes not naturally corrupt."

"SECOND:

"Preaching, and all that sort of parade, will never do any good; as it is not to be supposed that weak man can improve upon the works of Almighty God."

"THIRD:

"A wise man will always go a mile out of his way, rather than offend his neighbor."

"FOURTH:

"As man can laugh with his whole body, and cry only with his eyes, it was meant that he

should laugh much and cry but little. From which fact I deduce this corollary: that we are to get all we can in this world, without thieving from other people, and enjoy it in that manner which pleases us best.

"FIFTH:

"That God never sends a mouth without meaning that it shall be fed, and sending something to put into it; or a back without intending that it shall be clad, and furnishing the where-with: whence I derive this inference, that nobody can come to want, except through the viciousness, or waste, or mismanagement, of themselves or their friends; which proves the postulate of this fifth point, that he who feeds or clothes the fatherless or the widow, pays a heavy tax on the immorality or extravagance of his neighbor.

"SIXTH:

"He who takes care of Number One, and never meddles with any body else, does himself an especial good service, and sins not against mankind.

"The end of the Six Points."

"Yes—that's it, Mr. Lester, exactly: the whole of the Six Pints, to a gnat's heel!" exclaimed the landlord, springing to his feet, seizing the paper, rolling it up with care, and walking back and fore in the room, in great delight, and much to the enjoyment of Lester.

"The young chap stuck in a few words of his own, Mr. Lester, such as *k'rollary* and *pos—pos*—what is it, now?"

"Postulate, Mr. Vandunk, I think is the word."

"Yes—that's it: *krollary* and *postulet*, and two or three others, which al'ays bother me when I go to explain the Pints. But except that, it's all right, exactly. And them, Mr. Lester," he continued in a more measured tone and with an important air, and pausing right in front of the Virginian, with his specks on his forehead and his hands on his hips,—"Them's the six *fundamentals of my character!* I"—

A loud tap on the bar smote upon his ear.

"In a moment, sir! Mr. Lester, I consult"—

A louder tap from another visitor.

"Instantly, gentlemen! I consult them, Mr. Les"—

"Come, Derrick, my old boy! we're devilish dry."

"Have a moment's patience, Mr. Lester. Gentlemen, what 'll you have?"

"Brandy and water for me, Derrick,"

said the first speaker—a bony, muscular six-footer, in linsey-wolsey and a chip hat, with a florid complexion and an open countenance. "What 'll you have, Joe?" turning to his companion, a chubby, square-built youth, of rather ordinary appearance.

"Don't care much what, Andy. A little of the real Monongahela, without water, will do as well as anything. I never drink brandy: they say a man won't live long on it."

"There, gentlemen—help yourselves," said the landlord, setting down the decanters. "But, bless me! Tony hasn't got through yet?"

"No—but he's devilish windy to-day, Derrick; and Joe and me got as dry as chaff."

"Tony Connell's a mighty smart chap, Andy Wilkins," said Vandunk, a little sharply.

"So he is, Derrick," replied Andy, "and he's said some raal fine things to-day. But he's as long and windy as a hurricane, and makes a-most as much noise; and a body don't want to be struck deaf, and blow'd up—if it is the Fourth of July!" and the three joined in a hearty laugh, as Andy and his companion lifted their glasses.

"But stop Joe Soward, don't be in sich a devilish hurry. I say, stranger," turning to Lester, whom he had observed eyeing them with earnestness and apparent satisfaction—"No offence is meant, but won't you jine us in a social glass? It's a privilege we take with travelers."

"Certainly, sir, and with much pleasure," replied Lester, springing up and approaching the bar.

"I thought you looked like a true one! What'll you take? Derrick here, has a pretty good variety."

"Why," said Lester, at once assuming a free and easy air, "I think with your young friend here, that whiskey's the wholesomer."

"A sentiment, Mr. Lester," said the landlord.

"Sure enough! sure enough!" exclaimed Wilkins. "A sentiment, Mr. Lester!—my name's Andy Wilkins, and his'n's Joe Soward.—A sentiment, Mr. Lester. And you must jine us too, Derrick, my old boy!" he continued, slapping the landlord upon the shoulder; "so fill up!"

"Now!" said the landlord; "a sentiment! Mr. Lester."

"A sentiment! a sentiment!" echoed the others.

"Well, then, gentlemen—what'll you have!"

"O, what you please, Mr. Lester," replied Wilkins.

"THE DAY!" said Lester.

"The Day!" repeated all.

"*May the time never come,*" continued the Virginian, "*when Americans shall so far forget the heroic struggles of their ancestors for Independence, as to let This Day pass without public commemoration; for in that hour, the rope which holds us together will be as sand!*"

The glasses were emptied at a draught, and an instantaneous burst of applause filled the room.

"Fill up again! fill up again!" shouted Andy. "A toast now from Mr. Wilkins—which is myself!"

The decanters bowed politely, and the glasses were again charged.

"Gentlemen," continued Wilkins, "I propose—THE HEALTH OF MR. LESTER!"

"The health of Mr. Lester," repeated Vandunk and Soward.

"*May such sentiments,*" proceeded Wilkins, very deliberately, and earnestly, "*as the one which he has just given us, often enter the BELLY, on their way to become residents of the HEAD!*"

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Vandunk and Soward. "Well done, Andy Wilkins!"

Lester bowed to the six-footer, and extended his hand,—which Wilkins grasped very cordially, and shook with a heartiness that it did the Virginian good to feel.

"We must be off now, Joe. What's the reckoning, Derrick my old boy?"

"*Six Pints*—Pshaw!" muttered the old man, glancing his eye at Lester; "*six glasses*, I mean. Six glasses—thirty-seven!"

"You be d—d! *Eight glasses*, it was; and there's something'll make your old eyes glisten!" and he threw a half-dollar upon the bar, and turned towards the door.

"Do you tarry with us any time, Mr. Lester?" he asked, bluntly, but in the true spirit of politeness.

"I think it quite probable I shall, for a few days—perhaps weeks—if not longer."

"Well—I'll see you again then. Good morning!"

Lester bowed, and Wilkins and Soward left the room.

"A devilish fine chap that, Joe, or I'm much mistaken," said the former, as they stepped upon the pavement.

"Have you many men like that Wilkins, in these parts, Mr. Vandunk?" inquired Lester.

"Yes—a good many, but very few that know as much as he does. You see, Mr. Lester, he owns a good farm out north a little—but he rents it out and spends most of his time riding round and buying up provisions. He's a river-trader—and goes to Orleans regularly every fall with two or three boat-loads. It's only a few days since he got back, now; and he'll be a wild colt for a week or two."

"I must make his more particular acquaintance. I've long been wishing to be thrown for a while among such *specimens* as he is."

"Indeed! Well, you'll find the lights and shades of human nater, out here, much different from what they are in the old States."

—But, as I was saying, Mr. Lester, *them's exactly the six fundamentals of my character*. I consult them in every difficulty, and they al'ays set me right. I could not get along any way at all, without the Six Pints. I!"

"You are certainly most fortunate, Mr. Vandunk, in possessing so infallible a guide. But I think one of your propositions decidedly erroneous, if not very flimsy."

"Sir!—one of *my Six Pints*!—which is that, I beg to know, Mr. Lester. I can *establish* its correctness, sir; I can convince you!"

"At some other time, Mr. Vandunk. Just now, I do not feel like discussing its merits."

"But which is it?"

"The second."

"Why, sir, that's Mr. Cunningham's hobby—the Schoolmaster I told you of! Perhaps you're an old acquaintance of his'n."

"I've heard of him—nothing more."

"Well, Mr. Lester—I can convince you!"

"At some other time, Mr. Vandunk, I shall be pleased!"

"But I can convince you now—right off—in *half an hour*—Mr. Lester—that!"

But here, to the relief of Lester, a great trampling was heard in the hall; and a moment afterwards, half a dozen boisterous voices summoned the publican to his bar. Straggler after straggler now came dropping

in from the Chapel, and the Virginian soon left the room, and retired to the neat chamber into which he had been shown on his first arrival.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

LESTER was a nephew of Colonel Winters, a Virginia gentleman of decayed fortunes, who had removed to the West and settled in the Dutch Village some twelve years before, where he had embarked in mercantile pursuits, and by strict attention to business, achieved something more than a competency. In his several visits to his friends and relatives at Richmond, Mrs. Winters and their only child had accompanied him; and it was during one of these, made when Lucy was about sixteen years of age, that Lester, who had been away at the University, beheld her for the first time since childhood. An attachment was immediately formed between the two, which a subsequent correspondence, continued through a period of more than two years, during Lester's law pupilage, ripened into a mutual love; and the fall preceding the present time, while Lucy was on a visit of some length to her Virginia friends, rings had been exchanged, and vows made of eternal fidelity.

As Lester, after quitting the bar-room, ascended the stairs with something of haste, for the purpose of despatching a note to his uncle, he was met at an angle by Cunningham and Toney Connell, who were passing down with equal rapidity. The two parties had well nigh come in contact, but perceived each other in time to avoid a concussion. All paused for an instant, exchanged glances, bowed slightly, and then passed on.

"A fine-looking stranger, Connell," said Cunningham, in a low tone, when they had reached the foot of the stairs.

"Yes," replied his companion, "and I must step in and take a look at the register. I've always a strange curiosity about men's names."

He turned over the leaves of the book in vain.

"Mr. Vandunk," said he, addressing the innkeeper, "doesn't your register bear false witness to day?"

"I expect it does, Mr. Connell. Is there any entry?"

"None that I can see."

"Well, I'm growing forgetful. A gentleman arrived here about ten o'clock—a young Virginian—named Lester—and I neglected to hand him the register, though I was chatting with him for an hour or two."

"A Virginian"—"Lester"—muttered both, as they passed into the street.

"I thought a singular feeling came over me," said Connell, "as my eye fell upon his countenance."

"And I the same," replied Cunningham. "How much like Mrs. Winters!"

"Very—but was he expected out so soon?"

"I believe not. Yet now I remember, I think I did hear Mrs. Winters say, about a month ago, that she some little looked for her nephew early in the summer, as he had partly made up his mind to remove to the West, and wished to spend a portion of the summer in traveling through Kentucky and Ohio, that he might determine where to settle by fall."

"By fall, eh? Then I suppose we are to lose Lucy in the fall. I wish Mr. Lester had thought proper to seek a wife in the Old Dominion. Such girls as Lucy Winters, are rare things, as yet, in this part of the world."

"I heartily join in your praises of her, Connell; and should also share in your regret at her approaching marriage, did I not have strong hopes, founded upon what I have heard from both Colonel Winters and his wife, that Mr. Lester will take up his residence here. The law is his profession, you know; and as he wishes to enter the arena of politics, and not the field of money-making, he could not do better than try his strength first where parties are so equally balanced as with us."

"I like that notion of his," replied Connell. "'Tis said he has talents, and his looks show it. For my part, necessity will keep me for a good many years yet, hard at John Doe and Richard Roe. But I go into politics a little, you know, during stumping time, and it will be some pleasure to do battle either for or against one of his mettle. I'm tired of stumping it for the *nothings* that we have had to shoulder and carry into the Legislature and Congress from this district for the last five years. But there's a gun! Four, at intervals of fifteen minutes each, announce the collation. Let's walk towards the Grove."

"No—at least not yet. I have an object in showing myself here, just now."

"An object in *showing yourself*? What do you mean?"

"That you shall know hereafter. I cannot tell you just now."

"You mean to dine with us, don't you?"

"I think not."

"Oh, man, you must. The committee expect a speech from you."

"That they cannot have, to-day, if I do."

"Why not? What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Are you unwell?"

"No."

"Well—what's the reason you wont dine with us?"

"Why, simply because I have business here at present that will keep me at least till the hour of the collation—perhaps longer."

"*Business here*? Well, come down about the time we draw the corks then. You certainly wont decline speaking?"

"To-day, I certainly shall."

"Why, man, you're crazy. Come down, for awhile, any how. If you aint to be there, I shall have to make a speech myself, and will want you to hear me."

"I should like to hear you, very much; but it's most likely that about the time you will be speaking, I shall be engaged a good way off, in matters of more importance to me."

"Well, Cunningham, I must say you are in a very confiding humor to day."

"I'll tell you, Connell—the truth is, I asked you out on purpose to confide in you; but just now I can't. Can I see you to-night—after tea?"

"Yes—or *till* tea, if I can be of any particular service to you."

They walked along for a few minutes in a silence, which was at length broken by Cunningham:

"No—*after* tea; till then I shall be busy."

"After tea let it be, then. But upon my soul I think you are a little cracked."

"Can you keep a secret, Toney?"

"Yes."

"Well—to-night I'll try you; and I also promise to convince you that I'm not such a fool as you may just now choose to think me. Hark!"

"Gun Number Two. I must be off to the Grove, Cunningham. As I live, yonder's old Vantyle and his dearborn—going

to the Grove too, by the Immortals! The old codger wears well. He's fond of old companions too; for to my certain knowledge that horse and dearborn have carried him about town ever since I was so high—and that's twenty years now. Do you know what has come over the spirit of Mary's dream? It seems to have changed wonderfully of late. I haven't seen her in town for a month; and I've been so engrossed in business during the past six or eight weeks, that I have not been over to the Hollow once within that time. I had a distant glimpse of her on Sunday, scudding over the common after big Diedrich. They say the giant is a suitor of hers?"

"Who—who say that?"

"Ah, that is a question too much. I don't know. But Lucy Winters told me no longer ago than yesterday, that the old man is becoming exceedingly childish, and imposes so much restraint upon Mary, that she hardly leaves the house any more, from the beginning to the end of month after month."

"I imagine that is more because she is still pursuing her studies, than from any other cause," replied Cunningham, musingly.

"So I had always supposed," continued Connell. "But Lucy says otherwise.—Why don't you put in there, Cunningham?"

"I'm not acceptable. I never could ingratiate myself with the old patriarch."

"You belong to a stiff-necked generation, Cunningham, who have not learnt the art of stooping. You have never humored the old gentleman as you should have done. A father's jests, though never so poor, should always be successful with the admirers of his daughters."

"You forget Mr. Vantyle's prejudices against what he calls 'pook larning.' I, had I been ever so much disposed to address his daughter, or ever so willing to humor him, could not have succeeded, after having been Mary's tutor, in winning his confidence or favorable regard."

"She's a sweet girl, Cunningham, and I should have put in for her long since, myself, had I"—

"Not found *grace* in another quarter!" interrupted Cunningham.

"I am not so foolish as not to *take* that," replied Connell; "but its a vile pun and viler slander. I'm not in a situation to marry, and fear I shall not be for years to come. But the road leading to the Grove is thronged, and I must be off. You'll not go then?"

"Why, yes, I think I will now—I'd like to be seen about among the crowd there—but I can't remain. Here comes Junkell, to hang himself on our buttons awhile."

"I suppose he'll give us the pleasure of his good company down."

"Yes—no doubt. Our tete-a-tete is therefore closed. Well—don't forget to-night. And since you are to have other company, I'll leave you to its full enjoyment."

"No—stay."

"I beg to be excused. Besides, I can better effect the object I have in view, by going down to the Grove alone."

The friends parted; and Connel was soon joined by Junkell, a village exquisite with upper stories to let, by whom he was accompanied to the collation.

Cunningham turned and walked slowly in the direction of "The Swan," and on his way was overtaken by Colonel Winters, who accosted him familiarly.

"I cannot think it says much for your patriotism, Mr. Cunningham, that you are found sauntering here, instead of taking part in the observances of the Day. Nevertheless, I am glad to meet with you; for I am going down to "The Swan" to call upon my nephew Lester, who has just informed me by note of his arrival from Richmond, and I shall be glad of your company."

"I should be most happy to call upon Mr. Lester, Colonel, and shall do so soon, but at this moment I have business on hand which prevents my accepting your present invitation."

"Call over at the house this evening then, or to-morrow, and you will find him there."

"How long does he tarry with us, Colonel?"

"That depends upon a variety of circumstances, the most important of which cannot now be mentioned. It is likely that he'll be here for two or three weeks, at the least."

"I shall be glad to make his acquaintance. I have seen him, sir—a mere glance—and am prepossessed. But do not let me detain you a moment;" and bowing abruptly to the Colonel, who saw that there was something of unusual interest upon his mind, Cunningham took down a by-street which led to a short cut to the Grove, and reached the place of the collation about as soon as Connell, whom, however, he did not join.

Colonel Winters proceeded to "The Swan," where he found Lester, awaiting him. The young Virginian had again taken

his position on the old settee, Gun Number Three having emptied the bar room, and again was he listening to the interesting stories, and smiling at the odd conceits, of the garrulous innkeeper.

"A welcome to the West, Christian," said the Colonel, as he entered and extended his hand to his nephew, "and more particularly to our backwood's village. How have you been of late? But why did you not let me know sooner of your arrival? I understand you have been here ever since about nine this morning. Depend upon it, your aunt and cousin will think you are little better than a Hottentot."

"They must blame my friend, Mr. Vandunk, uncle; for his good company, of which he has given me a very large share, has made the time pass with unusual swiftness. But how is my dear aunt?—your own looks speak of excellent health—and my sweet cousin, how is she?"

"Well—all well, Christian—and they two burning with impatience to see you. Come, you must walk over at once;"—and walk over he did; and such questioning, and cross-questioning, and counter-questioning, as took place so soon as he was fairly seated with his aunt and cousin, no one can describe, and those only imagine who have at some period of their lives been placed in a similar situation. A full hour passed before the cousins were for a single moment left by themselves; and no sooner were they so than Lester, Lucy "consenting half and half denying," pressed to his manly bosom the lovely object of his heart's adoration, and imprinted upon her cheek a kiss warm and glowing from the deep sources of his love.

Lucy colored; and hastily stammering, "now turn *your* cheek, and see what *I* can do," she brought it and the palm of her right hand together with a force which made both tingle.

"One good turn deserves another, cousin Christian!" she exclaimed, as she turned quickly away. "And as we are now even, and the sun is partially obscured, I am willing to take the walk you spoke of. We may find Mr. Cunningham with Mary; and if so, you will have a fine opportunity of seeing a first-rate instance of love by stealth. Wait here till I get on my calash, and let me know where we are going."

"As wild as ever," thought Lester, as she left the room, "and more beautiful. I

must be a lucky fellow; for surely chance, more than anything else, has thrown this 'precious jewel' in my way. Well, well—I should only be the more thankful; and I will. I'll wear it in my 'heart of hearts,' and guard it ever with more than miser care."

"Come, cousin," exclaimed Lucy, returning, "we've a mile at least before us, and a mile back, which make two—a trifle for a backwoods girl like myself, but something quite formidable, I suppose, to a city bred gentleman, such as you.

'I'll lead, and you follow,
Till we reach the Hollow, Hollow, Hollow!'

sang out the wild, full-hearted creature, as she bounded from the house through the garden, in the rear, to take what she called the "short cut, out of regard to her cousin!" Lester overtook her in time to open the gate, and ere they compassed half of their first mile, he had taught her a slower pace.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUBICON OF LOVE.

CUNNINGHAM's object, first in sauntering through the streets of the town when Connell wished him to accompany him to the Grove, and subsequently in going to the Grove alone when he had determined to go there at all, was to keep an eye on the motions of Yohannes and Diedrich, whom he had early observed in at the celebration, and to exhibit himself to them as often and much as possible, that they might have no suspicion of his intention to visit the Hollow in their absence. The message to him, with which Lucy Winters was charged by Mary Vantyle, the previous Sunday, was delivered the same evening, and in such a manner, that it rendered the lover's breast the seat of many conflicting and troublesome emotions. He lay upon an uneasy couch that night. At one time he would have his mind made to go early the next day, and "beard the lion in his den;" to upbraid Yohannes with most unnatural cruelty to his child—to demand that her hand should be at once bestowed upon him who had long possessed her heart—and to threaten, in case of repulse, to make her his own as he best could. Then he would consider whether it were not best to get a mutual friend to state his case to the inex-

orable father, to explain to him how very unsuitable a person Diedrich was to a husband to his daughter, and to set his own claims in the most favorable light of which they were susceptible. Then an elopement presented itself to his mind—and a clandestine marriage—and a return to the paternal hearth—and a joint prayer for forgiveness. But, as he pondered upon the character of Yohannes Vantyle, these expedients and others were successively abandoned. The old man, he well knew, was not to be moved by threats, or arguments, or prayers and tears. He therefore came to the conclusion, to bear the sweet and bitter pangs of love as philosophically as he could, till the arrival of the Fourth, when he should in all probability have an opportunity of consulting with his heart's idol as to the proper course to be pursued by them at this juncture.

Such an opportunity was now at hand. Cunningham loitered about the Grove, till the tables were all filled, four or five deep on each side. He had kept his eyes almost constantly upon Yohannes and his tall shadow; and now seeing them both valorously engaged upon the good things of which the collation was composed, he thought he might depart with safety, and so wended his way with no laggard's pace towards the Hollow. He found Mary, as he expected he should, at their usual "trysting place," awaiting his coming. With the exchange of but a word or two, they started slowly up the creek; and as they rambled along by the gliding waters, a touch, a look, a word, served to explain all they felt, hoped, and feared. Each was now, indeed, "the ocean to the river" of the other's thoughts, which "terminated all." Audibly, but little was said; yet in each other's eyes they read volumes of that silent language of Love, whose sweetness and power no uttered language can approach. The feelings which warmed and thrilled their breasts, pen can no more describe than pencil can portray the varied glories of the sun-set sky. They had for the time but one thought, one sensation, one existence—and that was deep, all-pervading, enrapturing, unutterable love; and to the subtle passion, they abandoned themselves wholly.

The spell, however, was not to be of long continuance. It was broken abruptly by the neighing of a horse, and a splashing of water in the creek not far from where

they were at the time rambling slowly and silently along; and looking in the direction whence the noise came, they beheld Clymer Clymers fording the stream, with his keen grey eyes fixed intently and maliciously upon them. The quondam pedagogue passed on at a rapid rate; and the lovers, aroused thus suddenly from what appeared to have been a delicious dream, glanced into each other's eyes, colored at the recollection of the sweet trance they had been in, and turned aside a little, in different ways, to gather some beautiful wild-flowers which very opportunely at that moment presented themselves to their eyes.

The spell in which they had been wrapt, was the Rubicon of their Love. It was now passed; and they felt a full and undoubting trust in each other—they felt that their destinies were henceforth the same—they felt that the tendrils of their hearts were inseparably twined together—they felt that they were now one, and that their souls were mingled, as effectually as running waters that meet and flow together, to be no more separated till remanded back to their original source. In this spirit, they proceeded quite rationally to consider their present duties, as human beings, members of the community, lovers pledged and determined to be each others, and children owing in most things obedience to the commands and in all things deference to the judgments of their natural guardians and advisers. Every possible means of getting the consent of Mary's father to their union, was thought of and talked over; but in all they found no hope. The confiding girl therefore agreed, placing her hand in that of her lover, and suffering him to carry it to his lips and press it with fervor to his heart, to do in all things as he should advise, and fly to his arms forever as soon as he might think proper.

They separated, to meet no more till they should meet to become to each other all in all.—Were we to follow Mary to her chamber, whither she immediately went, we should behold a now languid body, whose every muscle was for the moment relaxed, flung carelessly in a chair by her window, a bosom which at one time gave forth a long-drawn breath and at another rose and fell under the influence of emotions till now never felt in their full strength, a delicate hand unconsciously picking at the embroidery of her cape, a face from which a radiant smile at one moment chased a settling shadow

only to be succeeded itself by a pearly tear, and a pair of lovely blue eyes wandering to the distant horizon, and losing themselves among the ever-changing forms, and gorgeous hues, and beautiful undulations, of the evening sky. But our presence is demanded at the village, where, seated in the low, dark-looking tenement of a vender of malt-liquors, over an old table on which are a couple of foaming mugs, we may find Clymer Clymers cheek-by-jowl with the Patriarch of Rock-Hollow.

As we have heard the landlord of "The Swan" intimate to Lester, the quondam pedagogue was at this time figuring at another bar as well as at his. He had on being dismissed from the village academy, at once turned his attention to the mysteries of law; and he was now, though one of the veriest pettifoggers in the land, doing a very handsome county court business. Without any cause, other than that Cunningham had superseded him as teacher, he had become an inveterate enemy of the young New-Englander; and as he was forever prying into the affairs of other people, and was by no means lacking in shrewdness, he had learnt the sentiments of Yohannes Vantyle with respect to Cunningham, and guessed at their cause. It was therefore with a malicious joy that, on riding into town from the country, whither he had been to cool his rage after his discomfiture at "The Swan," he had seen and recognized some time before he began to ford the creek, the old gentleman's daughter so confidently clinging to the arm of her absorbed lover.

He greatly accelerated his speed, so soon as he had passed the stream; and his first care after dismounting at "The Swan," was to inquire whether Yohannes had been in at the celebration. Learning that he had, and also that he had been seen but a few minutes before, he immediately started in search of him and soon found him. Telling the old patriarch that he had a communication of much importance to make to him, they together entered the tenement aforesaid; and here the pettifogger related what he had just seen with every alarming embellishment he could command, and exerted all the arts of which he was master to blacken the character of Cunningham, and fill the father's breast with the worst apprehensions. In these things, he succeeded but too well; and if there remained any doubt or wavering in the old man's mind, it was soon

dispelled,—for, upon coming out of the tentement, the first thing which met the eye of Clymers was the very object which had just engaged his tongue, coming into town from the direction of the Hollow-House; and he did not for an instant fail to direct the attention of Yohannes to this circumstance. Cunningham soon approached them, and bowed to the old gentleman. He received no salutation in return; but observed a devilish leer on the countenance of Clymers, and as he passed them saw the old man nod his head to the pettifogger and wink significantly. No sooner had he seen them together, than he supposed his interview with Mary had been made known to her father by Clymers; and he was now convinced that such was the case, and also that the serpent had been poisoning the heart of the parent against him. He wended his way home, filled with sweet hopes and bitter reflections.

Clymers assisted Yohannes into his dear-born; the patriarch soon found and took up Diedrich; and, the Anak being made acquainted with all he had learnt from the pettifogger, the two rolled home in the vehicle in a humor anything but enviable. Arrived there, Yohannes proceeded immediately to his chamber, and sent for his daughter to appear before him. On receiving the summons, Mary suspected what had taken place. She did not, however, for a moment delay going to her father's apartment. Her mind was made up, what course to pursue. She knew that she might, by dissembling, soon smother his anger, and lead him to suppose that she had been misrepresented. She knew that she might, by denying that she had been with Cunningham, hush his suspicions, and blind him entirely to her intentions. But now that she had fully resolved to link her destinies with Cunningham's—now that she had in effect bestowed her hand upon him, and made up her mind to leave her paternal home and place herself under his protection at any time he might think proper—now that she had a definite *motive* for action, and knew that there was no longer any *uncertainty* about at least her present fate—her character rose superior to dissimulation, and she scorned, as beneath her and now sinful, every art of deception.

When she appeared before her parent, she was calm, collected, and dignified.—Without saying a word, she seated herself,

and commenced upon a piece of sewing which she had taken up a few moments before. Her father cast a wrathful look upon her as she entered; and when she silently helped herself to a chair, and so coolly sat down to her needle-work, he rivetted his angry eyes on her as if to blast her with the intensity of their gaze, and fairly shook with the height of his passion. When this erupted, as it did in a few moments, the violent language it cast forth fell gratingly, but with little apparent effect, upon the ear of his daughter. Her continued silence puzzled him, and he seemed awed into respect by her unchanging calmness. Altering his tone, therefore, after the first burst of passion was over, he proceeded with comparative moderation to speak of the matter which had caused him to summon her to his presence. When he accused her of having been with Cunningham, she simply acknowledged the fact, without a single remark. When he repeated the abuse which Clymers had lavished upon her lover, she only said that *her* estimate of Cunningham's character was very different indeed from what she had just heard. When he told her that he had determined she should become the wife of Diedrich, she in very few words, but with a determined manner, asserted her right to choose a husband for herself, or remain single through life. He was again waxing wroth, as he neared the main point,—which was, whether she would at once marry Diedrich,—when they were summoned to supper. The call was a relief to Yohannes, even more than to his daughter. He hastened to obey it, glad for the present to end the matter thus, for he had no encouragement to be violent towards one who preserved the equanimity which Mary had through the whole interview, and who replied to matters of exciting interest as coolly as if they were things of but every day importance.

At the table, Mary assumed a cheerfulness which she was far from feeling. Yohannes was dogged for a time, but gradually slid into a kind of half good-humor. Diedrich presumed that all had been made straight between the father and daughter, and ate his evening meal with an appetite such as an oft-sated epicure would give hundreds to possess.

Arrived at his room, Cunningham was not long in determining what course to pursue. After a very light supper, he took Council on what the latter subsequently

called "a real lover's jaunt;" and during their ramble acquainted him of most of those particulars with regard to his present passion which the reader already knows. Connell applauded his perseverance, and approved the plan which he had marked out for the future; and all things being sufficiently matured, the lover returned to his room to put the first part of his scheme into instant operation, and his friend started for the residence of Colonel Winters to confer with Lucy.

CHAPTER VI.

A MYSTERY.

ABOUT an hour after supper at the Hollow House, while Mary Vantyle and her father were sitting together in the dining-room, the latter considering with the aid of his pipe whether and in what manner he should again at this time broach the subject which had occupied their attention at their late interview in his apartment, and the former trying to determine whether to acquaint her parent with her full intentions with respect to Cunningham, or simply with firmness to refuse, whenever it might be proposed, the hand of the man whom he had selected to be her husband, Diedrich entered arrayed in his best garments. The Anak and his patron were much rejoiced, for here, without any contrivance on their parts, was the very meeting for which they had been for sometime wishing. Yohannes thought the incident ominous of good, and in a little while rose and left the twain by themselves.

Diedrich had taken a seat at the side of the room opposite that where Mary was sitting. He now lifted his chair, and planted it nearer hers, but still at a respectful distance. And here they sat, for some time in silence—he puzzling his brain as to the best manner of besieging the citadel of the damsel's heart, and she looking out upon the moon and stars, and dreaming of her lover and an elopement. Diedrich at length summoned up courage sufficient to pronounce her name. She turned half round, and, heavy as was her heart, could with difficulty resist the disposition which all at once came upon her to burst into a laugh. The ridiculousness, not to speak of the impropriety and unnaturalness, of the idea of one like her marrying such a being as here sought her hand, now

flashed upon her perhaps for the first time in its full force. Nevertheless, she imposed sufficient restraint upon herself to check what had well nigh burst out to the unspeakable amazement and irrecoverable mortification of her rustic wooer.

The current of Mary's thoughts was now broken, and the character of her feelings for the time materially changed. She commenced with considerable spirit to entertain Diedrich, with jest, badinage, and playful coquetry. The swain was delighted. He doubted not that he had succeeded in captivating the heart of his charmer, and congratulated himself upon the ease with which he had achieved the victory. He left her at a late hour, doubting nothing of the completeness of his conquest, but thinking it best to postpone till the succeeding evening, the grand climacteric of courtship—vulgarly called, "popping the question."

As the huge form of the mynheer stalked out at the door, the gentle cooing of a dove floated in at the window. Stepping quickly to the latter, and looking out with a burning cheek and a palpitating heart, Mary's eyes rested upon a tall figure moving in the shadow of some trees that grew along the fence which inclosed the house-grounds upon that side. It stopped for a moment, and again the soft, full note of a dove struck upon the ear of the maiden. Enough!—a handkerchief is waved from the window, and the figure glides stealthily away.

On leaving Mary, Diedrich retired immediately to his chamber: but he could not sleep, from excess of joy. "How happy I shall be," he thought, "when Rock-Hollow Farm is mine, and I am master of this house. And then—only to think of it! what a mistress it will have! Who'd have thought, when I was jilted by that minx Sally Heshlap, and embarked in the steerage of the "Seamaid," and landed at New-York with a good stomach and nothing to put into it, that I was so soon to become the owner of thousands, and the husband of a wife to whom Sal is no more to compare than kale-tops to cauliflowers. It's an evil thought, I know—but so soon as the old man's out of the way, and he can't live long, I'll re-cross the ocean, and make a journey to Kroutvalleyford. It will be a fine revenge to let those huzzies, Polly Neiswanger, Judy Schmidt, and Sally Heshlap—pray God they are doomed to be old maids!—see the good fortune of Diedrich Heilerber-

ger, whom they so misused. But I'll be revenged! I'll be revenged!"

While his thoughts were thus wandering, Diedrich had unconsciously risen from his bed, and was strutting about his chamber as triumphantly as though the bird were really his, and not yet in the bush, and as if all the astonished and wondering inhabitants of Kroutvalleyford were gazing on him with deep and silent admiration. All at once he was recalled from the scene of his disgrace, and the pleasant prospect of revenge; for in passing his chamber window, he caught a glimpse of something skipping across the grass-plot at that end of the Hollow-House. He paused to look after it; and, as sure as his eyes beheld anything, they measured the lovely form of the object which with Rock-Hallow Farm divided his affections. Could it be her real self? He doubted for an instant. But a moment after the apparition reached the fence, and his ear caught the noise made by a rail which partly turned as she stepped upon it to reach something which stuck in a crack on the top of one of the posts. He was now assured; and watching her closely, he saw her imprint a kiss upon what she had taken down, and thrust it into her bosom, as she lightly tripped back to the house.

This incident completely dissipated the blissful visions of the recently enraptured swain. There was some mystery, to him of fearful interest. The mercury of his temperament fell some ninety or a hundred degrees, in as many seconds. Cold chills ran over him, and awful misgivings and dark suspicions took possession of his breast. He threw himself upon his bed; but it seemed to him as a couch of thistles. He again paced his chamber; but his brain was at one moment as if begirt with scorpions, and at another as if bound with ice. He found no relief within himself, do or think what he would; and so he determined to awaken Yohannes, and inform him of what had transpired.

The worthy patriarch was soon aroused; and Diedrich proceeded to relate to him all the events of the evening, dwelling somewhat upon Mary's conduct towards himself, and hurrying over as if its recollection stung him the incident he had observed from his chamber window. It needed but little now to excite the suspicions of the father, and less to awaken his anger. There was a calmness about his passion at this time, however, which was more to be dreaded

than the violence of language with which its exhibitions were sometimes attended. He said but a word or two, and those only to tell Diedrich to go back to his chamber, and leave the management of this matter entirely to him. His course was at once decided upon. He doubted not that Cunningham had been lurking about the premises, nor that what his daughter had taken from the fence-post was a communication from that person; and to get this into his possession, be it what it might, was his present determination.

Yohannes drew on his morning-gown and stockings, and proceeded with cat-like caution and stillness to the apartment of his daughter. In her hurry to get at the contents of the note, Mary had left her door slightly ajar; and the light which streamed out against the wall of the passage, soon caught the eye of her father, and led him without trouble to her chamber. Without a word or a hard breath, he suddenly pushed open the door; and his daughter, who started to her feet in affright, stood before him, with the letter open in her hand. Though she almost instantly recognized her father, she was much frightened; and before she had half recovered herself, he had seized the note, taken up the candle, and left her alone in darkness. She had now ample time to consider of her situation. In some respects it was a disagreeable, if not a bad one. For a little while she abandoned herself to tears, and sad reflections. But hers was not now a mind to be affected deeply by a trivial circumstance,—and as such she had soon brought herself to regard the loss of her lover's note, and its possession by her parent. Throwing her wearied body upon her bed, slumber was not long in stealing upon her senses; and she slept a sweeter and sounder sleep that night, than did either of her lovers, or her father.

Yohannes, on getting back to his chamber, sat down to examine the note he had taken. He turned it over and over a dozen times, and outside in and upside down as often, but could make nothing of it. He therefore deposited it carefully under his pillow, and again betook himself to bed. He and Diedrich were stirring betimes the next morning; and at a very early hour the swain was dispatched to the village for 'Squire Clymers, before whom they had resolved to lay what they considered a document of no small importance.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PETTIFOGGER.

"Good morning, Mr. Vantyle!" exclaimed the pettifogger, on his arrival at the Hol-low-House. "Hope you're well, and"—

"Yaw—vell—read tat!" said Yohannes, at once handing him the note.

"Something from that rascal Cunningham, eh? Didn't I intimate as much sir? Didn't I warn you against his machinations? He's a precious rogue sir, believe me. He would n't scruple"—

"Put read te paper!" interrupted Yohannes, impatiently.

"Yes, Mr. Vantyle. But his skin is full of all sorts of yankee cunning and villainy, if I can read the human countenance at all—and I profess some ingenuity that way sir. He's a ———. But I see you are impatient to learn the character of his present roguery. 'Tis nothing short, sir, of an attempt to rob you of your daughter; nothing less than an effort to induce her to run away with him, Mr. Vantyle, that he might ruin and then desert her. It has no signature, sir; but I know it is Cunningham's as well as if it had his name to it. I never mistake a man's hand-writing after I have once seen it—and I have seen his often. But hear how it reads. 'My dear Mary: You know how much I regret the necessity of the step which we are about to take. But I can see no possible alternative; and after mature deliberation, and consulting with my friend, Mr. Connell, and through him with Lucy, whom you very properly made your confidante, I have come to the conclusion that we cannot too soon go off and end our present state of suspense and anxiety. With the assistance of Mr. Connell, I have got all preliminaries arranged. Meet me, therefore, as you love me and value my peace of mind, by the stone-hedge raspberry patch, to-morrow night, at the hour of twelve. I will be there with a couple of horses—'Squire Grey's is but a few miles off—we shall there meet Connell and Lucy, who will early to-morrow morning go to the 'Squire's to bespeak his services at any moment we may arrive, and also to secure us accommodations for a week or two if you may desire it to be so. Twelve o'clock—be punctual—destroy this scroll at once—be of good cheer—Adieu!' A precious scoundrel, truly, is he not Mr. Vantyle? Sir, this matter must be looked into."

And here the pettifogger assumed an air of abstraction, passed the thumb and forefinger of his left hand sundry times over his chin, stroked his meagre whiskers awhile, scratched the back part of his head as if in a quandary, and fixed his twinkling eyes steadily upon the epistle.

During the reading of the note, Diedrich had sworn most lustily, bringing into requisition his knowledge of both German and English profanity. But Yohannes, proud of the generalship he had displayed in getting the paper into his possession, and doubting not that he now had it in his power to frustrate the plans of Cunningham with respect to his daughter, had taken the matter rather coolly: so much so, indeed, that he had puzzled Clymers not a little, and induced the knowing airs which the pettifogger was now playing off, to convince the old gentleman of the necessity of employing him to attend to this business. After spending some five minutes in an apparently scrutinizing examination of the lover's epistle, Clymers muttered something which was not understood by his companions.

"Vat, 'Squire?" said Yohannes, half chuckling as he thought of a fine trick which he could play upon Cunningham.

"Serious business, believe me, Mr. Vantyle;" answered the pettifogger, looking more wise and important than ever. "Serious business, indeed, sir. An elopement—no—nothing,"—and here he rested his forehead for a minute or two in the palm of his hand, partly shading his eyes—"nothing short of an abduction, sir, believe me. Not quite eighteen yet—severe penalty—not christian-like to push things to extremities—but the law must have its course. Very great outrage is meditated against you, Mr. Vantyle, as the father and natural adviser and protector of Mary—very great outrage, indeed, sir. I would not wish to impoverish this Cunningham—but he is evidently a bad man, and a mischievous member of society—and it is our duty to enforce the law against him—a duty, Mr. Vantyle, which we owe"—

"Im—im—vat, 'Squire?" asked Yohannes, interrupting the rattling discourse of the pettifogger, not one half of which he could understand.

"Impoverish! Mr. Vantyle. That is to say, sir, I would not wish to make the fellow poor. But"—

"Make him poor? No—no—I'll fix 'im

—I'll fix 'im !" half spoke and half chuckled Yohannes, as he walked across the room in which they had been sitting and unlocked his oaken chest. The pettifogger resumed his discourse and rattled away as if his tongue were moved by steam-power ; but he failed to secure any more of the old gentleman's attention. As for Diedrich, he had gotten over the hight of his passion, and now stood in mute wonder, gazing upon the expatiating man of law. Yohannes soon took from one end of his chest a small bag well and heavily filled : and from one end of this bag, which he untied as he waddled back towards his companions, he took a piece of silver very like a dollar. This he tendered to the pettifogger, whose eyes sparkled as he glanced obliquely from the old man to the bag, from the bag to the chest, and vice versa, but could not see so inconsiderable a thing as a silver dollar.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Vantyle," said he, as Yohannes was about to press it upon him. "Don't trouble yourself at all, sir. Nothing *now*—not a cent. This matter must be probed, Mr. Vantyle. Such an outrage!—steal an honest man's daughter for the purpose of ruining her!—horrible!—horrible!" exclaimed the pettifogger with well-feigned emotion, as he again cast a side look at the chest, and thought of the big fee he might manage to pocket from its contents. "It is a duty we owe to society, Mr. Vantyle, to bring offenders to justice—a christian duty sir, to flinch from the performance of which, is to sin. Leave this matter to me, sir,—and I'll attend to it in a proper manner, believe me."

Yohannes here exhibited signs of impatience ; and taking another dollar from the bag, he pressed the pettifogger to receive the two.

"Not one cent now, Mr. Vantyle. We must bring the law to bear upon this affair. The *law* is a great thing, sir. The world couldn't get along without it, any way at all, believe me. The law is a sovereign doctor in such cases, sir—and this Cunningham is a patient whom we must place under its charge—he! he! Mr. Vantyle."

But Yohannes had an utter abhorrence of law, lawyers, and sheriffs. Besides, his self-will did not grow less as his age grew greater—and he had always chosen to do his own business in his own way. He therefore gave the pettifogger to understand, that he had thought of a punishment which

would prove more effectual in the present case than the law, and that he would suffer no legal proceedings against Cunningham ; but what that punishment was, he would not say. So Clymer Clymers, the Bristolian, muttering something about the distance from town to Rock-Hollow and the distance back, and the labor of deciphering the mysterious note which had let them into the secret of the "contemplated and intended elopement or abduction," named five dollars as the smallest fee which he could possibly consent to receive. This, to get clear of his loquacious guest, and in consideration that the discovery of the note should be kept in the strictest secrecy, Yohannes eventually paid him ; and in a humor no wise enviable, the pettifogger wended his way back to the village.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

WHEN Mary awoke that morning, the sun was high and shining into her chamber. She rose partly up, rested her elbow upon the pillow, adjusted her cheek and temple on the palm of her hand, and gave herself up to reverie. Her mind soon reverted to the Past ; and in a little time the days of her childhood came thronging up, bringing recollections of green meadows, flowery lawns, and playful companions ; but these remembrances, though beautiful and vivid, had so much of the merely *negative* in their character, that they failed long to engage the attention of her wandering thoughts. Upon the days of her girlhood her mind next rested ; and as she recollected the almost unclouded joyousness of this season, and its sudden bursts of hilarious feeling, and the racing and romping mirth that knew no bounds nor checks but in bodily exhaustion, the dark ringlet that hung down and rested upon her clear white bosom rose and fell, and a long-drawn sigh escaped from her slightly-parted lips. But with this flashed upon her mind the remembrances of another period of her brief but somewhat chequered career ; and before the subdued but steady light of Truth and Knowledge, which accompanied the recollections of her pupilage and progress in moral and intellectual learning, the reminiscences of her earlier life grew dim and gradually faded away. In the Present, with its

hopes, and fears, and anxieties, and struggles, she was soon buried; and through a mellow vista this was beautifully opening into the sunny Future, when her reverie was broken in upon by the turning of the key in the lock of her chamber door.

The truth flashed upon her mind in an instant; and springing from her couch, she tried the door and found herself locked in. This had been done at the command of her father, who had just broken up his conference with Clymers, the pettifogger. And leaving Mary a prisoner under her paternal roof, we descend to where Yohannes Puterbaugh and Diedrich Heilerberger are arranging their course of proceeding for the coming night.

The plans of the patriarch, as he made them known to the swain, were to this effect:—Mary was to be kept confined during the day, to prevent any communication between her and Cunningham; Diedrich was to perambulate the grounds in the vicinity of the house, to prevent his rival from approaching near enough should he be disposed to hold any converse by signs with the imprisoned girl; and Yohannes was to loiter about the house all day, to prevent any plotting between Katrina and his daughter, should an attempt be made by the latter to work upon the feelings of the former. At night, about a half hour before the time appointed in Cunningham's note for the meeting between the lovers, the twain were to wend their way to the raspberry patch, and station themselves in its vicinity. As Cunningham would ride up, he would have to pass a thick clump of young peach-trees, which grew along the stone-hedge. In the edge of these, they were to secret themselves; and as the unsuspecting lover should pass, Diedrich, with waggon-whip in hand, was to spring out suddenly, seize the horses by their bridles, drag the rider from his seat, and inflict upon him such punishment as in their opinion the offence merited, and as would, from very shame, drive him instantaneously from the village.

Yohannes doubted not that this stratagem, which he regarded as the most cunning he had ever planned, would effectually cure his daughter of her foolish whims; and to Diedrich's bruised heart it was the very balm of Gilead, for he was promised that on the next Sunday week, at furthest, he should receive in marriage, the hand which would soon bring into the possession of its

lord the extensive domains appertaining to the Hollow-House.

By Cunningham the day was spent in much perturbation of mind. He called upon Lester, towards noon; and at the solicitation of Colonel Winters, backed by the "no excuses" of that gentleman's excellent lady, he remained to dinner. He was greatly pleased with the young Virginian, who, in the course of conversation, made two or three very significant allusions to the absence of his cousin Lucy, and much amused at the sly efforts of Mrs. Winters to direct conversation in a particular way, that she might either induce him to make a revelation or catch his tongue tripping. He did his best to sustain his part in the discussion of the various topics that were introduced, and once or twice fancied that he was getting along handsomely. But he had very little doubt that his present secret was *no secret* to those present; and somehow or other he felt, and thought that to the eyes of others he must look, "a little foolish like," as all lovers similarly situated feel and think; and as he could neither escape from this impression nor keep his thoughts from wandering, he took his leave at the earliest moment, after dinner, that he could with anything like propriety, and after transacting a little necessary business, returned to his room at "The Swan" about the middle of the afternoon. Here he found upon his table, a note from Connell, written at noon, which informed him that all things were in a state of forwardness, and would be ready and waiting by or before the appointed time. It ended as follows:—"By the Immortals! Cunningham, I have never known a finer she than your friend Lucy. The spirit with which she has entered into this heart-affair of yours, entitles her to your eternal gratitude. But there has something been set afoot, within these last two hours, with regard to which I am in the dark, and which has excited all my curiosity. On the way out, and for two or three hours after our arrival here, Miss Winters was the most buoyant creature I had ever beheld. About ten o'clock, however, we were favored with a visit from Mrs. Winters and her nephew Lester—whom, by the way, I met early in the morning, and liked much. The Virginian and myself were immediately left together, while Mrs. W. and Lucy withdrew to another room. Some thirty or forty minutes were thus passed, when Dame Grey asked Mr. Lester

to follow the mother and daughter into the apartment whither they had gone, and your humble servant was thus left *solus*. In about a quarter of an hour the aunt and nephew returned. The former saw my looks of wonderment in a moment, hoped they had not materially interrupted my business, said I must excuse Lucy for a little while, as she had given her something to do which would occupy her for perhaps half an hour, and drove back towards town. In about a half hour, as the mother had said, Lucy made her re-appearance. She seemed to be just from the performance of an ablution, as her face looked cool and fresh, and the hair about her temples was damp. From the appearance of her eyes, however, I judge that she had been weeping; and her subsequent conduct, till she again found or feigned something to do in another apartment of the house, although she affected the cheerfulness of the first part of the morning, convinced me that she had something upon her mind more than she brought with her from town. *What*, I have not yet been able to divine. Do you think — but no—It can hardly be—I won't surmise it."

Cunningham's curiosity was as much excited by this portion of the note, as had been that of Connell himself, by the incidents which it mentions. But either of them might without much difficulty have solved the seeming mystery, had they been aware of the fact, that on the previous afternoon Lester and Lucy had soon found the company of each other so agreeable, and so all-sufficient for the time being, that the walk which was intended as a visit to Mary Vantyle at the Hollow-House, changed its direction before half the distance was compassed, and terminated in one of the pleasantest love rambles that mortal feet have ever taken. Further than this, it is not necessary that we narrate what took place upon that occasion, as it will be seen in the sequel.

While Cunningham sat pondering upon the note which he had received from Connell, the door of his room was slowly opened, and the landlord slid in as silently as if he had been upon a mission of treason.

"We cannot have Old Roan for to-night, Mr. Cunningham. I had forgotten—I'm growing so forgetful—but he went out for three or four days, this very morning. Fox and Jumper are in, and will answer for us, but we must get something of less mettle

for ——— our companion," he continued; after a slight pause, and an arch look at the lover.

"Very well, Mr. Vandunk, leave that to me. Do you know who brought this note?"

"Oh, yes; it was Jimmy Grey himself, the Squire's nephew. Is anything wrong?"

"No. All's right; and remember, we must be ready to leave here at half past eleven precisely. I'll obtain another horse, that shall be suitable. Recollect the importance of entire secrecy, Mr. Vandunk, and do not fail me of the time by one minute." The landlord left him with assurances of his punctuality, and Cunningham soon sallied out to complete his arrangements.

As they had planned, so proceeded Yohannes Vantyle and Diedrich Heilerberger; the one proud of his artifice, and rejoicing at heart that he was on the eve of rescuing his daughter from what he honestly considered a plot to ruin her—the other dividing his thoughts, perhaps about equally, between the domains of the Hollow and the sweet little minx that was so soon to become his, and make him master of the whole.

The afternoon waned—it was a very long one to Yohannes and Diedrich—but it closed at length, the sun sinking behind and gilding the edges of a mass of heavy dark cloud which lined the western horizon. The night wore on slowly, till eleven o'clock. This hour found the swain very impatient for the onset; he could not keep his seat for five minutes at a time, but strode up and down the dining room like a chafed gladiator. Yohannes took things more coolly. Once or twice his conscience smote him, for the pain which he was now causing his child to suffer; but then, with the assistance of the hints of the pettifogger on the Fourth, he had persuaded his mind, now rapidly sinking into second-childhood, that all was for her good; and this was enough, not only to evade the twinges of conscience, but also to nerve his feeble limbs at this time with a strength which had not been theirs for years.

It was half past eleven o'clock, and Yohannes and Diedrich were snugly ensconced in the edge of the peach-tree nursery. It was twelve, and cloud and darkness veiled the face of the sky, and Yohannes and Diedrich were growing impatient. It was a little past twelve, and Yohannes and Diedrich cursed the "yankee splutterkin," in whispers, from the bottom of their hearts. But hark!—a sound, as of horses approach—

ing under cautious guidance, now smote upon their ears. For a minute or two, Diedrich's heart beat against his breast, as if determined to break from its bony enclosure. For another, every other sense was lost in that of hearing. The next, making a desperate effort to spur up his somewhat flagging courage, he clenched the large waggon-whip with an herculean grasp, and put himself in the best posture to spring upon his prey, now just at hand. One moment more, and he had jerked the nocturnal equestrian from his saddle, and seized him by the cravat in such a manner as that his big knuckles pressed up under his victim's nether jaw, and thus closed his mouth. And while thus, he applied the whip to his shoulders, back, and head, sometimes the small and sometimes the butt end, with right hearty good-will and prodigious facility. After a few minutes, through his struggles, the belabored man managed to get his mouth sufficiently disengaged to cry out for mercy, but in a choked and faint voice. This served not to stay the whip, but to arouse the voice of Yohannes, who had crawled from his hiding-place and was standing close by on the stone-hedge, a listener, but not a spectator, for it was now pitch-dark; and the patriarch shouted to Diedrich in the most encouraging tones. "Giff it to 'im!" roared he; "giff it to 'im vell, I shay! Tam yankee! teach 'im how to run away mit an honest man's daughter! Giff it to 'im boy!"—and thus encouraged, Diedrich continued to apply the whip with unrelaxing vigor.

The wind was now high; the storm was gathering fast; and what with the rustling of the tree-tops, the roaring of the neighboring water-fall, and the shouting of the patriarch, the poor man's cries for mercy were scarcely heard by Diedrich, and not heeded at all; and in a little time he ceased to struggle in the Anak's grasp, and fell to the ground in a state of insensibility. With this, the arm of the scourger was stayed, and the whip dropped from his hand. He feared he had carried his vengeance too far, and bent down to ascertain if his prostrate victim exhibited any signs of life; and just at this moment a vivid and continued stream of lightning burst upon the utter darkness,—and by the intense glare was plainly revealed to Yohannes and the inclining Diedrich, the pale but well known and instantly recognized countenance of——Clymer Clymers, Esquire, the village pettifogger.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE SETTLEMENT AT BELVILLE, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF EVENTS THERE, AND ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE OHIO RIVER IN THAT REGION OF COUNTRY, FROM THE YEAR 1785 TO 1795:

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

CHAPTER VI.

Continuation of the History of Belville—Indian Attacks—Captivity of Stephen Sherrod—Progress of the early Pioneers—Doctor Jabez True—The "summer sweetling" apple-tree, an anecdote of the early times, illustrating the character of the Doctor.

THE summer after the death of Mr. Kelly, and the captivity of his little son, was passed in comparative tranquillity. The Indians made no more attacks on the garrison, although they continued to lurk in the vicinity, and stole several of their horses, keeping them in a state of anxiety. For greater safety, the horses were sometimes placed on an island near the left shore of the Ohio, about a mile below, that afforded fine pasturage. One day, John Coleman, who was on there to look after the horses and give them a little salt, found himself unexpectedly in the vicinity of six or eight Indians, who had just crossed the river, and were on their way to make an inroad to some of the settlements on the south-east side of the Ohio. After watching their motions for a few minutes, he cautiously retired without their having any knowledge of his being near them, and gave the alarm to the garrison. They, however, went on their rout without any attempt on the inhabitants.

Early in the following winter, the garrison being rather weakly manned, and continually exposed to the attacks of the Indians, who had become very daring and insolent after the defeat of St. Clair's army, and the borderers equally depressed, by that severe calamity, it was thought prudent to apply to Lieutenant Clendening, the commandant of a station at the mouth of Elk, a little below the present town of Charleston on the Big Kenawha, for assistance. The State of Virginia had at that period a number of soldiers in her employ, a part of whom were stationed here. Mr. Wood, before he had left Belville, in 1790, after Harmar's defeat, had sent a messenger, Joel Dewey, with a written application for the same purpose, but no men could then be spared. The

request was now again made, and John Coleman and Joshua Dewey volunteered their services for the hazardous journey.

The whole region between the two posts was a wilderness, and the distance over sixty miles. The rout they pursued lies partly on the dividing ridges between the waters which fall into the Ohio, and the Pocatalico and Elk, which fall into the Big Kenawha, and at that early period so well adapted to the topography of this hilly region, that the same track is pursued by travellers to this day, as the nearest and best; showing the tact and experience of the early pioneers in the geography of the country, so often traversed in their hunting excursions. The attempt was one of great danger, and undertaken at the risk of their lives. The ground was covered with a light coat of snow, and the second day they crossed the fresh trail of an Indian party; but as the course was at an angle with their own, although considerably excited, they kept steadily on their way, and early the third day reached the garrison without further incident. Five soldiers were detailed to accompany them, and their return was equally safe. With this addition to their strength, the females and weaker portion of the garrison, passed the rest of the winter with much more satisfaction, and a feeling of safety—a comfort which can only be fully appreciated and rightly valued, by being placed in a situation full of peril, and then suddenly removed to one free from danger, as is sometimes the case with those who have escaped shipwreck or been snatched from a burning house.

From the time of Mr. Kelly's death, to the following spring, the garrison remained unmolested. This long respite had made them less watchful than usual, although seldom a day passed without some of the more active and experienced men ranging the forest to discover signs of their enemies. Very early one Monday morning, late in the spring of the year 1792, Mr. Sherrod left the garrison for the purpose of feeding his hogs, in a small pen, a few rods above the station, and near the bank of the river. His wife, then about fifty years old, a fearless, bold woman, went out at the same time to milk a cow that was standing in the path, near the corner of the upper block house, about twenty yards from the gate. After throwing the corn into the pen, he stepped into the thicket by the side of the road to cut an ox goad or a suitable stick for driving his

oxen, intending to plough among his corn. While busily engaged in this operation, eight or ten Indians, who were lying secreted in the bushes, sprang upon him at once, and had hold of him before he was aware of their presence. Two of them remained with their prisoner, while the others hurried down to the garrison. Seeing Mrs. Sherrod, two Indians instantly seized the old lady, intending to make her a prisoner. but she resisted their efforts so stoutly, and screamed so loudly, that they soon abandoned that plan. One of them then knocked her down with his tomahawk, while the other proceeded to take her scalp.

In the meantime Peter Anderson and Joel Dewey, who had recently risen from their beds, were putting their rifles in order for a hunt; a party of several men having already gone out before daylight, unseen by the Indians, leaving only three men in the garrison. Anderson's rifle was lying across his knee, with the lock in his hand, having just finished cleaning it, when hearing the screams of Mrs. Sherrod and guessing the cause, he clapped on the lock without fastening the screws, and sprang up the stairway to a port hole in the block house. As he was about to fire at the Indians, the lock dropped on to the floor, greatly to his chagrin and vexation. At that instant Joel Dewey, whose rifle was in order, sprang to his side, and taking aim at the Indian who was in the act of scalping Mrs. Sherrod, shot him through the elbow of the very arm that wielded the scalping knife. Fearing the effects of other shots, the two Indians left their victim and hurried out of the reach of further harm. Before they had time to rally or renew the attempt, Anderson and Dewey rushed out of the block house, and seizing the old lady by the head and feet, brought her into the garrison, amidst a volley of rifle shots from the other Indians. As it was a very foggy morning, they both happily escaped harm, although the bullets were left sticking in the logs on each side of the door way.

Mrs. Sherrod lay for a long time without sense or signs of life, from the stunning effects of the tomahawk, which gashed her head in the most shocking manner; but she finally resuscitated and recovered from her wounds.

The Indians despairing of any further advantage, gave up the attack, which they would not have done, had they known the

weakness of the garrison; a kind Providence seeming to watch over and protect the helpless women and children of the Belville station, in several striking instances, when the men were nearly all absent, during the course of the war. As a sample of the vigor and activity of the pioneers of that early day, it is stated that Joshua Dewey offered his services to pole a canoe to Marietta for surgical aid, in the case of Mrs. Sherrod, as there was no doctor any nigher. The distance is thirty miles, which he accomplished in a light canoe, with no assistance but his own muscular arms, and no companion but his trusty rifle, on the very day the accident happened. It may seem to us to have been a hazardous journey, but the borderers well knew there was far less danger, immediately after a foray of the savages, than at any other time, as they always left the vicinity of their depredations directly after, for fear of a pursuit.

Before the following midnight he returned in safety to Belville, bringing with him that benevolent and kind hearted man, Doctor Jabez True. He was one of the early settlers of the Ohio Company; who was with them through all the trials and dangers of the Indian war, and whose life was often in jeopardy in his visits to the distant settlements, especially during the prevalence of the small pox and scarlet fever at Belprie. So tender was this good man to the prejudices of others, and his regard for their comfort so great, that he seldom prescribed for his patients without first consulting their opinion as to the medicine to be taken, and if they had any particular objection to the article, it was changed to suit the taste of the patient, unless it was absolutely necessary in managing the disease, that the objectionable remedy *should* be taken. I can see in my mind's eye the kind man now sitting by the side of the sick bed, his long legs crossed on each other, for he was tall and slenderly made, his mild but solitary eye full of compassion, one having been lost by a protracted and painful disease of the optic nerve, with one hand on the pulse of the patient and the other employed in switching about a short queue, for he kept up the good old fashion of wearing his hair long and carefully dressed daily with a black silk ribin. It was a habit which he had insensibly fallen into when his mind was intent on any subject of deep thought, or deliberation. The result of his calm and deliberate judgment was generally

very correct, and his treatment of diseases remarkably successful, which may be attributed in a good measure to its simplicity; for it is a lamentable fact that many die from the effects of improper or illy adapted remedies, as well as from disease itself.

The following anecdote of Doctor True, as a practical proof of his unrivalled kindness and equanimity of temper, which was told to me by the transgressor himself, must not be omitted. The Doctor was a great lover of fine fruit, and had cultivated with much care some of the choicest varieties of apples and pears, in a small garden near his house. Among them was a tree of the richest kind of summer sweetling apple, to which all the neighboring boys paid daily visits whenever the Doctor was out of the way. James Glover, a partially blind, near sighted man, well known to the inhabitants of Marietta, many years since, for his natural, ready, and keen wit, but then a stout boy fourteen or fifteen years of age, hearing the other lads speak of the fine apples in the Doctor's garden, concluded he would also try them; so, one night, a little after bed time, he mounted the tree and began filling his bosom and pockets with fruit. Making a rustling among the branches the Doctor happened to hear him, and coming out into the garden, peering up into the tree he espied James and hailed him. James was obliged to answer and give his name. "Ah, James, is that you? Why James you are on the wrong tree, *this* is the summer sweetling. Come down, come down, my lad." This was indeed the fact, but in his hurry he had not yet made the discovery of his mistake. James came down very slowly, expecting rough treatment, and the kind language of the Doctor only a ruse to get him within his reach. But he was very pleasantly disappointed. The Doctor instead of using harsh words or beating the aggressor as most men would have done, took a pole and knocked off as many apples as he could carry, and dismissed him with the request, that when he wanted any more to call on him, and he would assist him in getting them. James, however, never visited the tree again, and did all in his power to prevent the other boys from doing so.

The memory of this good man is still cherished by the descendants of the pioneers, for his charity to the poor, simplicity of manners, freedom from selfishness, and above all for his sincere, unostentatious piety.

But I must end this brief tribute to the memory of one of my earliest friends in Ohio.

CHAPTER VII.

Sherrod and his captors—Their journey towards the interior of Ohio—Indian tricks and love of fun—Manner of "lying wait," and perseverance—Interesting anecdote of Sherrod's early life.

As soon as the Indians found that no attempt would be made by the inmates of the garrison to impede their retreat, they made preparations for crossing the Ohio river. About half a mile above the mouth of the Big Hockhocking, is a small island, called "Mustapha," near the foot of which was a favorite crossing place for the Indians, in their visits to this part of the country. This operation was generally performed by means of a raft made of dry logs, confined by withes or slender grape vines and pushed along by the aid of poles. In this manner they now made good their passage with their prisoner, Sherrod. When they reached the right bank of the Ohio, his hands were tightly bound behind his back, with thongs of deerskin, and in this manner he was hurried along up the Hockhocking valley, with five Indians before him, and five behind, one of whom was the wounded one, without halting the whole day.

During the march he conversed freely with his captors, and appeared very cheerful and contented with his condition, which won the good will of the Indians, some of whom could speak very good English. He had such confidence in his own ingenuity that he felt quite sure of escaping from them in a day or two. While crossing near the mouth of a deep muddy branch that put into the main stream, a ludicrous affair occurred which was the cause of much merriment to the Indians. Although they are usually described as a taciturn, sober-faced race, no people ever enjoyed a joke with more glee, or laughed more heartily at a merry tale, especially when in a situation where it could be done without danger.

For crossing this deep but narrow outlet, without getting into the mire, they felled over it a long but very slender sycamore tree, the bark of which was smooth, and also gave a sidelong, springing motion at every step; requiring the utmost caution to keep from falling into the water. A part

of the number only could cross at a time, and at several feet distance. The last one of the five forward Indians, as he was leaving the pole, gave it a violent shake with his foot, with the intention of throwing Sherrod, who was near the center of the pole, into the stream. But he, either aware of the trick or being more sure footed than ordinary, balanced himself so well that he reached the opposite bank in safety. As he left the pole, thinking it but fair to return the favor on his next neighbor, he gave it such a shake as threw the Indian behind him into the midst of the water and mud up to his middle; covering him and his rifle with filth. The Indians enjoyed the joke with the most boisterous merriment, and all thought highly of Sherrod's activity and prowess, but the poor Indian who suffered from its effects.

During the day, loud peals of laughter echoed through the forests, as they thought of the ludicrous appearance of their companion as he crawled out of the muddy stream. That night they encamped rather early, at the mouth of a large creek, now called "Federal creek," that puts into the Hockhocking on its left bank, about eighteen or twenty miles from the Ohio river, as they were unusually weary and sleepy. While preparing their camp, an Indian who spoke good English told Sherrod that they had been watching the garrison two whole nights and one day without sleep, waiting for some of the men to come out, and had seen him feeding his hogs the morning before, but were not near enough to capture him. The high hill opposite the garrison was a point from which they often witnessed the movements of the colonists without danger to themselves. It seems they had made a mistake in the time, as to the day of the week, they supposing it to be Friday instead of Saturday when they began to lie in wait. They had seen enough of the whites to learn that they did not usually go out to their labors in the field on the Sabbath. When Sunday morning came no one went abroad, and they knew it was the day set apart by their enemies for the worship of the Great Spirit. They therefore had to watch until Monday morning, by which time they had become quite exhausted.

Before going to sleep, they made Sherrod lie flat on the ground with his hands tied behind him. Slender saplings were cut and laid across him from his neck to his feet. On the ends of these, two Indians spread

their blankets and lay down; so that any movement of their prisoner might awake them. When he ascertained by their deep snoring that they were soundly asleep, he began to put his project in operation for escape, in order as he said to learn the fate of his wife,—the Indians having told him that they had tomahawked an old woman, whom from their description he was certain must be her. His wrists being uncommonly large, and his hands small, after a little exertion he succeeded in freeing them from the bands which confined them. With great caution some of the saplings lying across him, were slightly raised so as to enable him to extricate his body without waking the guards, who having been two nights without rest now slept very soundly. As soon as he found himself at liberty, he crept very silently from the camp, and started for the mouth of the stream. After traveling a short distance, with true savage sagacity, he entered the river itself, sometimes swimming and sometimes wading for a long distance, and finally came out on the side opposite to his foes, thus preventing their following his trail, or puzzling them a long time to find it.

It is probable they did not miss him until the next morning, and by that time he was far on his return, so that he saw no more of the Indians. Early on the succeeding day he reached the Ohio river, and following down its banks until he came opposite to the garrison, hailed his companions and requested them to come over with the canoe and bring him across. They directly knew his voice, but some of the more cautious ones were fearful of a decoy, as the Indians had sometimes obliged their prisoners to call over the whites in this manner, whilst they lay secreted, ready to shoot them as they approached the shore. Peter Anderson and Joshua Dewey went over with the canoe, first asking him if there were Indians near, to which Sherrod promptly answered that he would sooner die himself than lead them into any danger of that kind. They then took him into the canoe and returned him to the garrison, from which he had been absent only about thirty hours, to the great joy of his comrades, who all feared the Indians had put him to death, as was often their custom with prisoners after a failure like this in their attempt on Belville. He now found his anxiety in regard to his wife fully realized, and that they had not exaggerated the severity of her wounds.

Stephen Sherrod was a native of New-Hampshire, but had moved when young on to the waters of the Susquehanna river, and settled in the vicinity of Wyoming in Pennsylvania, the scene of as many sanguinary contests with the Indians as any other locality in the United States. Joel and Joshua Dewey were from the same region. Sherrod had been often an actor in these scenes and was familiar with Indian warfare. The following incident he related to Joseph Wood, Esq., while showing him his old scars received in contests with the Indians.

While in the prime and vigor of manhood, he was hunting by himself in a district of country on the Susquehanna, that had once been partially settled by the whites but had been broken up and abandoned by the inhabitants from repeated attacks of the savages. This was often the case in the early settlement of the frontiers, especially in Pennsylvania. It was at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles from the Station where he then lived. Having one morning killed a fine deer on the borders of one of these abandoned clearings, and completed the operation of skinning and hanging up the body on the branch of a tree out of the reach of wolves, he cut out a piece of the meat, and was washing it at a spring that gushed out of a bank by the side of the foundations of a burnt cabin, preparatory to cooking it for his breakfast. In the mean time a party of Indians who were in the vicinity had heard the report of his rifle, and creeping cautiously up, secreted themselves within gun-shot of the spring on one side of the clearing; and while in the act of stooping over the water, he received a rifle ball between his neck and shoulder, which lodged near the opposite hip. From the course of the bullet he felt certain the wound must be mortal; but nothing daunted by that consideration, he seized his rifle, which lay on the ground beside him, and springing into the open space, around which was the close thicket of briars and bushes, determined if possible to have one shot at the Indians before he died.

He now called them a set of cowardly rascals, and bid them come out and show themselves like men, and not lay skulking like wolves behind the brush firing at a single man; expecting by this bravado that they would come rushing on with their tomahawks, and give him a chance to kill one of them, which would have been a great satisfaction

to the revengeful spirit of a borderer. But the wily savages, although they well understood his language, were not to be wrought upon in this manner; but preferring their secure hiding place to open exposure, continued to fire upon him. Several of their shots missed him, but directly one hit him in the fleshy part of the thigh. The thought now struck him, what a fool he was to stand there in the open ground to be shot at, when by exerting himself he perhaps might yet escape.

He started and ran into the thickest part of the underbrush, opposite the place where the Indians lay secreted, and throwing himself flat on the ground lay there very quietly. The Indians immediately rushed up in pursuit; some passing on each side, and others almost over him, not looking for him so near the edge of the thicket. As soon as they had run past him, he rose from his hiding place, and doubling on his tracks like a fox, put back by the spring, and into the adjoining forest. The Indians after spending some time in the search and not readily finding his track, set a dog on his trail, who soon scented out the right course, when with loud yells they pursued in his rear. He had by this time gained nearly a mile, but finding that they would ultimately come up with him unless he could kill the dog, he stopped on a rising ground, and setting down behind a tree, waited until the dog approached sufficiently near, when he shot him through the head. The Indians finding him dead, and their intended victim so brave and cunning a warrior, soon after gave up the pursuit.

Weakened by the loss of blood and stiffened by his wounds, it was with the greatest exertion that Sherrod was enabled to reach within hailing distance of the garrison just at dark. After making his signal and hearing an answer, he fell to the ground completely exhausted, and was carried into the Station on the backs of his comrades. His wound though very severe was not mortal, as the ball in its range happened to penetrate no vital part. Several other encounters with the Indians nearly as interesting could be narrated, but this is sufficient to show the indomitable resolution, bodily vigor and endurance of pain, so often witnessed in that race of men who were brought up on the frontiers, and inured to all kinds of hardship and danger.

After the close of the Indian war on the

Ohio, Mr. Sherrod with his wife and son pushed farther west, so as still to be on the "ultima Thule" of the frontiers, and lived many years on an island in the Mississippi, preferring the wild freedom of the forest to the shackles of civilization.

ORIGIN OF BITUMINOUS COAL.

TO THOSE who, with us, refer the existence of the rocks of the coal measures, and the coal itself, to the *same original* cause, an apology is due for the imperfect manner in which their doctrine was supported in our April number for last year. The continuation of the same subject in the present article will be equally in need of favor; and the ground upon which it will be asked, may, with propriety, be here stated. A twelvemonth has elapsed, and among those competent to argue the question in a *scientific* manner, none have chosen to undertake it. There appears to be an almost universal disbelief in, and even a dislike to, the mineral theory among the class of learned men who are styled geologists. And therefore, so far as they commit themselves, it is almost always on the side of the vegetable origin, as with your correspondent of January; and to aid this opinion, all the authorities and experiments of the science are produced. The inference is direct, that there are but very few individuals who side with us in denying the distinction drawn in the books, as to the manner of creation in the upper secondary rocks, or that those persons are not among the professors in geology. In truth, it may be asserted, without great danger of contradiction, that the *mineral* system is by them considered so broadly heterodox, that it is below the attention of argument, and entirely overwhelmed by the early precedents. There is, it may be said, no practical benefit likely to arise from a final adjustment of the question; and therefore, the consideration of it is of too little consequence to occupy our time. It is, however, our object to *expunge an error* from a page now frequently read and diligently studied. Perhaps the subject was unworthy of mention in geological books, and might, with great propriety, have been entirely omitted. Mr. Lyel's remarks imply as much, when he says: "the most common

and serious source of confusion, arose from the notion that it was the business of geology to discover the mode in which the earth originated;" vol. 1, p. 19; and in page 10: "the first cultivators of geology indulged in many visionary theories." And in case it had been so, we think the discussion of the *vegetable* theory would now appear visionary, and its opposition unnecessary. In our day, nothing is gained by adding mystery to learning. If science is to achieve anything for the benefit of mankind at large, its deductions must shock the received opinions of intelligent men as seldom as possible. The philosopher will not be deterred from following truth wherever his researches lead to it, by popular belief or disbelief. But we remonstrate against the fondness sometimes displayed to dwell upon the wonderful in preference to the useful; it indicates a disposition to give importance to one's erudition by the exhibition of things incomprehensible to other men. In this instance, the idea that a material part of the body of the solid earth originated in the growth of plants and trees, does violence to the common sense of mankind. And if some other explanation can be given more consonant to general belief, it is some evidence of its truth; for it is unnatural to expect that the laws and incidents of matter should outrage the perceptions of mind. The grand harmony which pervades the whole field of creation, forbids such concussions of the intellectual upon the material universe. Indeed, if the elementary works had been silent on this head, and had never speculated upon the subject, those who know most of the structure of the earth, and who have seen most of the numerous unexplained wonders, which such a study discloses, would consider the proposition a very unphilosophical one. They would inquire, whether everything observed might not be accounted for, without resorting to so distant and unnatural a cause, and upon principles more rational to themselves and to others—or perhaps, sooner than involve themselves in a labyrinth of strange theories, they would lay the object aside for a time of leisure, and never resume it, and would say, "we are content to be without a doctrine upon this point, and will refer the primitive existence of the coal to the same cause as the rocks which envelope it, and those are at present called mineral sub-

stances." This would not be establishing, but avoiding a theory, and neither argument nor proof would be requisite in the case. The person who believed the coal strata to be an exception, must be the moving party, and furnish both reason and evidence to establish his proposition. And, the difference now is, that the exception has obtained a place on the record, and it becomes necessary for the objector to take the affirmative.

Viewing the idea for a moment in a general light, the distinction we are combatting involves the supposition of a *change* in the manner of creation, at a certain stage of the work, and without any apparent cause. It becomes necessary to suppose that, when in the progress of his great design the Almighty had raised the geological masonry of the earth to the base of the coal measures (the conglomerate,) by means purely of a mineral nature, and as to the secondary rocks, of materials (as is supposed,) pre-existing in an inorganic state, a *new method* of formation was introduced as to *part* of the superior strata; and that, at this epoch, the work was suspended till the unfinished globe could be put in a state of vegetation in advance of its destiny, and by a natural operation the material required to complete its bulk could be produced in an organic form.

The *ability* of the Deity to create, at once, one substance as readily as another, bitumen as well as lime, will not be questioned; nor shall we deny the power of that Being to adopt any method of creation, or assert that by an original effort of his omnipotence a covering of trees and shrubs *might not* have come into existence, by command, and at once, perfect in their kind, ample in number, and more verdant and magnificent than anything we now behold. But such a theory is a mere imagination, and implies a levity in the exercise of power more fitting the vanity and trifling of the ancient and heathenish gods, than the reason and purity of the object of christian worship. But it is unnecessary to resort to considerations of a moral nature. If it can be shown that all the ingredients of bituminous coal may be found in rocks, without question *not* of vegetable origin, the *necessity* of abandoning the mineral world in search of its original constituents entirely fails.

The alleged demand for plants and woody fiber, rests upon the presence of the *bitumen*: for it is not contended that the

anthracite beds have such a parentage. Bitumen, it is said, is derived *only* from trees, shrubs, etc. The evidence of this supposed fact is even less than in the case of the coal with which it is combined; and if the *smallest* quantity of it can be proven to belong to the mineral kingdom, no further argument is required. When it is settled that, by the *ordinary* manner of creation (that is, in the mineral way,) any bitumen has been formed as an original and not a secondary production, the *principle*, that all bitumen is mineral, is established. This follows, unless we should suppose that *two* methods of originating the same thing were employed in the laboratory of nature, one ordinary and the other extraordinary; unless we imagine that the great mass of this substance was furnished in one way, and a few samples in another. In the department of Leyssel, in France, there is a *limestone* gravel which yields by boiling bitumen or mineral tar. While it is still warm and semi-fluid, sand or small gravel is mixed with it, forming a kind of mortar. It is then cast into plates for flagging stones, tiles, etc., and becomes quite tough, solid, and durable, on exposure. It appears to have a strong resemblance to the bituminous matter which oozes from fat coal while burning in the grate. Perhaps an extract, equally useful, may be drawn from our coal, by coking it in a confined space.

In the geological report of Ohio for 1839, page 271, Professor Locke says: "I have noticed, that all the rocks above the blue limestone and below the sandstone, are bituminous, and occasionally have cavities filled with petroleum like thick brown oil." The blue limestone is a lower member of the great lime rock formation of Western Ohio, 272 feet below its upper face. The other rocks are a slate, or shale deposit, 251 feet, on which the sandstone rests. The bitumen, of this formation, is so abundant that it often burns with a bright flame, and the inhabitants imagine they are on the verge of a bed of coal.* The septaria or spheroids, so common in the slate rock, have been known to contain a solid bitumen or pitch, enclosed by calcareous matter. Of the geological position and fossils of the limestone of Leyssel, we are not well in-

formed, but of our lime rock we know that its fossils are *animal*, and there is no evidence that it contains or ever embraced vegetable substances. In the slate or shale, but one instance of a vegetable fossil has been noticed, or if so, the fact has not been made public. In truth, the evidence of the mineral character of the bitumen of these rocks, is as strong as that in favor of the same origin for the carbon of the limestone, and much stronger than for the carbonate of lime. The latter could, with much greater reason, be ascribed to an animal origin, from the fact of its myriads of such fossils, than the petroleum it contains can be attributed to a vegetable source in the *absence* of the like remains.

The asphaltum and bituminous productions of Africa, Asia, and the West Indies, furnish nothing contradicting the notion of a mineral, but, like those of this State below the coal measures, cannot be separated from the rocks from which they issue.

On pages 113-14 of the June number for 1838, it is stated that *our coal* could not be the product of wood alone, for the elements of the former were not furnished by the latter. Carbon was the principle considered as deficient, and that not an entire absence, but only a lack of quantity. This want, however, is as fatal to the doctrine as though the defect were entire, for it is not claimed that the animal kingdom lent its aid, and the only remaining source is the mineral. And when a resort to the last mentioned cause is admitted, for the smallest portion, it is proven for the whole. It is not a profitable manner of conducting an inquiry of this kind to give it the air of a dispute. But an answer seems to be demanded by the strong terms used in the article of your correspondent for the January number, 1839, on page 209. It is there written as follows: "The writer of the article for the June number has fallen into *several errors*, with respect to the composition of coal and vegetables. By the analyses, it will be seen that there are *several vegetable substances* very similar to this substance; and the variance is less than in different varieties of coal itself. He (the June writer) asserts, 'that some coal contains no oxygen, and very little yields more than eight per cent., while *vegetable substances* hold from thirty to forty per cent.' And again, he says: 'Nitrogen is a component of coal, but not of wood.' The incorrectness, (continues

* Geological Report of Michigan in 1838, page 8. At Mogauqua there are thin plates of carbonaceous matter in the mountain limestone, and small cavities filled with bitumen.

the author of January.) of these assertions will be seen by the following tables."

ANALYSES OF COALS.

	Car- bon.	Hydro- gen.	Oxy- gen.	Nitro- gen.
New Castle Coal.	84.26	03.20	11.66	
Slate "	73.88	02.76	20.47	
Cannel "	74.47	05.42	19.61	
Splint "	70.90	04.30	24.80	
Cannel "	72.22	03.93	21.05	02.80
Caking "	75.28	04.18	04.58	15.96
Splint "	75.00	06.25	12.50	06.25
Cherry "	74.45	12.40	02.93	10.22
Cannel "	64.72	21.56	00.00	13.72

The "incorrectness" shown here, is in the *amount* of oxygen, being the difference between thirteen per cent., the average of the above, and eight per cent., as "asserted," and may well be owing to the ordinary variations of analytical results. One species contains "no oxygen." The table just quoted is continued as to *substances called vegetable*. And at the head stands *naptha* composed, as there given, of carbon 83.04, hydrogen 12.31, oxygen 4.65. As to this substance, the evidence of its being properly classed as a vegetable production, is about the same as in the case of coal. In regard to its constituents, oxygen forms no part, according to the researches of Turner, as reported in his chemistry, Bache's edition of 1832, page 499. The remaining substances named in this table, are resin, indigo, gum arabic, sweet almond oil, nut oil, morphia, camphor, caoutchouc, turpentine, starch, cinchonia. By "vegetable substances," it is very plain that the writer in the June number contemplated none of the above vegetable *extracts*, but referred to natural productions, as they might occur in mass over an extent of timber country. The above list will be apposite in illustration when different ground shall be taken, and the coal in question shall have been referred to such matter as camphor, indigo, and starch, for its original elements. Lignin, or woody fiber, however, is added to the other matter noticed in the table, and this substance comes properly in place in the investigation, for it constitutes about ninety-six per cent. of ordinary timber or "wood." This 96-100ths part of wood, gives carbon 51.43, hydrogen 5.82, oxygen 42.73 and "no nitrogen."

Of the *manufactured vegetable extracts*

above given, three, viz: indigo, morphia, and cinchonia, do appear to have nitrogen, varying from five to nine per cent. Morphia is an alkali, contained in opium, and is given by Dr. Thompson, without nitrogen. Cinchonia is found in the Peruvian bark of the pale kind.

Comparing the *quantity* of nitrogen in our beds of bituminous coal with the supply to be obtained from the poppy, the tree of Peru and its kindred, and the indigo plant, there would not be great danger in admitting the "incorrectness" of the "assertion," that nitrogen is a component of coal, and not of *wood*.

On page 114 of the June number, it is averred, that the mass of timber does not furnish sufficient carbon for the coal. The facts above recited from the January number show an average of seventy-five per cent. in the latter, and fifty-two in the former; making a deficiency of twenty-three per cent. Further, the average of carbon in these thirteen "*gums and resins*," (not wood, but extracts from it,) is *less* than the average of the *nine* coals analysed by *ten* per cent.; from which it follows, that the most carbonaceous constituent extracted from the vegetable kingdom, amounting only to a minute portion of a small fraction of this kind of matter, *would not furnish the proper material*. Apply this result to the point raised relative to the imperfect supply of woody matter, and it is manifest that this objection alone is decisive. The mass of timber, etc., was shown to be inadequate, if it could be converted: here, it appears that the main trunks are not available, but the gums and resins drawn from them by distillation or otherwise.

The existence of fossilised and bituminised wood, is by no means denied. It is well settled, that it is found under the name of lusterbrand in Iceland, bovey coal in England and on the continent, and in many places called lignite. We can admit this, and, also, the statement of Dr. Jackson, who saw the mineralising process going on in the Peat Swamps in Maine, without weakening our position.

In mineralogical character and geological relation, they are so different from the main coal beds, and also so limited in extent, that no analogy should be drawn. These beds are irregular deposits, like peat, and in most, if not all cases, covered with alluvium or diluvium, and not by stratified rock, and lack

an important character of a regular formation, in their want of stratification. They bear about the same relationship to coal that tufa does to limestone.

The experiments of Sir James Hall cited by the writer of the scientific notice of this subject in the January number, are worthy of consideration. By subjecting the saw-dust of fir, and the shavings of horn to great heat and pressure, in a retort, he produced a substance "which, when separated from the mass, assumed a clear black, peculiar to coal, and yielded a bright flame while burning." No analysis of this substance is given to show its resemblance to genuine coal, and upon this statement the geological scholar has rested his belief for many years, without repeating the experiment or verifying the result. The extent of its meaning is, that fir, a *resinous wood*, gave under great heat and pressure, a minute product that was black, shining and inflammable, and that horn, an *animal substance*, gave the same compound. The fair deduction is, therefore, that we may extract from both animal and vegetable matter, such constituents, and by a certain process may give a bituminous solid. This corresponds with the conclusion drawn from the analysis of "*gums and resins*." Admitted in its broadest bearings, it establishes nothing more than this, that we may imperfectly imitate nature in forming a particular compound substance. But how does it follow, from that admission, that she operated upon our plan. And in addition to the presence of countless measures of woody material, the *heat* and the *pressure* seem to be indispensable. To advance the idea that there might have been a high heat at some remote period, acting upon our coal rocks, is putting forth a mere *fiction*, because it is necessary to a theory. And it should be borne in mind that if it is granted, that a thing *might be*, and not *contradict* any law, the acknowledgment is neither proof nor foundation of argument, to show that the thing *was*. On the other hand, when it is shown to be impossible, or contrary to observed facts, there is an end of rational discussion.

Now, the presence of the requisite degree of heat beneath the surface would convert the water and moisture of the adjacent parts into vapor of great force, the unequal and irresistible pressure of which would prevent that rest and quietness, indispensable to stratification. The infinite disorder that must accompany the neighborhood of so

much force, would appear in all the rocks above and below the scene of such fervent heat. But in reply to this piece of imagination, we bring forward a specimen of the shale, which lay in *immediate contact* with the body supposed to have undergone a thorough vitrification, and find it literally filled with the impressions of ferns, grasses, leaves, flowers, etc. every fiber as perfect and distinct as the minutest part of the vegetable itself was. We then produce a slab of the sand rock upon which the coal rests, and observe no marks of heat, but plainly distinguish the lines and figures of the fossils contained in it.

Great reliance is placed upon the supposed discovery of traces of a vegetable organization in some kinds of coal. Mr. Parkinson has figured the appearance presented by a microscopic examination of several specimens. Those taken from the bovey and its kindred beds, *may* show the ligneous structure. But the pictorial resemblance would not strike any person not informed of the nature of the drawing, and when so instructed, it requires a strong existing faith in the theory they are intended to support, to trace the similarity. Allow something for the bias of the delineator, and the whole representation is easily accounted for, without supposing an actual likeness. And whether the supposed chemical change is attributed to heat or any other cause, such a radical transformation and consolidation implies, of necessity, a disorganization of the substance acted upon, and consequent destruction of its pores and fibers. We shall be told that it is nothing uncommon to find the traces of vegetable and animal existence in rocks of the most solid kind, and yet the size and internal structure is fully preserved. In those cases, the matter which supplies the space of the fossil form is of a mineral character, and plainly derived from the neighboring strata. There is nothing unnatural or inexplicable in this. But by the theory of a vegetable supply, no resort can be had to the mineral world, and its advocates are precluded from going abroad for materials, unless they got to the magazine they have provided. In order then that the pores of the timber should be filled with bitumen from a vegetable source, it must be drawn from decomposed fiber. The decomposition is adverse to the idea of the supposed woody structure still remaining, and a further invention is required, viz: that a part is decom-

posed and a part mineralized, under the *same circumstances*. If such is the case, our examination of the analyses shows, that of the decomposed part, almost the entire mass has disappeared, and to that portion remaining in form, a large portion of carbon is wanting in the wood, and therefore came from some other source in the coal.

W.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

"I dreamed a dream, that I had thrown a wreath
Of roses around Love. I woke, and found
I had chained Sorrow."

L. E. L.

It was a dream of bliss, and Poetry
Ne'er framed a lovelier. Deep within a vale
Our cottage stood, hid by embowering trees.
No idle footstep wandered near; no voice,
Save the sweet singing of the birds, that hid
Their heads amid the foliage, and poured forth
Strains of unwonted melody; or where
The streamlet softly rippled through the dale,
Gently meandering with unwearied song.

Upon its banks, the modest violet,
The yellow cowslip, and the harebell grew:
The wild rose, and the eglantine, perfumed
The air with fragrance, and the mountain thyme
Gave richer odor to the balmy gale,
That gently kissed it on its rocky bed.

To us, there was a secret charm, which gave,
Double attraction to the attractive scene:
It was the charm of Love that dwelt within,
The sacred union of congenial hearts.
'Twas this that made the summer heaven so bright,
The air so fragrant, and the gale so soft.
'Twas this that gave such beauty to the flowers;
And made the porch, with rose and woodbine twined,
Seem like the entrance into Paradise.

O! 'twas a luxury of bliss to dwell
In the sweet quiet of that pleasant home—
To find the lover—husband, met in one;
The pride of manhood, and the grace of youth;
The lofty brow—the intellectual eye—
The voice whose tones of melody could still
Awake a thrill of rapture, unexpressed
And unacknowledged, once, to my own heart;
To love, and feel it were no crime to love,
And find that love returned, with interest;
To offer up the incense of the heart,
A willing sacrifice, unto our God
And to each other—thus to share our bliss,
And feel it but the foretaste of a rest
Beyond the grave. Was it not happiness?

In the dim shadowings of the twilight hour,
Watch for the flower, that spread abroad its leaves

In glorious beauty to the morning sun;
Watch for the bow of promise, many-hued,
Painted by heaven's own pencil on the cloud;
The flower hath closed its petals—the bright bow
Hath faded! Even so pass'd my dream away.
A felon footstep sought our peaceful home,
And, with a spoiler's hand, robbed me of all
My heart held dear; and left me *bitterness*!
He plucked the fairest flower—the ripest fruit
He gathered—from the casket stole the gem,
The brightest gem of earth—*domestic peace*.
Deem not that Death has robbed my bower! Ah no!
I then had wept indeed—but grief had lost
Half of its bitterness—the joyful hope
Of that glad morning, when we two should meet,
Clad in the habiliments of holiness,
And peace, and love, had soothed my aching heart.
But now no hope remains—or none for him.
That glorious morn may all beside restore,
But never will give back the ruined soul
Of him I loved. The intoxicating bowl
In evil hour, was pressed unto his lip.
He tasted—drank. He drank away his health,
Peace, reputation, friends and hopes of Heaven.
Deeply he drank, but left the dregs to me:
The broken heart—worn—withered—desolate—
Long nights of watching, days of utter woe,
Hope blighted, love neglected, friendship scorned,
Outrage, where once was nought but tenderness,
The scoffs and sneers of a derisive world,
Sorrows which none may know, save her who has
A drunkard for her lord!—Yet had I wept
In secrecy and silence, and my tale
Had ne'er been told, were mine the only one.

Are there not thousands in our own blest land,
The land of steady habits, and true hearts,
Whose only heritage this side the grave
Is want, and shame, and brokenness of heart?—
Thousands who live unpitied, die unwept—
Die of the heart's deep sickness—hope deferred—
Hope ever cherished—yet forever vain.

Vainly the bard in sweetest numbers sings
The pleasures of the flowing bowl—Alas!
For every smile that bowl begets—at home,
It wakes a throb of pain. That cup is filled
With widows' and with orphans' tears—the wreath
That poetry has thrown around its brim
Is formed of foliage, gorgeous to the sight,
But poisonous as the beverage within.
Ah! Poetry forgets her high descent,
When she degrades herself on such a theme!
And who among her votaries, "does not blush
And hang his head," to see her thus debased?
And who that ever listened to her lays,
And, strongly charmed, has tried the fatal cup,
Felt not the venom of a serpent's tooth,
An adder's sting—even to the very heart?

VIOLA.

New-Albany: Ia.

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES FROM THE QUEEN CITY."

APRIL 23d, 1839. The rain of last night has cooled the air, and refreshed the leaves and flowers. The sun is bright and the sky a clear cerulean. Forty-seven miles above Memphis, we passed Randolph, a small village on the Tennessee side of the river. It is perched on a high, bluff and crumbling bank, containing some twenty-five or thirty frame houses, and presenting few, if any signs of commercial activity. For some distance below, and for several miles above the village, the bank on the left side of the river is more elevated than at any point between the mouth of the Ohio and New Orleans, if the region about Natchez be excepted. To one accustomed to the hills which rise in varying beauty on the upper portion of the Ohio, the low banks and monotonous scenery of the Mississippi, become exceedingly tiresome. Hence to clamber up the high and precipitous bluff on which Natchez is built, even at mid-day, with the mercury at 90 of Fahr. was quite a luxury to most of our passengers: and, the cry of "highbanks," which rang through the cabin, as the steamer approached Randolph, brought most of the passengers to the guards of the boat; it reminded them of the green and towering hills around their distant homes.

A steamboat on the Mississippi, generally presents a fine gallery, for the study of character. The cabin as well as the deck passengers afford many amusing and original specimens. In the former may oftentimes be found "low life" above stairs, and in the latter, "high life" below stairs. He whose taste may lead him to mingle with these classes of voyagers, to humor their whims and study their characters, individually, as well as collectively, cannot fail to be both amused and instructed. He will rarely feel the tedium of his confinement, or the want of a library.

In searching this afternoon for a study of this kind, my attention was called to a cabin passenger, who came on board at Helena. There was in his appearance and manner that which wins more than a passing notice. His head is frosted by the snows of eighty winters, but he walks erect, dresses neatly in "Kentucky jeans," and bears with him that contented, cheerful expression of

face, which ever imparts a charm to old age. I fancied him to be a member of that worthy and somewhat peculiar race of clergymen—the Methodist circuit riders—those indefatigable pioneers of religion, who nobly plant the standard of the Cross among the lone cabins on the borders of civilized life. I found him on the boiler deck, enjoying the fresh breeze from the lee shore, which came over the boat, laden with the sweet and healthful perfume of the grape-vines, that are here so numerous as to constitute a bond of union between the different families of the vegetable kingdom. Taking a seat by his side, I learned that I was in company with a pioneer of the Miami country. Our interview proved him to be all that his appearance indicated;—courteous, fluent in conversation, and rich in recollections of the olden time. His memory was good, and he related with much interest, many incidents connected with the infant settlements at Columbia, North Bend, and Cincinnati. These, however trivial in themselves, become important when tracing the history of that populous and inviting region, or marking its rapid growth. Mr. B. is a native of Portland, Maine, and emigrated to the Miami country on the 16th of December, 1792, where he resided for nearly forty years. Shortly after his arrival, he married a young woman who was one of the party of thirty-three, which landed at Columbia, on the 18th of November, 1788. Thus, although Mr. B. did not reach the Miami country until four years after its first settlement, he has been placed under circumstances to obtain accurate information in regard to that settlement. He is now residing on the Wabash, in Indiana, and has been down to the South during the past winter, for the benefit of his health. The limits of this paper do not admit of giving Mr. B.'s narrative entire. One or two facts, however, may be stated. First, in regard to the first born Buckeye of the Miami Valley. He states that soon after the landing at Columbia, Elijah Mills and Polly Baker, were married by Judge Symmes. Their son, James Francis Mills, now living in Indiana, whose birth occurred in the autumn of 1789, was, Mr. B. thinks, undoubtedly the first white child born between the two Miamies.

The sagacious fidelity of the dog, is finely illustrated by the following incident. Abel Cook, the brother-in-law of Mr. B., lived, some time prior to 1792, at Covalt's Station,

back of Columbia. Having one day visited the latter place, for the purpose of getting repairs made on his rifle, he was waylaid by the Indians, on his return, at a spot called the narrows, where he was killed and scalped, the body being left in the path. Early next morning it was found by Levi and Henry Jennings, the dog of the deceased guarding the body. They attempted to approach it, but being strangers to the faithful animal, he would not permit them. They tried to coax and then to drive him from his post, but in vain. To save the painful necessity of killing him, they went to Covalt's Station, for the wife of the dead man. As she approached the body of her husband, the dog ran to meet her, led the way to his deceased master, and placing him in the care of the wife, offered no further resistance to the removal of the body.

After listening for an hour to the lively narrative of the old pioneer, I turned to a group of deck-passengers, standing in front of the boilers, surrounded by the firemen, and some others of the boat's crew. In the center of this *coterie* stood a trio of Hoosiers, bound for Evansville, who were spinning their long yarns, and playing off their jokes and witticisms, in a happy vein of original backwoods humor. They belonged to the class of jolly farmers, who had been down South with the products of their fields and truck patches; and for the sake of economy, had taken deck, instead of cabin passages. After playing off for some time, with imperturbable gravity, their droll waggy and racy stories, they struck up that very popular and highly classical ballad, "Old Rosin the Bow," in a style that would put to shame the most admired Italian songs, warbled by the most celebrated professional singers.

Considerable misapprehension prevails in relation to the deck passengers of a steam-boat returning from New-Orleans to the banks of the Ohio. It by no means follows, because an individual takes a deck passage, that he is poor, idle, or vicious. Forty dollars is the price of a cabin passage from New-Orleans to Cincinnati; and eight for the deck, or five, if the passenger choose to assist in "wooding;" it being always borne in mind that the former are boarded by the boat, while the latter furnish their own "stores." This difference in the prices, as a matter of course, renders the cabin the most genteel, as it is undoubtedly the most comfortable of the two places. Hence the

"black legs," and that worthy class of would-be-gentlemen, the loafing Jeremy Diddler's of the age, may always be found in the cabin, albeit they travel by their wits, or pay their bills in "wild cat money." These constituents of "good society," are peculiarly sensitive in their nasal organ, and if accidentally thrown to the windward of a deck passenger, cover their proboscis with lavender handkerchiefs, or forthwith take a horn of brandy to keep off the contagious epidemic of vulgarity. On the contrary, very many of the deck passengers are respectable farmers and mechanics; men of sound principles and purses, but who, for several reasons, prefer a passage on the lower deck to one in the cabin. A large proportion, moreover, of the deck passengers, choose to pay but five dollars and assist in "wooding," rather than avail themselves of the exemption which eight will purchase. This is not, I fancy, the result in many cases, of a parsimonious feeling. Most of them are laboring men. Confined as they necessarily are, to the boat, the exercise of "wooding" is a relief—indeed quite a luxury. Two or three hours labor each day, circulates their blood, enlivens their spirits, whets their appetites. "Do you see," said the captain one day to me, while "wooding" on the Mississippi, "that handsome young fellow, with a huge load of cotton wood on his shoulders, coming down the bank? Notwithstanding his slouched hat and linsey-woolsey coat, that young farmer has on board, fifteen hundred dollars in specie, locked up in my iron safe, the product of the flour and whiskey which he carried with him last month to New Orleans. As a matter of choice, he returns home as a deck passenger."

Towards night the Heavens were partially shrouded by a tracery of light, floating masses of vapor, and finally the sun went down cradled in clouds of gold, crimson, and gray. Before the shadows of twilight were lost on the turbulent bosom of the river, an angry looking and far reaching cloud, slowly arose in the west, and by nine o'clock it had spread over the firmament, wrapping every object around us in utter darkness. Our stock of fuel being exhausted, the boat was stopped on the Arkansas shore for a supply. The bank being high and perpendicular, before the operation of "wooding" could be commenced, two flights of steps were dug from the summit down to the water's edge. On the margin of the bank

were several ranks of cut and corded wood. Between these ranges and the water, a large fire was now kindled, of the most combustible materials, for the purpose of giving light to those engaged in carrying the cotton wood to the boat. Around this fire, seated on a log, is a tall, lank, fever and ague looking Arkansas wood cutter, surrounded by four or five half-grown boys, with complexions as billious, as the cat-fish on which they are fed. A few hundred yards to our left, amid some "deadened" trees, a glimmering light is seen, issuing through the opening, cut for a door, in the rude hut of the chopper. Now is heard the shrill cry of the mate of the boat, who has taken his stand on the wood pile—"lend a hand boys—quick—get this wood on board." The deck passengers emerge from their hiding places on the boat, and in single file, ascend one flight of the earthen steps in the bank, load themselves with wood, and descend the other to the guards of the boat. The blazing fire gleams down on the huge, steaming leviathan resting beneath, and over the boiling and turbid waters of the river; and, for some distance along the shore, presents the deep green foliage of the nearest trees, in rich and changeable hues, while those in the back ground, tower up in the gloom and darkness, until lost in one undistinguishable mass. The furnace doors of the boat are thrown open, exhibiting the crackling flames within—black, curling columns of smoke, starred with unnumbered sparks and cinders, rise from the chimney—and the loud whizzing of the steam, as it escapes from the boilers, is ever and anon followed by peal on peal of the distant thunder, as it comes booming over the valley in terrific grandeur. Steadily and silently, the long train of deck-hands mount and descend the precipitous bank heavily laden—one half their persons displayed in the glare of the fire light, the other thrown into deep shade. A more striking and unearthly picture has been rarely seen. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy, that one is looking down into the Plutonian regions; and, that the sturdy wood carriers, are imps of the Master Spirit of that nether world, bearing the wicked of this sinful earth, from the judgment seat of old Rhadamanthus, to the place of fiery torment.

"All hands aboard!" shouts the mate; "tingle-tingle-ting!" says the pilot's bell; and away moves the boat thro' the turbid waters.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

DARKNESS was on the mighty deep;
No light was kindled there;
As yet a drear, unbroken sleep,
Hung o'er the sky and air;
Not yet the sun's all-quickening ray
Had given to earth the primal day.
No morning light had ever shone
Upon the new-formed world,
Nor had the evening's starry zone
Its splendors yet unfurled,
To light the dark and trackless waste,
On which his impress had been placed.
"*Let there be light!*"—and as the word
Came forth o'er earth and sea,
A thousand angel harps were heard
To sound with melody,
And voices mingled with the chord—
Behold the light—Praise ye the Lord!"
"*Let there be light!*"—the lightning wove
Around its dazzling chain,
And from the darkness far above
Descended on the plain,
And wrote upon the face of night,
In burning words, "*Let there be light!*"
And light was on the ocean wave,
And in the dashing spray;
Far in the deep, the glitt'ring cave
Reflected back the ray,
And many a gem with luster bright,
Flashed back the word—"Let there be light."
"*Let there be light!*"—the rainbow's hue,
Where mingle gorgeous dyes,
Far in the vaulted arch of blue
Is painted on the skies;
Its scroll unfolds to mortal sight—
Behold oh man! "*Let there be light!*"
Then praise to him whose power divine
Lit up the glitt'ring skies,
Who taught earth's glowing orb to shine
With light that never dies,
Who from the deep raised earth in air
And set his seal of glory there.
And whilst the stars and planets roll
Midst Thine eternal spheres,
The lamp that lights the human soul
A brighter light appears,
And sheds its ray o'er every land
That glows beneath Thy mighty hand.
"*Let there be light,*" while time remains,
By power benigntest given,
O'er eath's benighted hills and plains—
The glorious light of Heaven,
That breaks through Superstition's gloom,
And sheds a halo round the tomb.

E. R. C.

THEKLA.*

SCHILLER has been deservedly styled "the purest of poets." His object in all his works being to exalt common nature to the ideal, his conceptions of man were not, like Shakspeare's, of man as he actually appears in the world around us, but of man in higher development, as he exists in the world that genius creates; of flesh and blood, it is true, but more elevated in his mental and moral qualities. One of his countrymen has compared him to Raphael, "whose saints are real saints, and whose art is as holy as the subject of it." He delighted to develop humanity in its noblest aspects; to remove the integument of clay that shrouds the diviner faculties of the soul, and bring them into full and rich light. His intellect mirrored only the calm, the grand and the beautiful; the common, the corrupt,—had no place therein.

There is an unspeakable charm, an intellectual radiance about those characters of Schiller whom he has invested with eminent moral beauty, which belongs to no other modern poet. Through the play of "Wallenstein," this shines in full grace and majesty in Max and Thekla. There is a purity, a nobility of innocence about these youthful creatures of his fancy; a simplicity and dignity, which is ever the pledge of an exalted nature, unsullied in the midst of temptation, unmarred by adversity—dauntless and scathless from the powers of evil. They walk amidst the snares and the storms of life, guided only by the impulses of a pure heart, which, free and uncorrupted, cannot lead them astray. The guileless soul is expressed on their features—in their lofty bearing—in their independent language; their look is heavenward; "the stamp of Jove" is on their brow.

The episode of Thekla and Max Piccolomini adds a deep romantic interest to the tragedy of Wallenstein, diffusing a mournful beauty over its scenes, and touching the soul deeply, even in the midst of our interest for the fate of the warchief. It is truly "a bright thread of silver tissue running through a dark web of ambition; selfishness, and treachery." It is, to use the language of Menzel in speaking of other creations of Schiller—"the tone of a heavenly flute amid

wild discordant music—the blue of ether amid a storm—a paradise on the edge of a crater." In the character of Thekla, the poet paints a noble woman, whose heart is ruled by love; and this love he portrays—not as it is usually portrayed in fiction, but as his own fancy conceived it, in its highest and holiest aspect—earnest—enduring—invincible; unfolding "the unmeasured riches of its beauty, like a sacred music, that from the tenderest tone rises to the fullest storm of sound, but always in the purest accords."

The remarks of M. B. de Constant upon this representation, point out this peculiarity better than I could do. "The admiration," he says, "with which the character of Thekla is viewed in Germany, is connected with their manner of considering love. We (the French) look upon it as a *passion*, of the same nature as others, whose effect is to mislead reason; whose end to procure enjoyment. The Germans invest it with a religious character; they perceive in it an emanation from divinity; an accomplishment of man's destiny on earth; a mysterious and omnipotent bond between two souls that exist for each other. Under the first view, love is common to man and animals; under the second, to man and God.

"Where love is but a passion, as on the French stage, it can interest only by its violence and delirium. The transports of the senses, the ravings of jealousy, the struggle between passion and remorse—these constitute tragic love in France. But in the German poetry, love is a ray of divine light, sent to warm and purify the heart, and combines force with calmness; from the moment it appears, it rules all that surrounds it. It may have to contend with *circumstances*, not with *duties*; for it is itself the first of duties, and a guarantee for the fulfilment of others. It cannot lead to guilt; it cannot descend to crime, or even to stratagem; for thus it would belie its nature and cease to be itself. It cannot yield to obstacles; it cannot be extinguished, for its essence is immortal; it can only return to the bosom of its Creator.

"Thus Thekla is represented. She is no commonplace girl, divided between attachment for a young man and submission to her father; disguising or repressing the feeling that rules her, till she has obtained her sire's consent; terrified at the obstacles that threaten her happiness; experiencing herself and impressing the spectator with a feeling of

* The Characters of Schiller. By Mrs. Elliot. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1839.

uncertainty as to the success of her love, and the line of conduct she will adopt if her hopes are deceived. Thekla is a being elevated above our common nature, to whom love has become existence; whose destiny it has fixed. She is calm, because her resolution is impregnable; confident, because she cannot be deceived in the heart of her lover; solemn—for she feels that what she has done is irrevocable; open, because love is to her not a part of life—but life itself."

Thekla is a princess, the daughter of a mighty chief—born to inherit her father's greatness; but not to the consciousness of rank does she owe the innate dignity that marks all she does and says. Bred in the security of a convent, her noble nature has known no constraint; she has obeyed her own impulses; her imagination has shaped glorious visions, which she has substituted for the yet unknown reality. She is enthusiastic; hers is the enthusiasm of "bright unworn humanity;" the fire that burns in every exalted spirit. Summoned to her father's camp, her mother and herself are escorted thither by Max; and on the way a mutual affection springs up between the youthful pair. There is no coquetry or probation; their spirits "meet and mingle, and clasp each other firmly and forever." Her perfect openness and simplicity is shown in the scene in which she accidentally overhears the countess Tertzy drawing from her lover the story of his attachment. The readiness with which she comes forward and interrupts her aunt when about to speak of herself, appears uncalled for at first sight; but the concluding verses of the scene reveal her motive. She has discovered that all around her are not pure and guileless as her own heart; and now begins the conflict, which a German critic compares to the contest of the warlike angel with the spirits of the abyss.

The melancholy expression of her feelings of aversion to the new life, whose crooked paths of policy are revealed to her, and her panting after the ideal world of goodness and happiness in visions of which her fancy has hitherto indulged, and which has faded forever from her sight—is given in a song, whose wild and simple beauty can be but faintly preserved in a poetical version. The following is a literal translation:

THEKLA (*sings and plays*.)

"The oak forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore; the

waves break with might, and she sings out in the dark night, her eyes discolored with weeping: The heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy one, call thy child home! I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved."

In the succeeding interview with the countess, what firmness and contempt of artifice, united with childlike innocence and gentleness, are seen! She is insensible to the endeavors of her aunt to instil into her mind the pride of birth; she estimates such advantages at only their real value, and prizes them because she is made thereby more worthy of him on whom she has bestowed her love. The countess, hard and crafty as she is, can scarcely believe such artlessness and openness to be not assumed to hide some secret purpose; the designing ever suspect the free-hearted and simple. The avowed devotion of her niece to the young Piccolomini first awakens her anger, next her apprehension. When left alone, the despondency of the maiden's heart thus breaks out:

"And is it so? not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart: we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly! no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theater where hope abides;
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here;
And Love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

(*Music from the banquet room.*)

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape:
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,—
It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power,—
And lo! the abyss,—and thither am I moving,—
I have no power within me not to move!"

She is right; this scene is no place for her or her lover; with their pure affections, their high truth, their constant virtue.—Amidst the tempest and tumult of strife, the loud voice of faction, and the secret workings of treachery and guile, these youthful lovers have nothing left to do, but to suffer. They cannot become parties in the mighty game that is playing; for the singleness and holy purity of their natures unfit them to act with those who are conducting it. They can only be *victims*: they are swept on, powerless to resist the force that is bearing them—with the fortunes of another—to destruction; the destiny that overwhelms them in the ruins of a mightier prey.

The hard and sophisticated countess penetrates the cloudy designs of her brother, and determines to take their furtherance on her-

self. Not without a purpose was Max appointed to fetch the princess to the camp; but it seemed not the lofty Wallenstein to draw a card at such a game. That must be left to female management; it is mutely delivered up to her finessing. Though no ray has broken out from the duke on this point, the countess understands well enough that Max is to be beguiled into a passion for her niece, that his love may blind him to his duty, and bind him fast to Friedland in the approaching storm. For this purpose the interview is contrived between them, and she deals with the youth in advance. Tertzky exhorts her to the task—

"Take care you heat his fancy and affections;
Possess him with a reverie, and send him
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet—that
He may not boggle at the signature."

Her instructions reveal this secret to her unsuspecting niece, as well as the ambitious designs of her father; and the effect is what might have been anticipated upon a soul like hers. Her sad presentiment is turned to certainty; her radiant hopes are vanished. Her rectitude and firmness of principle cannot be shaken by the representations of the countess; but she mourns over the inevitable downfall of her own and her lover's happiness.

Once more the countess endeavors to urge her niece to a compliance with her scheme, in the first scene of the last part of the tragedy; and to induce her to consent, it is necessary to acquaint her with her father's treason and the necessity of strenuous effort to maintain himself on that unholy height. Mark here the unselfish nature of Thekla, ingenuous and full of tenderness as she is, and the contrast of her purity and acuteness of feeling with the calculating spirit of her aunt! Her first thought is for that gentle parent who she is assured will sink beneath the terrible news of her husband's revolt.

COUNTESS.

"You will not understand me: Well, hear then,
Your father has fallen off from the emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery——"

THEKLA.

Alas—my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions—and wherever
They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests;
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother! What a death stroke
Awaits thee!—No—she never will survive it!"

The possibility that her lover will forfeit his honor, by joining her father's cause, does not once occur to her, notwithstanding the importunities of her relative; she knows his decision well, for it is in the immutable cause of RIGHT that he is enlisted; she cannot wish the sacrifice—for the integrity of Max is dearer to her than her own happiness, or his.

COUNTESS.

"Break not out in vain lamenting;
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover—all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good?—what good?
Must we not part? part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you! He cannot part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas, for his sore anguish! It will rend
His heart asunder!

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that!"

The inevitable consequence arrives; the ominous dread in whose grasp her hope had so long lain shuddering, is fulfilled; the destiny closes upon her. In the anguish and despair of parting from her, the mental vision of Max is clouded, he can no longer distinguish the right way; the voice of truth ceases for a moment to speak in his heart. In his wild agony, he appeals to the maiden who stands calm, but broken-hearted before him. He commits the decision of his conduct to her own feelings:

"To this heart,

To this unerring heart, will I submit it;
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty,—canst thou
Still love me if I stay? Say that thou canst,
And I'm the duke's——"

The whole of this scene is replete with the very deepest pathos; and it displays in its highest nobility, the character of the princess. She is "meek and soft and maiden-like, but she is Friedland's daughter," and possesses a strength of soul kindred to his. The pomp and wild tumult of war are around her; her father is in danger, for the army is abandoning him; her mother stands in si-

lent anguish at her side; her lover, torn by conflicting feelings, in impetuous despair, looks to her for the decision of his fate. The countess, whose pictures of grandeur and royalty to be obtained have failed to move her, only tells her now to "think upon her father"—as knowing that this brief appeal to her affections would avail more than all her former persuasions. But she hesitates *not for an instant*; not though Max, painfully anticipating her sentence, assures her that he would act "the human, not the great part"—and evidently wishes that the decision *could* be such as would prevent their separation. She tells him to obey his first impulse; to separate his righteous cause from their unblest one:

"Fulfil thy duty! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace."

Then comes the sad—sad close. Max, forced from the side of his beloved by his cuirassiers, rides forth half frenzied at their head; resolved to court death, he throws himself with his men upon the Swedes at Neustadt, and finds the fate he sought. The tidings of his death at first overpower the hapless maiden; but her energies are not crushed; her first words on recovering from the deadly swoon into which she had sunk, are for the Swedish courier, whom she wishes to question of the particulars. Her mother and the countess oppose this wish; but Wallenstein grants her request. She hears the circumstances of her lover's fall, in a scene as affecting as any within the whole range of tragedy; the more touching as her woe is silent. Her resolution is taken to depart instantly to his grave, whither a nameless but irresistible impulse draws. To the remonstrances of her companion Lady Neubrunn, she opposes only the unalterable resolution of her despair.

NEUBRUNN.

"Your father's rage—"

THEKLA.

That time is past—

And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world—the tongue of calumny—

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—O God!
I haste but to the grave of the beloved!

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night time—

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night—

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?"

Her sufferings, and the heroic firmness with which they are endured, produce an effect almost painful; but her withdrawal from the scene is full of melancholy beauty. Madame de Stael says the French would object to a conclusion which left the fate of the heroine in uncertainty; to German tastes it is admissible—for the Germans are more interested in feelings than events. Thekla has done with life; in the deep gloom that has clouded her reason, only one glimmering of consolation is visible; it beckons her on

"To a deep quiet—such as he has found."

We feel it right that she should not remain upon the scene till the close. She is borne away from the tempest of horror that forms the catastrophe. The impersonation and pledge of her father's better fortune, it is proper she should be removed when his good angel abandons him to his destruction. Her soul is filled with a feeling now become sacred and heavenly; the accumulation of blood and treachery is too horrible for the presence of a being like her. I know not where to match this last scene of the princess; it is so calmly characteristic.

E. F. E.

THE PATRIOT'S DEATH.

'JOHN CAMPBELL, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Piqua, Ohio, July 4th, 1838. During his sickness he expressed a wish to live till the anniversary of Independence. His prayer was heard, and while the procession was passing his house, he asked that the flag of the nation might be brought him. It was carried to him, and, while embracing it, he expired.'

THE soldier on his couch,

With a quick and faltering breath,
Was quivering 'neath the icy touch
Of the hero's conqueror, Death.

Hark! To the listening ear,

The whispered prayer is borne,
'God grant my spirit linger here
Till my country's natal morn.'

The warrior lives. A scene as bright,
Has met his lustrous eye again,
As shone when for a freeman's right
He battled to the trumpet's strain,

Amid the dying and the slain,
And thundering steeds, and sabre stroke,
And furious columns' charging shock,
On Monmouth's crimsoned plain.

He hears the martial notes
That roused his fiery zeal—
The cannon's roar from the distance floats,
And the bugle's echoing peal.
A thousand voices sang
The song of the brave and free;
'Columbia, hail!' through the welkin rang,
'Sweet land of liberty.'

Nearer the joyous people move,
And nearer sounds the loud huzza;
He sees Columbia's flag above,
Now proudly float, as when afar
He watched its folds sweep like the star
Of victory; heard the battle-cry,
'God and our Country!' onward fly
In many a field of war.

The soldier raised his fainting head,
Rekindled fire glowed in his breast:
He spake, like spirit from the dead,
His blessing and his last request.

'Here bring your banner! let my eye
Once look upon those stars again;
My lips once press, ere yet I die,
A nation's emblem free from stain.'

'Twas done; upon his dying bed
The soldier clasped that standard sheet:
Wreathed with its stripes, his spirit fled
The only foe it could not meet.

His death, an enviable hour;
His life, an age of just renown;
His boyhood felt a tyrant's power;
His sinewy manhood struck it down.

He lived a freeman, patriot died,
And freedom's shrine shall be his grave;
Statesmen shall humble there their pride,
Beauty give tears, a sigh the brave.

Cincinnati: O.

G. L. S.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

WHEN life's brightest hopes are flinging
On the heart their rainbow dyes,
And the spirit's chords are ringing
With the wildest symphonies—
Then if woman's smile should greet thee
Like a sunbeam from above,
Countless dreams of bliss will meet thee,
And thou 'lt learn the lore of love.
When the clouds are o'er us sweeping,
And night gathers in our sky,
And no hope is star-like keeping
Vigil in its home on high—

Woman's smile, oh then, can only
Woo the spirit from its gloom,
And lead our affections, lonely,
Onward to a brighter doom.

When we seek the field of glory,
Burning for an honored name,
And would shrine our deeds in story
Deathless on the scroll of fame—
Woman's smile then beams, most brightly
Cheering us as on we move,
For Fame's wreath is worn most lightly
When it glads the lip of love.

When in youth our barks are sailing
Blithely on a summer sea,
Or in Age each sense is failing
And heeds not earth's melody—
Woman's smile, still bright, is bending
Bow like o'er each cloud's dark form—
The only flower whose bloom is blinding
With Life's sunshine and its storm.

Louisville: Ky.

Rosa.

I LOVE TO HEAR THEE SING THAT AIR.

I LOVE to hear thee sing that air
Altho' it makes me sad,
For there are tones we may not hear
And still the heart be glad;
It bids ten thousand secret thoughts,
And smothered passions start,
There is such power in olden notes
To stir the human heart.
Oh, there are thoughts I fain would crush,
And feelings long suppress'd—
Deep tones of Memory's harp I'd hush
In peacefulness to rest;
But these come back on airy wing
With every note I hear,
And yet I love to hear thee sing
That old and mournful air.

'Tis strange that e'er so sweet a spell
As thine, with such control,
Should rouse the deepest thoughts that dwell
Within the human soul,—
That sounds so soft should bring again,
With such surpassing power,
Whole years of pleasure and of pain
In one brief, passing hour.
How softly swells each rich note high—
How soon 't has ceased to play!
'Twas thus that came the years gone by,
And thus they passed away;
Yet touch that mournful key again—
E'en were my heart most glad,
I'd love to hear thee sing that strain
Altho' it makes me sad!—

Indianapolis: Ia.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE.

THE June issue of the *Christian Quarterly Review*,*—a work that is scarcely behind any of our periodicals in learning and ability,—contains an article of much interest on the Progress of the Democratic Principle. It is in the form of a review of DE TOCQUEVILLE's work upon the United States, which it speaks of in terms of high, but well-merited eulogy. "Before concluding this article," says the writer, "it may be proper to say something respecting the spirit in which the book before us is written. This we are happy to pronounce, in the highest degree, liberal, unprejudiced, philosophical, and just. Though a foreigner, educated under the influence of institutions the farthest removed from our own, to all appearance he became thoroughly Americanized in his feelings the moment his feet touched our shores. From that time, through the whole progress of his observations, there is discernible no peevish caprice of temper at seeing the operation of new social principles, though their practical exhibitions were sometimes calculated to call forth severe animadversion had he been disposed to indulge a captious disposition. Nor are there to be found any traces of narrow-mindedness, nor ebullitions of national antipathies, nor the discussion of a mere partizan to some particular class of political principles. He sinks every thing of this kind in the simple desire of knowing the exact truth, and contemplates social and political phenomena on this side of the Atlantic, with a spirit as purely philosophical, as can be conceived."

This is high praise, yet is it deserved. "Democracy in America" is unquestionably one of the most remarkable literary productions of the age; and we rejoice that our reviewers, after their long silence, are at length disposed to do it justice. But we must pass from the observations upon DE TOCQUEVILLE, to the matter of the writer which is relevant to the heading of these remarks. We

copy the article almost entire, in the first place because of the importance of the theme, and in the second, because we consider it in the main wisely, philosophically, and justly treated.—ED. HESPERIAN.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLE.

It is not our purpose to analyze this work, which would be no easy matter, were we to attempt it; nor would it be the most useful plan of a review, were we to succeed. In the following remarks, it is our purpose to show, from our own sources of illustration, the progress of the democratic principle throughout Christendom,—the favorable effects to be anticipated from it,—and then suggest some means suited to give it a right direction.

It frequently happens, and the present is one of those cases, that, owing to the shape of political parties, certain words have acquired an accidental meaning, which the mention of them is sure to suggest to the mind. And so strong is the association formed between these words and their transient signification, that it is nearly impossible to employ them for the purpose of general discussion, because the hearer will be continually reverting to their meaning in caucuses and newspapers. This remark is especially necessary, when the discussion is such as to require the frequent recurrence of the terms *democracy*, and *democratic*. Unfortunately, these words have acquired a party signification. They now mean, whatever is in *favor* of the present administration, as the term *whig* and its cognates are understood to mean whatever is *opposed* to those who are in power. All will, however, be agreed in this, that these meanings are purely casual, growing out of those contingencies to which the political world is always subject. In its general sense, the term, *democracy*, means simply the sovereignty of the people, as the source of all civil authority.

* The Christian Quarterly Review. No. XIV. pp. 168 8vo. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln. 1839.

There being then a meaning of the word, which is totally independent of the situation of political parties in this or any other country, and perfectly distinct from the fact, whether this or that man is seated in the presidential chair, we beg *that* to be considered the sense of the term when used in this discussion. Far be it from us, to employ this review as an engine of party warfare. And we employ our pen, at this time, to write, not in the spirit of partisans, but rather in the tone of philosophers—not as those who confine their attention to a small section of the social cone, but as those who wish to contemplate the influence of the democratic principle upon mankind at large.

To be convinced of the *fact*, that this revealed principle is making steady progress in the world, we need only to cast our eyes over Christendom. We know of nothing, which is receiving fuller confirmation by the events that are brought to light every year. One can hardly open a newspaper, without gathering fresh evidence that the people are "rising up as a great lion." They are beginning to understand as never before, the important doctrine that every man can best take care of his own interests and his own affairs. And, understanding it, they show a growing boldness and disposition to enforce its practice. There is plainly, a new, and a widening, and a deepening current of free thought, flowing through the popular mind, before which oppression, and all sorts of abuses of power, fall as if smitten by a supernatural arm. There is a wide-spread conviction, fastened upon the people, that all men are essentially equal, that the rights of one are just as important as those of another, that the happiness of one is as dear as that of another, the liberty of one as precious, and the conscience of one as sacred and inviolate, as that of another. Disciples to this creed are rapidly multiplying in every section of the christianized world. The people are every where awakening to the undeniable truth, that absolutely, all political power and authority rightfully emanates from them. Themselves they consider as the only source whence these can flow, in opposition to their flowing from *one*, as in an absolute monarchy; or their flowing from the *few*, as in an aristocracy. And in almost every country, in which these latter principles are in vogue, or constitute the basis of government, there the democratic principle is arraying itself in stern conflict with them.

Led on, as it seems to us, by a divine hand, the people are contending for, and establishing one after another, doctrines favorable to universal liberty; and designed to place in every man's hand,—be he ever so poor and humble,—that which is his birthright, the civil right of doing just as he pleases, provided that he invade not the similar rights of his neighbor. With this only proviso, he is to form his own opinions upon politics, mature his own belief in religion, pursue his own business, make choice of his own pleasures, in one word, be the sole independent arbiter of his own conduct. The people are steadily asserting their claim to govern themselves. And thus, if any tax is needed, they insist upon the right of saying how much shall be levied. If any law is to be passed, they declare that their influence shall be felt, directly or indirectly, in passing it. If any groundless change be made in the leading principles of those who administer the affairs of state, they assert their privilege to speak in loud tones through the ballot box, and thus designate others to succeed the offenders against the popular will. Success, indeed, has not invariably crowned these efforts. Oppression still exists; abuses are yet numerous. Much remains to be done. But, generally, the people are becoming fully aware of their prerogatives, and feel disposed to stand by them manfully.

What we have now stated, as *generally* descriptive of the progress which the democratic principle is making in the christianized world, must agree, we think, with every reader's observation. Were it necessary, it would be easy to establish all that has been said. Were we to consult the leading journals of the times, we should be continually reminded of the great fact, that, whereas a few centuries since, governments were carried on mainly by court intrigues, and the cabals of prime ministers and royal favorites, whose machiavelian tortuosity the people could not trace, and whose dark meaning they could not fashion, now it is necessary that "prince encounter prince, state encounter state, and faction contend with faction, on the broad arena of representative chambers, and through the open controversies of an unsparing press." Intrigues in courts and cabinets there may be yet, but they are frank in their nature, and impotent in their result, as compared with the dark, and complicated, and perilous machinations of former times, when the dearest interests of

the people were managed by a few favorites of the king, whose chief aim, like Mirabeau's, consisted in making words the *disguise* of their thoughts, and thus, effectually, hiding their measures from the public eye. But the age for conducting the affairs of state in knavish darkness is gone. The time for governing a nation by secret cabal is past. There is a spirit abroad that demands every thing relative to government to be done in open day. And the main cause of this change is, of course, attributable to the ascendancy of popular control, the vigilance of the press, the publicity of all state documents, and above all, the necessity there is, of fighting every political battle before the eyes of the people, either on the floor of a house of representatives, or, as before observed, through the columns of a perfectly free and unshackled press.

If, now, from these observations of a *general* nature, we turn our attention to those political events which have been taking place in the several *parts* of the christianized world, we shall see, still more clearly, the progress of the democratic principle. And first, let us look at *France*. Not more than a century since, the people of that empire may be said to have enjoyed hardly any rights at all, being in the condition of an humble, oppressed, ignorant, slavish peasantry. They regarded the government much as they would some mysterious object, which must be contemplated with awe, and spoken of only in whispers; and well they might, for the Bastille then stood; and kings could be influenced to decide the fate of their subjects by royal courtesans, like Madame Pompadour. Political opinions and religious belief were all made ready to hand; and were to be received by the people, just as if they had neither understanding nor conscience. When they saw a noble, they looked upon him as one who had a kind of right from heaven to enjoy distinguished privileges and monopolies; and if they raised their thoughts from the nobility, a step higher, to the throne, their idea of the king was that of a being to whom God had mysteriously but expressly given power to reign over them, and treat them pretty much as he pleased. To show how insensible men may become to their rights and dignity, it is remarked by some writer, that at the time of Louis XIV., it was quite common for the French people to *boast* themselves the subjects of a king who had unlim-

ited power over their lives and property.

If we compare such a degraded political condition with that which is now presented in France, we cannot fail to see proofs of a most gratifying change, nor help being struck with the progress of the democratic principle. The people had hard work, we all know, when amid the appalling scenes of the French revolution, the principle of popular rights first grappled with the despotic and monarchical principle. The waves of popular fury dashed high and wildly against the throne, till they swept it entirely away. The conflict between the spirit of liberty and the spirit of oppression was dreadfully fierce. And on it went, till in the friction of mind with mind, such an intense and glowing heat was generated, as to light up the flames of a wide-spread civil war. Nor was it extinguished, till for many years it had burnt fiercely as the fires of Etna. This was an evil, no doubt, which, as philanthropists, we shall always deplore. Still it may have been necessary to the breaking down of that despotism, against which the people struggled so hard.

But not to detain the reader on this point, we merely observe that the democracy of France, as is well known, triumphed. They established the doctrine, that the people were to have an influence in the government. They compelled the adoption of the representative system. They partially broke the shackles of the press. They procured the acknowledgment of liberty of conscience. True, this part of the reform was not thorough, since the government still claim the right of paying the clergy out of the funds raised by taxes, instead of leaving the people to pay voluntarily for their religious instruction. Yet religious liberty did make a long stride, as compared with the insufferable tyranny formerly exercised, since now the people are not obliged to embrace any particular faith. This is a matter left entirely to their option. But we have not told all they did. They also smote to the ground the claims of the privileged orders to a great extent, and, by abolishing the principle of hereditary descent in the nobility, for ever and effectually prevented that class from acquiring an overgrown, and exorbitant power. In France, then, the democracy have been pushing their claims with great success. In that land, free principles received an impulse from the conqueror at Austerlitz, which insures their future triumph. Let

us ask, will not this triumph be hastened by the grand funeral obsequies which a whole nation are preparing to pay to this hero's bones, when they land from St. Helena?

Let us now glance our eye at *England*. Our limits forbid our going back to the time of Elizabeth's reign, when the spirit of popular liberty began to spread like an electric fluid through the nation, and soon "burst forth in the storm and thunder of the civil wars." All we shall attempt, therefore, will be a mere allusion to the several steps which mark the progress of the democratic principle in the land of Cromwell and of Pym.

The democracy of England have been demanding one thing after another, ever since the revolution which demolished the throne of Charles. And, as they are celebrated in history for wielding a very strong arm, they have seldom, or never failed to secure, eventually, what they have claimed. Among their leading demands, was that of liberty of conscience, which they obtained partially, when the principle of dissent from the established church was allowed. But it was not satisfactory to them. They relished not what was odiously attached to this privilege, viz: the law compelling them to aid in defraying the expenses of a costly, yea, gorgeous religious establishment, from which they derived no benefit whatever. The British democracy have always eyed this odious law with indignation, and have long been virtuously laboring to have it abolished. And there can be no doubt of their final success. Measures more decisive against it are adopted every year, till now the question has been carried to the ballot-box; which in our view will render one or the other of two things certain—the annulling of the law, or the fall of the establishment.

Connected with this, the people of England have pressed other points with great vigor and success. Thus they have procured the abolition of those laws which obliged them to be married by clergymen not of their own faith. And now they are loudly demanding, that all disabilities to a Dissenter's joining the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, arising from religious belief, shall be done away. They stigmatize it as an unrighteous law, and contrary to that liberty of conscience which is a Briton's birthright. Hence, they are bringing against it a force, before which it is already tottering, and must sooner or later fall.

If we now direct our eye to events of a political nature, we shall see the growing ascendancy of popular control as strikingly illustrated. Thus, the English have fought their way to almost universal suffrage. They have demolished the rotten borough system, which gave to the crown and nobility an enormous power at elections, and made the elective franchise an empty blessing. By its destruction, they are enabled to make their influence felt in every House of Commons. Nor can that branch of the legislature hereafter help being thoroughly popular. Not content however, with these triumphs of democracy, the people are at this moment demanding annual parliaments, and absolutely free suffrage. But they do not confine their attention to the legislature. Witness the prostration of the East India monopoly. Behold them at work, in assemblies of twenty thousand, to prevent the operatives from being oppressed and ground by their employers. At one of these popular meetings, the sentiment announced from the hustings was this, "That in the fair land of merry England, it could not be the will of a just Providence, that vast numbers should labor hard from morning to night, and yet starve." This sentiment we think true, and fear only lest by some crafty demagogues it should be pushed so far as to become agrarianism. Behold them, still farther, putting down the cruel custom of impressing seamen for the supply of the British navy: and declaring, in the most impressive manner, that no man should be torn ruthlessly from his family and driven off to sea, against his will, any more than he should be forced to work in the mines, or do any thing else contrary to his free choice.

Having dwelt so long upon England and France, it will be necessary to pass over the other portions of Christendom more hastily. Indeed, a cursory glance is all we shall aim at, and all that will be important, since the popular condition of the countries above-mentioned, added to that of our own land, must forever give a decided tone to all the rest of the civilized world. As it regards Spain, there prevailed in that country, from the peace at Paris among the allied powers, a disposition highly favorable to the people, on the part of the Cortes. Our authority for this is the character of the constitution then given to the Spaniards. A writer,*

* Europe, by a Citizen of the United States.

who travelled through that peninsula a few years subsequent to the close of the French revolution, says, "The essential excellence of the Spanish constitution, the quality that makes it dear to the friends of liberty, and odious to the partisans of arbitrary power, is its honesty. It is, what it professes to be, a real representative government; and is not, like some others that bear the name, a mere mockery and pageant, more abhorrent to an independent mind than tyranny in a plain, unsophisticated shape, because insulting as well as oppressive." This places beyond a doubt the fact, that in Spain, and probably the same is equally true of Portugal, there has been long at work the principle of popular advancement, though the civil wars, which a just Providence is permitting to desolate those lands, are sufficient to deter us from depending upon any illustrations drawn from thence, in favor of the progress of popular sentiments. But that a strong love of freedom forms one of the elements now at work in Spain, to produce the violent political agitations, of which that country is the theater, seems to us evident, from the manner in which spiritual despotism has been uprooted from its deep foundations. We refer to the demolition of the convents, the confiscation of their estates, and the dispersion of their inmates, who have not seldom met with a speedy death from the hands of the enraged populace. We view such an act, on the part of the people, as a sure index of their aversion to all despotism, and the means of acuminating their hatred to it when exhibited by their political rulers.

In many other parts of continental Europe, the *people*, at least, are making constant progress in correct views of popular government, though they have not yet succeeded in pushing such principles through to all their practical results. How loudly and unremittingly have most of the German States, since 1815, been demanding constitutions and popular representation! And, though kings, and electors, and countless dukes, have attempted to beguile their subjects, by conceding to them the form of popular representation without the reality, by so constituting their legislative bodies that the *people's* representative shall have more honor than power, while the prince, knights, higher clergy, and other privileged orders, shall be able to carry all their measures; still, this very course only serves to

give the popular will a more determined character of resistance, which causes it to burst forth on every occasion that is even slightly auspicious. A revolution favorable to freedom, in any state in Europe, is instantly followed in the manner of an earthquake, by a shaking of thrones, from the Adriatic to the Baltic. Bavaria, Baden, Hanover, Brunswick, the two Hesses, Saxony, both the kingdom and the duchies, Wirtemberg, and many smaller states, have already succeeded in obtaining constitutions; and yet the intrigues of their sovereigns to destroy the efficiency of these constitutions have driven the people almost to madness, as the outbreaks of popular fury in Saxony, Hesse, Brunswick and Hanover fearfully show. At this moment, there is a struggling for religious liberty in all Germany, which indicates clearly, that the democratic principle is working deeply in the hearts of the people.

Let us now come to our own shores. And here, the first thing which arrests our attention, is the recent contest in Canada. We pretend not to pronounce any opinion upon the merits of the question at issue, which brought upon that country the horrors of a civil war. All that need be said here is, that the Canadian struggle was plainly the democratic principle arrayed against the monarchical. And the fact, that such abandoned, unprincipled and cowardly leaders were able to arouse the people so generally against the British authority, only shows how strong must have been their spirit of liberty, and how deep their hatred to what they ever supposed to be oppression. Had this not been the case, such military leaders could never have stirred the Canadians to action, under such forlorn and desperate circumstances.

Crossing the St. Lawrence into our own country, we have need only to cast our eye around us, to behold the most striking exhibitions of the progress of popular ascendancy in America. We can take only a hasty glance. Here the democratic principle enters into every institution, civil, religious, social, judicial, literary, and political. It is at the basis of our town, county, state, and general governments; and pervades every thing, from the petty office of a town clerk, to that of the chief magistrate of the United States. Nothing escapes its all-reaching, all-penetrating, all-controlling influence. Of this, no better illustration can be furnished,

than the late proclamation of the President, with reference to the Canadian rebellion. It must be allowed, we think, to be a document breathing most of the tone of *persuasion* of any ever yet issued, by any executive, in any country, in any age. And in this light it may be viewed, as showing the progress of that spirit among the people, which aims at entire independence, and claims a supremacy for the popular will, that justifies its being approached by advisory proclamations, instead of imperial *edicts* or *ukases*.

According to the purpose announced at the opening of this discussion, we shall now mention some of the favorable results to be anticipated from the prevalence of that principle whose progress we have endeavored to illustrate.

Among these, the first that occurs to our minds is, the ameliorating of the human condition, i. e. the *diffusion* of the comforts and conveniences of life, and placing within reach of *all* the ordinary means of happiness. This is one of the effects to be confidently expected. In countries where the government is thoroughly popular and the institutions purely democratic, there may not be as many overgrown fortunes and princely estates amassed and perpetuated; but there will be what is far better, a more general competency, and a more equal distribution of wealth. The means of rearing a family respectably, and comfortably, and usefully, will be placed within the reach of ordinary talent and a healthy, thrifty industry. In such countries, there may not be as many institutions of learning immensely endowed, too often the nest of drones, though frequently furnishing places of retired study to men of rare genius, and decided talent;—and hence there will not be as many deeply learned scholars and philosophers; but there will be a larger number of colleges, where the elements of science are well taught, and where instruction may be afforded so cheap as to be within the reach of the sons of our poorest farmers and mechanics. If, then, fewer men of great knowledge are reared, far more will be found in possession of general and valuable information, and capable by their mental discipline, of thinking and acting for themselves, upon the subjects offered to their notice as republican citizens. There may not be as much science accumulated in any single individual, but the mass of available intelligence distributed among

the whole people will be much greater. A few minds will not stand in solitary grandeur, towering above the rest like pyramids, but there will be more equality of attainment; and thus, what is lost in height and majesty, will be gained in length and breadth. And this we cannot help thinking far more desirable and useful. Just as a fertile plain is more valuable for the purpose of tillage, than some Alpine mountain, whose top is lost in the clouds, or “toying with the sun;” but whose sides are generally barren and unproductive. Its sublimity may please our taste, but its rocks and gravel will not yield us food.

Further, in such a country, where the popular will is ascendant, there may not be as many gorgeous palaces, and solemn castles, and magnificent temples. There may not be as many splendid specimens of architecture. Such a building as St. Peter's at Rome, or the Tuileries at Paris, or the imperial palace at St. Petersburg, would never have been reared in countries where democracy reigned. We may be assured of this. So, also, there may not be as many colossal statues, monumental columns, and stately pillars erected, at huge cost, to commemorate battles and victories. But, in the absence of all these,—which are to be reckoned among the luxuries of life, which are usually wrung out of the people by the sweat of their brow, and, after all add very little to the aggregate of human happiness,—in the absence of these we say, we shall be sure to find neat places of worship, instead of huge cathedrals, comfortable dwellings instead of magnificent palaces and baronial mansions. We shall be sure to find a general appearance of thriftiness and honest independence, instead of a few cases of prodigious opulence, surrounded by a thousand cases of miserable, squalid poverty.

And how much more agreeable to the moral taste of the philanthropist and Christian, is the aspect of things produced by the democratic principle than its opposite? How much better is it, that instead of overgrown and stupendous fortunes, perpetuated here and there, wealth should be more equally divided, according to the ratio of a man's talent to acquire it; that estates should, moreover, be of a size sufficient to enable a man to bring up a family, and give his children a solid education, and clothe them respectably? Who, as he travels through this country, will mourn the absence of

splendid ducal palaces, and public buildings of costly grandeur, if he sees in every direction comfortable dwellings, and the marks of a steady, thrifty independence? Who would not rather see many commodious places of worship, than a solitary, sumptuous minister? Who would not prefer the diffusion of knowledge among the people, sufficient for their wants as intelligent and immortal beings, to having an immense amount of learning stored up in a few minds, while the great majority are kept in ignorance?

This contrast is decidedly in favor of the democratic principle, because it shows that its direct and necessary tendency is to ameliorate the human condition, by placing what is really essential to happiness within reach of the majority. To every philanthropist, this must be a gratifying truth; to every Christian, a matter of devout praise; to every republican, a theme of honest exultation. Cold, then, must be the heart, narrow and selfish the mind, that can look with indifference on these humanizing effects produced by popular ascendancy; hypercritical and fastidious, if not unchristian, the taste which can find fault in the capacious spirit of a Cooper, in his last works,—that literary Ishmaelite,—because we have not on these democratic shores so much show, and pomp, and splendor, as exists in old monarchical countries; and fail to see, or refuse to acknowledge, how immensely the absence of these is counterbalanced by “great and generally diffused blessings.”

Another result, to be reasonably anticipated from the prevalence of the democratic principle, is, the suppression of war. This is a game that *kings* play at, not the *people*, and the reason that the former are so fond of it, and plunge so readily into it, is their being placed in a position which exposes them to all the bad passions that drive armies to the battle-field, while they feel few of those counteracting restraints which they would experience, were their own persons more exposed to danger. It is an easy matter to sit upon a throne, rioting in luxury, clad in purple and faring sumptuously every day; elated with the pride of power, and intoxicated with the fumes of flattery; surrounded by an obsequious court, and instigated by ambitious generals; it is easy under such circumstances, to fly into a royal passion at imagined injuries, and forthwith declare war, and make out a campaign on paper, and give

the orders that set an army in motion. Wonderfully fine and amusing is it, for a crowned head to review his troops, and see their bristling bayonets glittering in the sun, and hear the martial music, the “pealing life and stirring drum,” and then retire to his velvet couch, and read, amid the pomp and splendor of regal magnificence, the bulletins that announce victory after victory. But he sees not the gory field, and streams empurpled with blood; he sees not the mangled bodies, nor the scattered limbs; he sees not cannon balls burying themselves in human flesh, nor whole regiments mowed down at every fresh roar of artillery; he hears not the choking cry, the embittered sob, the agonizing wail of those who long to die, but cannot; he hears none of the groans that are wafted over a field of carnage; he goes not to the hospital to behold the mutilated masses of flesh, which are called men, but which have lost almost every vestige of the human form. Above all, a king *feels* no danger of being himself the subject of all this horrid suffering, the victim of such dread cruelty. But the people see, and hear, and feel, all this. They know on whom the tug of war must come, if the banners are unfurled for conflict. They know at whose breasts the deadly musket will be aimed, and by whom the sufferings, and toil, and want must be endured. They know whose blood must flow, and who must fill the gory bed. They know who have got, in the end, to pay for the immense expenditure of war, and by whose sweat and labor, these gigantic losses are to be made up, and from whose hands taxes are to be wrung to defray the expenses of this kingly amusement. And, knowing this, will they be forward to bare their breasts to the steel in this thankless game? When the government is thoroughly popular, the questions of peace and war must be settled by the people’s representatives, and will they delegate men who will be disposed to plunge the people into the odious business of fighting? Far from it. The democracy hate war, unless in cases of absolute necessity. They care not to be torn from their wives and sisters, except when patriotism demands it, to ward off the aggressor, and prevent oppression. They are not liable to the imperious passions that swell the bosoms of kings, nor to the vanity of thinking that an insult, or diplomatic peccadillo, can be washed out only by an effusion of human blood. They pretend

not to any such chivalry as this. They prefer the quiet and peace of their own cheerful homes, the smiles of their wives and children, the enjoyment of their innocent pleasures, the pursuits of their business, and all those domestic delights that cluster round the fireside of a well-regulated family. While in the fruition of this pure happiness, and having it in their power to say whether they will resign it or not, will they exchange it for the hardships of the camp, the bustle, din and perils of war, the horrors and carnage of battle, and the shock of arms? Such a choice will never be made by the people; nor will they suffer themselves to be forced into it, when the democratic principle has gained its rightful ascendancy.

It only remains to suggest a word or two on the means of perpetuating the progress of enlightened democracy, and giving it a right impulse. One of these means is the diffusion of scriptural knowledge. There is no book in any language, which so effectually secures the interests of the people, as the New Testament. The strain of its superlative teaching is always in support of the popular rights. Its principles are throughout irreconcilably opposed to tyranny and oppression. Its pages reiterate the sentiment of man's essential equality; leading our minds constantly upward to that high range of contemplation, which places us all, rich and poor, all of every grade, social, political, and intellectual, on a perfect level before that Being, in whose presence every human distinction vanishes. In one word, though it does not interfere with existing governments, but on the contrary enjoins submission to them, it breathes the spirit of true enlightened democracy, in all its parts. What could more justly lay claim to this praise than the principle so frequently taught, that we are to regard every man as our brother; and that, viewing him in this light, we are to do to him, as we would wish him to do to us? This is one of the corner stones of democracy, sufficient to defend it against the imperious claims of aristocratic pride, and the encroachments of monarchy and despotism. Let all imbibe this principle, and what we have been contemplating as making *progress*, will soon be gloriously consummated. Were further encomium necessary upon the New Testament, as to its republican tendency, we might add, that the great Personage who shines throughout

the book, like a superior orb, and "from which the lesser stars revolving in their golden urns, draw light," that Being who gives the tone and character of the book, cherished the interests of the people. Hence, the common classes heard him gladly. With them he mostly mingled in social intercourse. Among them he chose his most intimate friends. Out of their ranks he called the men who were to propagate his doctrines. On them he leaned to accomplish his great purpose of benevolence. His conduct, throughout, was strongly tinctured with the spirit of enlightened democracy. It is not meant, that he favored any political creed, or arrayed himself as a partisan on any political question, but that his sympathies were invariably with the people; his influence steadily exerted to raise, instruct, and benefit them; and his sternest rebukes administered to those who would mislead, injure, and oppress them. Such a book would naturally breathe into its readers a spirit favorable to popular ascendancy. Such has always been its effect. When its pages have been accessible to the common people, then they have risen in character, made progress in intelligence, acquired social and political power, before which the time-honored and venerable pillars of tyranny and oppression have crumbled. Of this, history gives many examples. Let that book, then, be studied by every republican, as the best means of completing the triumph of true, enlightened democracy.

Another means, which, while it accelerates the progress of the democratic principle, will promote also its *healthy* growth, is a disposition among those who are highest upon the social cone to *level upwards*, at the same time that those who are beneath them, are *leveling downwards*. Both of these processes ought to be *consentaneous*. In that way only, can the point of general equality of conditions, towards which every thing is tending, be reached in safety. That it will be reached somehow, no doubt can exist. The movement in that direction, which is making in society, is just as steady as the *wheeling* of Jupiter in his orbit, and as irresistible. This is partially shown by the illustrations already employed, and if our limits allowed, it might have been shown to be the lesson which history has been teaching us, ever since the Reformation. From its pages, we should learn, that all the great changes and remarkable events, that

have occurred subsequently to that time, have been so many tributaries to the stream that is bearing mankind onward on its broad bosom, to a state of substantial equality. To put a stop, therefore, to this tendency, is beyond the power of any human arm. It has acquired too prodigious a momentum, from the accumulated impulses of centuries, to be now arrested. "To some," says Toqueville, "it may appear to be a novel accident, which, as such, may still be checked; to others it seems irresistible, because it is the most uniform, the most ancient, and the most permanent tendency, which is to be found in history." In another place, he says, "The various occurrences of national existence have every where turned to the advantage of democracy; all men have aided it by their exertions, those who have intentionally labored in its cause, and those who have served it unwittingly; those who have sought for it, and those who have declared themselves its opponents, have all been driven along in the same track, have all labored to one end, some ignorantly, and some unwillingly; all have been blind instruments in the hands of God.

Hence, the question is not, whether this principle shall go on, and attain the end towards which it is advancing; but how that end shall be reached, consistently with the best interests of all. This is the great problem to be solved, and its happy solution will depend much upon a disposition religiously pursued, among the higher classes, to elevate their inferiors. However elevated their own position, there is some round of the social ladder, on which they must meet their brethren who are lower down. This is a matter of imperious necessity. By proper efforts, they who possess the wit and the learning, the elegance and the refinement, the influence and the power, of society, may cause the point where they shall shake hands with those who are deprived of their advantages, to be much higher, than if that affair be left entirely to the choice of the latter. To them, it ought not, of course, to be left. But what is said, is, that they will assert the privilege of choosing where the level shall be, unless there be a good-natured compromise between the opposing social forces. By such compromise, the tendency to essential equality of condition, which is impressed upon mankind like a law of their nature, will not only be promoted, but also at the same time, be wisely modified and intelligently directed.

It is in vain for the refined, the polished, and the enlightened, to spurn this sentiment. As to its particular application in given instances, they will indeed be the best judges. The general principle is all that is here maintained, viz., that they who have light and knowledge, and are bountifully favored with the richest gifts of Heaven, are called upon by the equalizing tendencies of society, to shed a kindly and silent influence upon those below them. Imparting of their mental and moral riches, is the duty to which they are summoned. And it is an employment of the highest dignity. To encourage them in it, they have the example of the noblest minds and most exalted characters that ever adorned our race. * * *

Let not our readers infer from the rather laudatory air with which we have spoken of democracy, that we belong to the class of ultra-liberalists, or that our pages are to be devoted to promote that extreme of freedom which borders upon licentiousness. It is our resolute determination to steer clear of all ultraism, both in politics and religion. And thus in the progress of free principles, we are ready to admit that we see great evils rising to view. Of these none can be more deeply aware than ourselves. But we feel disposed to set them down, either as ills to be expected in a formative state of society, whatever be its form of government, or as illustrations of the great compensatory law of providence, by which God "sets one thing over against another." In spite, however, of all these drawbacks, we are heartily disposed to range ourselves under the banner of freedom, and maintain, to the extent of our feeble ability, the cause of the people.

RELIGION AND LOVE.

RELIGION is never too little for us; it satisfies all the desires of the soul. Love is but an atom of it, consuming and consumed by the stubble on which it falls. But when it rests upon the gods, it partakes of their nature, in its essence pure and eternal. Love indeed works great miracles. As in the Ocean that embraces the Earth, whatever is sordid is borne away and disappears in it, so the flame of Love purifies the temple it burns in.

SICILY.

ISABEL; OR SICILY. A PILGRIMAGE. BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.*

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

FEW evidences of decay are more striking than those which mark the estates and arrangements of an impoverished nobility. A ruin that speaks of a bygone people, however it may awaken reflection, calls for little exertion of sympathy. Those to whose pride or comfort it originally ministered, have long since departed. There is no lone member of the race to sigh over the ashes of past magnificence. The material fabric has survived its founder, and, in its ivy-buried ruins, serves but to remind us of antiquity. It is otherwise with the memorials of less ancient times. We cannot see the descendant of a once wealthy nobility, lingering about the time-worn and poverty-stricken home of his fathers, without a keen sense of the vanity of human grandeur. We cannot witness the vain struggles of a penniless nobleman to preserve the appearance of ancient splendor, without realizing the changeful moods of fortune. And when something of high and chivalrous sentiment ennoble the unfortunate inheritor of a title without the means of supporting its dignity, our compassion is instinctively awakened. We feel something of that pity which the tale of young Ravenswood's bitter reveries in the deserted mansion of his ancestors, excites in the breast. There is a strong appeal to our feelings in the sight of one who, with the ambition, has outlived the glory of his house. Although the aggravation of elevated feelings may not often increase the mortification of the poor nobility of the island; yet many evidences of their fallen lot are observable in Sicily. As the stranger threads the crowded thoroughfares of Palermo, he continually sees the high fronts of palaces blackened by age. Iron-wrought balconies protrude from the spacious windows, and tufts of weed or lines of mould indicate the ravages of neglect. Some of these extensive buildings are tenanted by a score of families who occupy the different ranges of apartments, while others are still inhabited by the descendants of the original

proprietors; but very few are able to preserve a style of living corresponding with the grandeur of their dwellings. More frequently upon entering these palaces, the visitor will pass through long suites of lofty rooms with richly painted walls and brightly-tiled floors—cold, bare and deserted. In some distant chamber, perchance, he will find the occupant seated in a massive old chair, a deer skin beneath his feet, and his snuff-box in hand—pondering upon the chances of some proposed game at hazard, or the best manner of once more evading some long deferred obligation. It would rouse the very hearts of the old nobility to catch a glimpse of some of their proud abodes, and see halls adorned with the richest frescoes and marbles, tenanted by the most plebeian citizens, converted into magazines for foreign merchants, or consigned to the destructive hand of abandonment and decay. * * *

"Comer from the new world!" said the Count to Frazier (playfully yet with earnestness,) "where the enervating civilization of Europe has not yet triumphed, stand with me in the embrasure of this window, and I will read you a ball-room homily. Fifty years since, the female portion of the nobility of which these are scions, were almost entirely uneducated in aught save what are called accomplishments. Many could neither read nor write. Now in some respects there is an improvement; in others a decline. Scarcely one of these lovely hypocrites pretends to respect her marriage vows. That queenly form in white is the Duchess of A—; the young man vivaciously performing a lover's part beside her is the Marquis —, who a twelvemonth since married that pale dark-eyed lady who is coquetting with the Duke of A—. The two are not estranged, for they never had a feeling in common, except the desire to combine their incomes by marriage, that they might more freely follow their respective pleasures. Saw you ever such a magnificent set of diamonds as those in the hair of the Countess of —? They are taken out of pawn for the occasion at an enormous expense. There is not a more gorgeous costume in the room than that Prince — is now displaying. Its purchase will cost him a year's support, and swell the long list of his debts. I see your eye wanders to that thoughtful-looking youth standing near the grave officer. They are father and son. The father derives his sup-

* Copy-right. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. Cincinnati: Alex. Fleish. 1839.

port solely from his commission. The latter at the university of Pisa, where he was educated, contracted a strong friendship with some young Brazilians overflowing with the love of liberty. Their views were enthusiastically adopted by their Sicilian friend. He returned an ardent republican, and his poor father is in continual dread lest by some unguarded expression he should incur the displeasure of government, and lose the old gentleman his office and his family their only resource. His son himself fears it, and petitions to go to England where he may enjoy his liberal principles in peace. But, glance over the whole room. Of all these young men, some of whom wear so spirited a bearing, scarcely one knows any higher ambition than the temporary distinctions which an occasion like this can gratify. Among the whole circle of these women you can with difficulty find one deserving of the office or capable of the duties of a mother. And what better can you expect in a country where the legitimate objects of reverence—parents and priests—set an undisguised example of libertinism? Is not the unavoidable consequence among the higher ranks—practical atheism? Come from the new world! Look through the finery around you; pierce the artificial gloss; read the evidences of exhausted resources, unprincipled lives, and frivolous pursuits which make up the true history of society here, and thank heaven your lot was cast in a young republic.”

There was a bitterness in the Count's tones which mellowed into sadness as he concluded, that touched the heart of Frazier. If there is any spectacle at once noble and affecting, it is that of a young man whose moral sensibility is wounded by his country's decline, who stands aloof from the general corruption of manners, and mourns over it as he would at a brother's dereliction; and whose love of truth and allegiance to virtue is more earnest than his national vanity.

VINCENZO BELLINI.

In the narrow street of St. Christoforo, in Catania, and near the little church of the same name, in a dwelling of the humblest order, now superseded by a larger edifice, was born the most beautiful composer of our times.

“The young Vincenzo,” said Vittorio, “from his earliest infancy, gave evidence

of the genius of his nature. His susceptibility to musical sounds was remarkable. He could be moved, at any time, to tears or laughter, to sadness or ecstasy, by the voice of harmony. While a mere child, after hearing on public occasions a new air, he would, on returning home, from memory transcribe it. At eight years old, his little hands ran over the keys of the organ at the Benedictine Convent, with surprising facility. His first compositions were occasional pieces of sacred music. It was early discovered that he was a proper object of patronage, and, soon after arriving at manhood, he was sent at the expense of government, to study at Naples and Rome. The result of an acquaintance with what had been effected in his art, was to make more clearly perceptible to his mind the necessity of a new school. The history of genius in every department is almost always a record of conflicts—of struggles against what is dominant. Thus the early efforts of Bellini were frequently unappreciated and misunderstood. Still he persevered in consulting the oracle of his own gifts, and in developing the peculiar, and now universally admired style, which marks his compositions. The first of his successful operas was the *Pirata*, then the *Straniera*, then the *Sonnambula*, and then *Norma*.* In each successive work we can trace a decided progression. The first is pretty, often beautiful; the last is throughout beautiful, and frequently sublime. It is a delightful thought, that in a country where literary talent is repelled by the restrictions on the press, musical genius is untrammelled, and human sentiment may, through this medium, find free and glorious development.”

“I have always regarded music,” said Isabel, “as the perfection of language.”

“Undoubtedly it should so be considered, and although the censors jealously guard the actual verbal expressions attached to operas; to a true imagination and just sensibility, the mere notes of masterpieces are perfectly distinguishable, as expressive of the thousand sentiments which sway the heart. Bellini, it is believed, was one of that secret

* L'Adelson e Salvini, represented before the Institution at Naples, was the first open experiment of Bellini's genius, followed, in 1826, by Bianca e Fernando, at the St. Carlo Theater. Il *Pirata* and *La Straniera*, successively produced at the Scala in Milan, completely established his reputation. The *Montecchi e Capuletti*, was brought out soon after at Venice. The *Sonnambula* and *Norma* at Milan, and the *Puritani* in Paris.

society, which has for some time existed, under the title of "Young Italy," whose aim is the restoration of these regions to independence; and we can read, or rather feel, the depth and fervor of his liberal sentiments, breathing in the glowing strains of his last opera—the *Puritani*." * * *

There is a narrow but sequestered road leading from Catania to Cifali just without the Porta D' Aci. A low, plaster wall separates it on both sides from extensive gardens—the site of an ancient burial place where memorials of the dead have been frequently disinterred. Over the top of these boundaries, the orange and almond trees, in the season of spring, refresh the pedestrian with their blossoms and perfume. In the early mornings of summer, or at the close of day, this road is often sought by the meditative, being less frequented than most of the other highways leading from the city. There one can stroll along, and interest himself with the thought of the now extinct people near whose ruined sepulchres he is treading; or gaze upon the broad face and swelling cone of Etna which rises before him. At an agreeable distance from the commencement of this path is an old monastery of Franciscans. The floor of the venerable church is covered with the deeply-carved tablets, beneath which are the remains of the Catanese nobility, their arms elaborately sculptured upon the cold slabs. Strangers sometimes visit a chapel adjacent to see a well executed bust which displays the features of the nobleman who lies beneath, and is thought to be the *capo d'opera* of a Roman sculptor. The adjoining chapel is assigned as the last resting place of Vincenzo Bellini, whose monument will soon exhibit its fresh-chiselled aspect amid the time-worn emblems around. Thither, one morning, Isabel and the Count wandered, and after leaving the church sat upon a stone bench which overlooked the scene, and to her inquiries as to the funeral honors paid, in his native island, to the memory of the composer, he replied, "You should have witnessed in order to realize the universal grief of the Catanese. Business was suspended. Every voice faltered as it repeated the tidings; every eye was moistened as it marked the badges of mourning. In the Capital the same spirit prevailed. There but a few months previous, the king entered the city and no voice hailed him, because the professions made at the outset of his reign were unfulfilled, The

gifted composer came, and acclamations welcomed him. Every testimony of private regard and public honor was displayed. His sojourn was a festival. So the news of his death created universal grief. Here, in the spirit of antiquity, an oration was pronounced in the theater, his favourite airs performed, and actors, in the old Sicilian costume, represented the effect of his death by an appropriate piece, with mournful music. In the streets were processions, in the churches masses, and in the heart of every citizen profound regret."

SYRACUSE.

UPON the eastern coast of Sicily, at the distance of about twelve leagues from Catania, a broad neck of land stretches into the Mediterranean, which divides it by a very narrow channel from the shore, thus justifying its claim to the appellation of an island. This spot is covered with the compact buildings of an ancient town, and being surrounded by a double wall, and several lines of neat, though low ramparts, presents to the approaching traveler a secure and interesting appearance. This is the site of one of the five cities, which together constituted the greatest metropolis of the island, and one of the most renowned of the ancient world. The adjacent plain contains numerous, though comparatively insignificant, remains of the other sections of that illustrious region. Above, and around them, the tall grain and scarlet poppy wave in the sea-breeze, and countless fig-trees and low vines spread their broad leaves to the sun, through the whole extent of eighteen miles, once covered with magnificent dwellings, temples, and streets, and so often alive with the tumult of warfare. A long, bright day had passed with our pilgrims as they traced the relics, and revived the associations of Syracuse; and at its close, they sat by the open window of the hotel, watching the sun's last glow as it fell over the tranquil waters of the great harbor—that beautiful and capacious bay upon which the fleets of Athenians, Carthaginians, and Romans had so often manœvered, and which is now so admirably adapted to secure to the city at whose base it rolls the palm of commercial prosperity; yet is scarcely stirred, save by the oars of the fisherman, or the shallow keel of a Maltese *speronare*. * * *

"It is not a little curious," observed Fra-

zier, "to note the results of that ceaseless spirit of change, which in this age, if never before, is so wizard-like, that wonder itself is well nigh exhausted. As an instance, consider the fact that the only event which for many years has given a temporary activity to the aspect and energies of Syracuse, was the wintering of the American fleet there a few years since. It is thought of and reverted to with a frequency and emphasis which indicates how much it was considered."

"Thus," said the Count, "a few of the ships of a people unknown to the ancient world, lying in that fine harbor, was a memorable circumstance in the annals of a city once containing twelve hundred thousand inhabitants,—the object of innumerable wars, the seat of arts, and the mart of wealth; now reduced to an inconsiderable and impoverished town, sought rather by the curious traveler than the votary of commerce, and its pavements more familiar with the slow tread of the mendicant than the rapid roll of luxurious equipages; and beneath this sky, where once rose the hum of martial preparation, the shout of triumph, the breath of song, the music of eloquence, and the joyous laugh of prosperity, may be heard the rustling of the bearded grain in its summer fulness, or the wild moan of the ocean wind, like the requiem breathed by Nature over the desolate remains of human grandeur."

AN ANCIENT CITY.

It was but dawn when they left the village which formed the boundary of the carriage road, and guided their horses into the path which leads to the site of the ancient *Ægesta*. The way lay along the edge of a deep glen. The ranges of mountains opposite are rock-ribbed, and dotted with cultivated lots, and the path itself is thickly bordered with overhanging bushes, clusters of wormwood, and innumerable wildflowers. From the more elevated parts of this rugged and narrow path, when the wide slopes on the right, the green dale beneath, and the clear horizon beyond, were all visible, the scene was remarkably picturesque. As they wound slowly along, gradually coming in sight of its different features, the morning light stole softly and in gentle gradations, over the landscape, now falling goldenly upon some high mound, now giving a sil-

very glow to the polished leaves of a distant and lofty tree, and radiating more and more broadly a clear light along the eastern sky. Isabel's gaze was directed to the hills on her left, as the sun thus silently dispersed from their tops the mists of night, when, at a break in their line, unexpectedly as a vision, appeared the beautiful temple, standing in solitary prominence upon a broad, high hill-top. The early gleam of the sun fell upon its simple columns, between which glimmered from afar the lucid horizon. The lonely position of this chaste edifice gives a singular and striking effect to its first appearance rising thus to the eye unawares. No trees interrupt the view. No adjacent objects distract the attention. Though by no means lofty or commanding in its proportions, it is placed so high that when seen from below, and thus distantly, there is a majesty in its aspect which is deeply impressive. The timeworn hue, the graceful pillars, the airy architecture, the elevated position, induce an immediate and most pleasing impression. The beholder at once feels that there is before him a Grecian temple—one of those few specimens which embalm and illustrate a principle of art and memorialize an exploded but poetical religion. The perfect repose of the hour, the extensive and varied scenery, the lonely position of this fair vestige, and its tranquil beauty, were scarcely realized by the travelers, ere, like a scenic image, it was lost to view as suddenly as it had appeared. The next bend of the mountains veiled it from their gaze, and left them at liberty to speculate upon its appearance. This momentary glimpse, however, sufficed to strike and arouse Isabel's imagination more effectually, perhaps, than a nearer and longer inspection. She pondered long upon the devotion to Nature which the site selected for its erection indicated, upon the love of the simple so significantly displayed in its architecture, upon the delightful union of the beauty of art with the glory of the universe, which the Greeks understood so well how to combine into one noble influence to arouse human feeling and address the sense of the ideal. No one, she thought, possessing one spark of the soul's ethereal fire, could encounter such a temple, encircled by the green hills, and canopied by the vaulted sky,—at the solemn hour of morning, without thinking of a superior intelligence, and yielding to the inspiration of that devotional

sentiment which prompts the human heart to seek that which is above and eternal ; in wretched ignorance too often it may be, with a most dim and inadequate sense of its object perhaps ; but still there would be the feeling, the idea of devotion—the struggling of the spirit to mount—the tending of the soul heavenward, the uplooking, the inclination to the spiritual which is man's highest attribute. In such a feeling there is blessedness. How much might art and society and experience encourage and call it forth, were men more inclined to lessen the machinery and cherish the poetry of life ! After winding round the base of the hills, they came out upon the almost barren scene which once teemed with the dwellings of an ancient city. On the summit of a mountain—itsself the center of an amphitheater of hills, are the remains of the amphitheater of Segeste, and as one sits upon the highest range of stone seats, the eye glances over a mountainous and wild region, embracing a prospect of remarkable extent. Below, upon a lesser elevation, and in the centre of a dale, appears the temple—the only other distinct relic of the ruined city. Its thirty-six columns are much indented and shattered, and have been partially restored. As the strangers stood upon the weedy ground, beneath the roofless architrave, the wind sighed through the open pillars as it swept from the hills. A flock of goats were ruminating upon the slope which declined from the front of the building, and scores of birds, disturbed by the intrusion, fluttered and wailed above their heads.

DRUIDICAL REMAINS.

In the mountains of Ardes, some very curious remains of Druidical worship have been found. The spot is very wild, and is supposed to have been the site of a forest now destroyed. On digging below the grass, a layer of charcoal, mixed with a pounded vitrified substance, presented itself, in the midst of which was buried an urn, containing a second, also vitrified, and of a square form, in which were placed those fragments of bones which were not consumed by fire. Round this vase, and at equal distances, are three lamps. Within the excavation are fragments of vases of different forms, resembling the most beautiful Roman pottery.

MISS TREE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

WRITTEN BY EFES SARGENT.

(Delivered at Park Theater, Friday Evening, June 14.)

THE curtain falls. Closed is the drama's page.
Why lingers Beatrice upon the stage ?
Away, illusion ! all is real here ;
The sigh is faithful and the grief sincere !
No mimic passion, no pretended wo,
Into my lips their borrowed ardor throw :
Should utterance tremble, should the tear-drop start,
Oh, do not doubt, its fount is in the heart !
Friends, I have prov'd you ! Three swift years have pass'd
Since on your shores a pilgrim I was cast :
And if some anxious fears were mine at first,
How on my soul your liberal welcome burst !
Ye cheered my steps ; ye took me by the hand ;
I was no more a stranger in the land.
A stranger, why ? On every side I heard
My native accents in each spoken word ;
And all the greetings which my toil beguiled
Were from the ' well of English undefiled.'
The mighty poet whose creation bright
With reverence I've personified to-night—
Did I not find his memory and his strains
Here as familiar as on Stratford's plains ?
Your sires and his co-patriots were the same,
And do ye not with us partake his fame ?
Ah ! as the loiterer by some pleasant way,
Though Duty cry ' Begone ! ' would fain delay—
Review the prospect beautiful—retrace
Each glimpse of sunshine, each peculiar grace—
So would I linger, so would I forget
It is, alas ! to part that we have met.
Yet, ere I go, desponding Memory asks,
Is this the last of my too happy tasks ?
Shall I no more a scene like this behold,
Nor tread these boards, in your approval bold ?
Those plaudits, which yet echo in mine ear,
Are they the last from you that I may hear ?
Too strong the chance that it must e'en be so :
Fate answers ' Aye ! ' but, ah ! Hope whispers ' No ! '
And yet, though mute the voice, though past the scene,
Though tempests roar, and oceans roll between,
Whatever hues may mark my future lot,
Still let me dream I am not all forgot !
That SHAKESPEARE's fair abstractions may restore
A thought of her who once their honors bore ;
That TALFOURD's pages, KNOWLES's tragic art,
Some memory of the actress may impart :
A look, a tone, a not ungrateful smile,
Let me believe, though vain it be the while !
But the night hastens, and the time draws near ;
Why do I still superfluous linger here ?
Ah ! never yet so difficult a part
Tasked all my powers and filled my beating heart.
I cannot speak the thoughts my soul that swell—
I can but say, Friends ! Kindred ! Fare you well !

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

WE publish on our first page, at the request of a friend, a very interesting article* from the London Quarterly Review in relation to the restoration of the Jewish people to their ancient possessions and government in the Holy Land. The article unites to some political speculations, much of that religious feeling and hope of conversion to Christianity which are inseparable from a consideration of this important subject, and which must, more or less, mingle itself in the discussion of a question so powerfully interesting to all the nations of the earth. We have been for some time of opinion, that political events in the East were taking that direction, which in the progress of time, and that at no remote period, would require the intervention of some new and powerful nation, to check the advances of Russia towards the Persian dominions—to protect the British possessions in India, and divert the current of trade through shorter and more direct channels—to interpose or mediate between the despotic and fierce conflicts now carrying on by the Sultan of Turkey and the Pacha of Egypt—to open the old ports on the Syrian coast of the Mediterranean, and revive their former commerce—to retrieve the long neglected agricultural districts of Syria—to adopt valuable and important projects of internal improvement, connecting the maritime ports with the embouchments of the Red Sea, by means of Rail Roads over the level plain, improve the navigation of the Nile and the Euphrates, and infuse new energies into that once powerful and always deeply interesting country, by means of capital, protection, mild, and equitable laws, and a just, liberal and tolerant government. To accomplish these important objects, the attention of all nations is about to be directed to the Jewish people, so long and so faithfully protected by the Almighty—so long and so unjustly persecuted by man. It is, therefore, with calm philosophy, and not with religious zeal, that we propose to examine into the practicability and feasibility of the project; to look at it with the eye of a politician, not with the enthusiasm of a zealot; to calculate from fixed principles what can be done in the furtherance of this important object, not

what we wish or hope to have done, or to see accomplished. It is, indeed, a subject which few men of any religion dare trust themselves to discuss freely, for all religions, Jewish, Christian and Moslem, have a deep and abiding interest in the restoration of the Jewish nation, which, in time, must extend its benign influence in fulfilling the destinies of this people, even among the untold millions of Pagans who yet inhabit the East.

The Holy Land, so called, or Syria proper, contains very little more than 50,000 square miles of tillable ground, part of which is mountainous, and part rich valleys, producing abundance of grain, vine, mulberry, fruits of all kinds, tobacco, olives, &c. &c., and can, if properly cultivated, supply two or three millions of people with grain and cattle. If the country is made to embrace, as it would be in time, the ancient Syria, which comprised Phenicia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Babylon and Assyria, a vast accession of territory would be thereby secured. The sea ports, however, which are of the most importance, are but few in number, and possess but indifferent roadsteads: Alexandria or Scanderoon, Tripoli, Bairout, Saida, Sur, Acre and Jaffa. Sur, or Sour, was the ancient and celebrated Tyre,—a port which, with some expense and trouble, may again be made into a great commercial metropolis, being but eighty miles from Jerusalem; and Jaffa, a port capable of great improvement, being but thirty-four miles from the Holy City. Independent of the commerce and manufactures of that country, including silks and cotton stuffs, wool, leather, soap, arms, drugs, &c. &c., the great commercial advantages arising from Syria being in possession of an enterprising people, would be the adoption of a system of internal improvements, for the establishment of what is called the overland trade to India, or rather to save the delay and expense of doubling the Cape of Good Hope, by reviving the great ancient channel of commerce through the Red Sea. From the Mediterranean to Suez is but sixty miles, over an entire level country, requiring no grading, and which by rail road may be reached in a few hours. From Suez to the Straits of Babelmandel down the Red Sea, is but fourteen hundred miles—the navigation of which can be rendered safe by new surveys, having Mocha and several other ports easy of access, and so into the Indian Ocean. The whole commerce of India, therefore, entering the Red Sea, can be con-

*The same contained in the July number of the *Hesperian*.

veyed by steam or tow-boats in twelve days to Suez, and in one day by rail-road to the Mediterranean, and by steam to England in twenty-five days, making the trip from Bombay to England by sea in forty-five days, and to Italy and France in thirty-five. This rapidity of communication, established and maintained by a commercial and enterprising people, would forever secure the possession of India to England, and at the same time greatly reduce the expense of vast armies, now deemed indispensable, as a check upon rebellious subjects—the encroachments also of the Persians and the never-tiring intrigues of Russia. The revival of trade from the opening of the Syrian ports would greatly benefit the commerce of France; while the Sultan on the one side and the Pacha of Egypt on the other, animated by these new enterprises, would unite their energies and resources in carrying out the march of civilization in European and Asiatic Turkey. Such are the political considerations and projects of immediate interest, which would justify the two great maritime powers of Europe, England and France, in taking measures to effect the sale of that territory to the Jews, and securing to them by treaty, the occupancy and peaceful possession of their ancient heritage.

In the formation of new communities and the organization of new governments, many years must elapse before society can be modelled on pure principles, and men of character and talent brought into the administration of public affairs. Thus, on the delivery of Greece, the world looked in vain for the wisdom of Socrates, or the patriotism of Epaminondas. All new communities must of necessity be undisciplined in the science of government, and not readily restrained by the restrictions and obligation of law; time only, with its mellow influence, and the influence also of good example, can incline the people to carry out the great principles which give rank and character to nations of the earth. This, however, does not apply to the Jews. Cut off, as they have been for so many centuries, from the administration of government, and scattered in every region throughout the world, when the Trumpet is again heard on Zion, no wild, savage, or reckless body of men, will assemble in the City of David. Europe and Asia will send forth from this people a most powerful confederacy of eminent men,—combining more wealth,

learning, character, sagacity and enterprise, than any nation on the face of the earth. The *materials* of a first rate army, in officers and men, from every part of the continent; statesmen, politicians, and capitalists, from England; artists and men of science from France and Italy; eminent physicians, theologians, doctors of laws, professors, artisans, and manufacturers from Holland and Germany; and agriculturalists from Poland, the Ukraine, Wallachia, the Danube, and the Dneiper. Every occupation and pursuit, together with intelligent and enterprising merchants, and immense pecuniary resources, can, and will no doubt be brought to bear on the reorganization of the Jewish government.—All may not go to the promised land; all may not wish to go, or may not have the will or power to go; but all will feel an interest in contributing their portion to the restoration of Israel; all will rejoice wherever they may be located, at hearing that the flag of their country once more floats on the walls of Jerusalem.

But how is this great and desirable event to be brought about? We answer at once, not by the Jews, but by the Christian powers. The learned, and particularly pious Jews, deem it sinful to anticipate the period by any movement of their own, when it shall please the Almighty to fulfil his promise of restoration; they rely on miracles, probably without reflecting that God works by human agents, that he disposes of events, and inclines the hearts of men to certain actions, which when taken up and carried out in their spirit, work the very miracles long promised and most desirable. The Jews, therefore, can only co-operate, the Christians must act as pioneers in the great work, and they owe this debt to the Jews;—they owe it for all their sufferings and persecutions for centuries before the reformation; they owe it in return for their preservation of the scriptures—the hope and consolation of religion; they owe it to them in the fulfilment of all the promises made to the ancient and chosen people;—they owe it to the character of Him who came, as is said, “to fulfil the law.” Every where we see societies and communities established to effect some good objects, temperance and reform societies; but as yet, no society has been established among Christians for the Restoration of the Jews.—South America is free—Greece is liberated—the negroes are emancipated—Christianity has almost

exhausted its resources in seeking for good objects in carrying out the principles of faith; and yet the eye has not been directed to the remnant of Israel—the deservedly favored people of Almighty God—the nation that stands like a lofty pillar amid the ruins of empires. The time approaches for action—this country, ever foremost in good works, can do much to incline the governments of Europe to favor the project of the restoration of the Jews, by encouraging the Pacha of Egypt and the Sultan to consent to a transfer of that territory for a stipulated and liberal price, by which the Jewish nation may peaceably occupy their former possessions without the shedding of one drop of human blood. But this must be done separate and apart from any conditions of evangelizing or conversion.—*New-York Star.*

THE THEORY OF DREAMS.

BY A LADY OF NEW-YORK.

I HAVE been, as the Quakers say, very much exercised on the subject of dreaming, and of late years have carefully watched the whole process. That is—my attention has been directed to the period when dreaming commences, and when it ends. This investigation has resulted in an entire belief that we never *dream* in the common sense of the word, but that there is a twilight consciousness, tapering off from vivid thought to complete oblivion.

During a protracted convalescence, I had ample time to investigate this curious phenomenon, and I became so morbidly acute, that I could recall the last thought of consciousness ere judgment ceased to act. I perceived that the slightest noise in the middle of the night aroused me to consciousness again, and during the period of my first arousing, to complete awakening, a period of not more than twenty seconds, I have dreamed strange and often affecting incidents.

I know, from various circumstances, that the period of dreaming these fancies did not exceed the time specified, and we know likewise that there are many cases on record where the events of years have passed before the mind in the space of a few seconds. I would adduce the beautiful illustrative story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, as a proof that this fact was not unknown to the Orientals, did I not fear to be told that the

whole work was marvellous and meant so to be.

One of my sisters in her early married life used to compare chancery bills with her husband—he was then clerk in chancery. It became at length quite mechanical, and she could read aloud without much mental effort. One morning, while reading a very long bill, and, of course, very much fatigued, she dropped asleep and dreamed that she prepared a large supper and invited many guests to meet a friend of theirs who had just come from abroad. She attended personally to every part of the business, saw the table laid, the supper paraded on, and the guests waiting around, but the one for whom it was intended, did not come. At length, after much fretting and fears of the supper getting cold, and the guests impatient, the door opened and their friend appeared. "Oh Mr. D." said she, "how long you have kept us waiting!"—"What do you say?" said her husband.—"Oh, bless me," said she, "I have been dreaming; I really have been asleep."—"That could not be," said he, "for you have gone on reading correctly and never stopped till you made that exclamation!"

Now all this dreaming could only have occupied a second or two, and yet it appeared to her of several hours' duration. Only consider that in our waking moments what a vast deal of ground we can travel over, and how many incidents can be crowded in the space of a few seconds. We can cross the Atlantic, with many glimpses of the terrors of the sea—go through London—the tower—the palace—see numberless strange people, and actually feel all the emotion that we should feel in reality, were those things present. If judgment did not stand at the portals and keep us from wandering too far—that is—if judgment *glumbed at its post*, we should still go across the Atlantic and see strange and curious things, but they would be all jumbled together, topsy turvy—and this would be what is called dreaming.

Having therefore satisfied myself that to *dream* is merely to *think* without the supervision of the *regulating* faculty of the mind—judgment—all that is mysterious and perplexing in this strange state of our being, has ceased to be a cause of such intense wonder to me.

Judgment—for I shall not enter into the question of its collateral aids, the reflective

or retrospective powers—is the guardian and perpetual adviser of all the faculties of the mind. It watches over them in this grave and playful mood, and conducts them to *definite* if not to safe conclusions. It occupies the central point of the sanctum sanctorum, and with its single eye it regulates the whole mental machinery, keeping up the unities and properties.

Any one of the least observation must be aware of the continual demands upon the organs of comparison, and upon that faculty which is called judgment. Quickly as our thoughts are formed into opinions and resolutions—eventuating in immediate action—such as the turning of the eye, the lifting of the finger—we perceive that they have undergone a rigorous examination; we feel within us that there has been a debate among the faculties, and that one of them has influenced us to act.

We do not, to be sure, always decide according to the dictates of our reasoning powers, but *that* is not the question at present. I am merely speaking of judgment; and it may be either good or bad according to the received opinions of the society in which an individual moves. Whatever we decide to *do* or to *omit*, it is this faculty which directs us, be it right or wrong. It is incorrect to say that a man acts contrary to his judgment when he commits arson, or murder; he certainly deemed it convenient to commit crime; he therefore did it, but it was his judgment that decided the question. When a man commits himself actually to the dictates of mere judgment, if his purpose is murder, it is not to decide whether he shall commit murder, but what is the *safest* way of doing it. If he consults his judgment as to the *right* or *wrong* of the act, judgment will decide for him that it is *wrong*, for judgment is dependent on the progress of civilization and conventional rules.

As this faculty is so vigilant and is always exercising its powers during consciousness, it follows that the muscles, nerves and membranes of the brain, where it is especially located, must sometimes want repose, relief from tension. Nature therefore has provided a scheme by which this relief can be obtained, and a few hours suspension from its arduous labors—I mean the labors of the *locale*—will renew the gasses and fluids, and thus refresh the organ which was exhausted by incessant action.

But though the *judgment*, including its material adjuncts—for we must speak of spirit and matter conjointly—requires this suspension of labor, this renewal of the secretions, in order that the equilibrium may be restored; the imaginative faculties, not having any responsibility either of thought or action, are not in such a complete state of exhaustion, and can therefore exert their powers for a much longer period. Like children and weak and inefficient persons, they run riot and commit a thousand extravagances, throwing everything into utter confusion and into incongruous heaps, the instant their guide leaves them to their own fancies.

The moment that judgment succumbs to the wants of nature—the *moment she falls asleep*—the irresponsible faculties then make erratic excursions and perform acts, or rather suggest fancies which the *method* of judgment would condemn. For, notwithstanding that arson and murder, in the waking moments, and when the system is in perfect health, bear the evidence of insanity, yet judgment has exercised its power and has decided on the proper course to effect the purposes intended. Judgment is the slave of the lamp and must obey when called upon, but it is not responsible for the *kind* of action on which it is to decide.

When judgment is on the alert, all the unities are observed, but when it is compelled to relax by the exinanition of those material parts on which alone its acts are convertible to use, then we cannot depend on the various combinations which the *will* allows us to conjure up. In the variety of phantasmagoria which succeed each other, we find that there is no consecutive arrangement, no unity, no regular chain, not even association of ideas in its true sense. But when the judgment is broad awake, we may in a reverie, or *brown study*, fancy things equally strange, and build castles in the air, but there is always philosophy at the bottom of these speculations.

This master slave of the mental powers only acts therefore when the *materiale* by which means it operates is energetic and in a state of eucrosy. But when the unities are *not* preserved, we must infer that there is some morbid, preternatural excitement in the parts—such as produce insanity—or such as produce entire relaxation as when we are in a state of sleep. In the former case there is no *regular* work done, either

mentally or bodily, being all random thoughts and actions for which the judgment is not responsible, *for it is not present*; and in the latter case, also, that faculty *being at rest*, there is *no work done at all*, either by the mental or bodily powers. There is in complete sleep a suspension of *all* but the mere vitality of being—a paralysis—total unconsciousness.

In what consists the difference between our *day* and night dreams? To be sure, we call the former *thoughts* and the latter *dreams*, but those are distinctions without a difference as to the complexion of both. Even in our *day* dreams, how difficult it is with the most resolute intentions to keep the thoughts in connective progression. We ~~set~~ ourselves to think of a house which we intend to build; we begin at the foundation, and most willingly would we pursue the subject, step by step, until *in our mind's eye* the whole is completed. But before we have finished with the vault, some unfortunate *association of ideas* carries us to the Black-hole of Calcutta—to agony of respiration—to Harvey—to tumors on the skin—to George the fourth—to Dr. Johnson—Westminster Abbey—marble columns—Balbec—La Martine—Napoleon—Marie Antoinette—the horrors of La Vendee—Mary Queen of Scotland—her noble vindicators—the nonsense of trials by jury—and that incongruous anomaly of court-martials in a government like ours. All this passes in rapid succession, at the moment when our thoughts should be condensed to the tame matter-of-fact business of house-planning.

In the above wide range, diversified as it has been, we still observe a connexion; each fact is of the same character and order as when it occurred, and we mingle our horror, our admiration, our wonder and our pity, as each scene is conjured up before us, and we do all this in the right place as if they were in earnest individually occurring at the moment. We perceive, here, that judgment does not halt, or sleep, but that it hurries rapidly along with us, making prodigious leaps to meet us at every strange turn, so that the panorama shall be of just proportions and the perspective correct. But let judgment *go by default*—in other words, let judgment fall asleep, and we shall be one of the sufferers in the *Black-hole*, Dr. Harvey will be the head carpenter of the unbuilt house—George the Fourth our President—Dr. Johnson grinding a barrel organ

—the sad sufferers of La Vendee, will be monkeys dancing to the tunes of the organ—and we shall be looking on without feeling the least surprise.

What are those splendid conceptions of Walter Scott—those delicate, faithful delineations of Miss Austen—that magnificent, nay, tremendous burst of intellect, *Paradise Lost*, but dreams with the preservation of the *Unities*! What is the *Tempest*, that wonderful and beautiful creation of Shakspeare, but a connected dream? Many a bright intellect, in his feverish moments of slumber, has seen a Caliban, a sinking ship, gay and fantastic spirits hovering in the air. Had the membranes, nerves, and muscles of the brain been in a healthy, vigorous state, consciousness would have been on the alert, and judgment then would have enabled us to arrange all these vivid pictures into certainty and fitness, though it might never have equalled the conceptions of Shakspeare.

When the mental faculties rest, or sink into complete sleep, there is, therefore, entire exemption of thought and *consequently* of action—utter oblivion, as in death. The only difference is, that in the latter case the vital spirit can only be resuscitated by the hand of heaven, and in the former, the slightest mechanical effort of sound, or touch, can restore consciousness and judgment.

Many circumstances must combine to secure undisturbed sleep; darkness is the first circumstance, for light is an excitant of a very irritating nature. Even in those regions where for a term there is no night, artificial darkness is procured for repose. Perfect health—quiet—a mind exempt from care—are all essential requisites to peaceful sleep. With all these aids, still we cannot sink into utter forgetfulness if we have used *too much*, or *too little* exercise, for, as I observed, consciousness does not entirely leave us as long as any of the faculties are in action.

There are some phenomena incapable of proof; by reasoning *a priori* we take some for granted and philosophy rests contented. Of this fact, *entire* exemption from dreams is one—for the general belief is, that though we imagine we have not dreamed, yet we may have dreamed and forgotten. *This* we know to a certainty, that the faculties of the brain *require* rest, that if *one* requires it the *whole* may, that they may rest one at a time, or simultaneously. This being granted, we must infer, if *all* are in a state of complete

repose, there can be no dreaming—no thought—either consecutive or disjointed.

The internal termination of the optic nerve is attached to certain portions of the mental machinery. If we press the finger tightly against the inner corner of the eye—one eye is sufficient, for they move, or stop, simultaneously—we shall perceive that the process of thinking cannot be preserved. The slightest motion of the eye enables thought to go on again, but *when the eye is perfectly still*, not even moving the millionth part of an inch, there can neither be a pictorial representation in the mind, nor a regular series of thought. Those who are able—and it requires a nice perception of motion—to keep their eye steady for a few moments, will find that this assertion is correct.

If, therefore, the mere suspension of motion in the extremity of the optic nerve causes a suspension of *day* thought, we may philosophically infer that complete rest in all the mental functions will prevent *night* thoughts, or dreaming; for what are *day* and *night* thoughts but dreams carried on *with* and *without* consciousness and judgment?

The *will*—a distinct faculty from the judgment—is quite as ready to grant permission to the somnambulist to jump out of the window, and to the insane man to cut his own throat, as it is to allow *you*, the sanest of mortals, and always wide awake in the day time, to follow a chain of thought consecutively, which shall carry conviction to court and jury. In *your* case there is euphonic agreement, and your reasoning powers and your judgment go hand in hand; whereas, in the other cases, the imaginative faculties alone are active and still under the influence of the will.

I am sure of one thing—which is, that when I began this letter I never intended to say so much on this little understood question. I shall conclude now, however, by repeating what I have said throughout—that we are forever dreaming unless we have a day-light or twi-light consciousness, and that there is this difference between the two states, in the former we have *judgment* for the master of the ceremonies, who leads us regularly down the contra dance, and in the latter we have an *ignis-fatuus* which whirls us around an odious waltz, sometimes leading us to the tops of glorious mountains, yet oftener decoying us into quagmires, or into a ball-room without shoes or stockings and sometimes half-naked.

You will say—"then you wish to prove that there are no such things as dreams." I certainly do, in the common acceptation of the term dreams. People think it a great marvel to find that crude, wild, fantastic, unconnected fancies, are chasing each other through their brain, and they wonder why it is so. They puzzle themselves to get a clue to some frightfully distracted phantasm, and if in the course of the preceding day they can recollect the most minute circumstance which bears the slightest resemblance to any part of the dream, they are perfectly satisfied. They never stop to inquire how it happens that in our day dreams we so often connect remote impossibilities, and fancy ourselves present with the character of those about whom we are reading. Our faculties are all awake in the latter case and are slumbering in the former.

It may be said that we awaken in a state of much greater terror from a painful dream, than if the same were passing through our mind during the day. This is true, but we do not recollect that at this period we have consciousness, and that our judgment is deciding for us at every step. But frightful scenes *do* pass through the mind, and so vividly, too, that the soul recoils from them as if they were scenes of reality.

Every nerve and muscle in the body requires rest, and it is not at all wonderful that those particularly belonging to the brain should require it as much as those that are more remote. In fact, as volition—or the *will*—judgment—comparison—and all the reasoning powers, are lodged in the brain, that organ whence all motion emanates, requires more complete rest than those denominated bodily organs; and surely when a thing is at rest it cannot act—for action implies motion.

The mere lying in bed all night, even when the body is in perfect health, does not satisfy the wants of nature. It requires that the mental powers shall lie down too. We may lie ever so still, not moving a single muscle of the body, and yet not feel refreshed, if the mind is active. It is a sure sign of functional disturbance if the dreams are prolonged, and if continued through the night it proves that there is still consciousness and that there is but one faculty dormant, that of judgment; therefore those *who* dream through the night complain of being unrefreshed by sleep.—*New-York Mirror*.

THE BALL ROOM.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

"COME, come, Peter, it's no use talking; you and Sally must go to the Birth-Night Ball: there's no two ways about it."

"Why, my dear brother," said Peter Scott, looking at his wife, "I don't suppose it will kill us to go; but you know we were raised to think such things wrong, and though we're neither of us professors of religion yet, I don't like to do what the old folks would not think right if they were living."

"Well, Sally, what's your vote?" said Jacob. "Why, for just this once——" said Sally, and stopped. "What's right once, is right always," said Peter. "Well, may be it is," said his wife, "but what's the harm of dancing a little of an evening at the Bazaar? I vote to go."

"Very good; we'll go, Jacob, only you must introduce us to your Main street friends, for I don't know a single soul that will be there."

"Leave all that to me," replied his brother, and left them.

When Peter and his wife came to look over their wardrobe, and see what clothes of theirs would answer for such an occasion, they found a mournful deficiency; there were work-day clothes in abundance, good jeans, and calicoes, and satinets; there were holy-day suits too, of broadcloth and merino;—but a dress for a ball-room they felt should differ from that which became a Methodist church, and they both owned that it was a shame to throw away so much money—but new apparel must be had. Peter accordingly placed all his cash at his wife's disposal, and bidding her be sparing of it, went to his shop, and to chair-making.

Dresses were bought; new pantaloons for him and a silk vest; for her, more articles, large and small, than any one, save a milliner, could name without counting fingers. Sally was economical, and bought the cheapest of every thing, but still money melted away and disappeared from her purse, as rapidly as if Signor Blitz had been by.

The evening came; the Bazaar Hall, then under the old *regime* of Mons. Guibert, was filled to overflowing. The dances began, and Mrs. Scott, who was pretty and sprightly, and had a natural knack of dancing, though ignorant of the figures, was

quite a belle, and stood up to numberless collusions, and made numberless acquaintances.

The evening passed, and the young wife went home flushed and trembling: never before had her vanity been so appealed to, and attention intoxicated her. The next day was passed in reverie; the dinner was not well cooked, nor the table neatly laid. The next evening passed heavily, and the only relief was, that Jacob came in, and they talked over the Ball, and all who attended it. Jacob told them who were genteel and who were not; who were belles and who were not; he ridiculed this one, and mimicked that one, and sneered at a third, who had been his rival in some small flirtation. Peter listened in silence; he did not like the looks of things, but what could he do, *having taken the step?*

In March the quarterly rent for his shop was due, but his wife had no cash to return him wherewith to pay it. He called on one gentleman who owed him fifty dollars for a side-board, but he was about to give a dinner-party, and needed all he could rake and scrape; another owed him for three bedsteads, forty-five dollars, but he had a note to pay in bank, and money was very scarce: he called on a third who had for six months been in his debt for chairs, tables, etc., to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, but this gentleman had, unluckily, just bought a new span of horses, for which he *must* pay, or he could not secure them. "If you're going by Lippencott's," said he to Peter when he had declined payment, "just call in and see 'em; they're beauties, I do assure ye." Peter returned home penniless.

When rent-day came, he told his landlord the whole story. The worthy man heard him through, and was sorry; "but," said he, "this shop will always command cash-rent; I'll give you ten days grace, and then you must pay or quit." When that man went home, and related the facts to his wife, he added, "I hear he and his bride were at the birth-night ball last month; if he can go there he must pay his rent promptly." "But, my dear," said the lady, "if you turn him out it may injure his credit, and ruin him: why not talk with him, and let him stay, and try to save him if he's growing extravagant?" "I can't help it; if he is ruined, it's his doings, not mine. Business is business; if a man wants help, you know I'm ready to give, as ready as any body; but a tenant must pay up."

"Well," said the good woman, "I don't know much about it, but it always seems to me as if God meant that kindness and benevolence should be exercised in the course of our daily business, and not by way of exception. I can't help thinking that business should be one and the same thing with benevolence, and every act of out-door, mercantile life, an act of Christian justice and Christian charity. You give to those that want, you say; so you do, and why not do it in this case? Scott *wants*,—what? why, kind advice, cheering up, and a little time in the payment of his rent."

"Very good, Betsy," answered the old gentleman, "very good for a woman; but if Scott don't pay in ten days, he must go; I'm sorry for him, but he must go."

The ten days passed; Peter could not pay, and was forced to seek another shop. "Why do you leave your old stand, Scott?" said the first landlord to whom he applied. Peter hesitated a moment, but truth came off triumphant, and he told the inquirer that he had been unable to pay up promptly. "And did the old puritan say that was his reason for breaking with you? Now I happen to know it wa'n't so; it was because you went to the ball of the twenty-second, that he's cut you."

Scott smiled, and said mildly that it was the ball anyhow that had got him into trouble. "But you don't repent going, do you?" said the other.

"No, not altogether," replied the cabinet-maker, who felt that he would be despised if he said "yes."

"It's the only way to enjoy life, my lad," said the other, taking his arm. "Come with me and I'll fit you out with a room."

The man to whom Scott had by chance gone, had been at the ball, and had seen the young mechanic's wife, and being on the instant half inclined to attempt her seduction, for he was one of those soul-murderers who make seduction a pursuit—he now felt as if his master, the devil, had put the opportunity within his reach.

Peter was soon in his new shop, and by the aid of his landlord, thrown into a large and profitable business. His landlord visited him too; invited him to his house, for he was married, and a father; and all seemed bright. "The ball was a good beginning," said Sally.

Weeks passed, and months passed—for it is astonishing how long and how patiently

men labor and wait to accomplish evil purposes; months passed, Scott's business flourished, and his customers increased, and—how natural—his expenses increased too. Visited by such people as now honored their poor rooms, they must have some refreshments for an evening, and Sally found a new silk dress indispensable. Summer brought ice-cream parties, and strawberry parties, and Peter could not resist the invitation of his landlord to ride up the river and roll nine-pins. From rolling nine-pins out of town, the passage was easy to playing billiards in town; and billiards made one so dry, that Scott, before he was aware of it, longed for the hour when he could, in conscience, take a julep.

In June the quarter's rent was due, and Peter had religiously laid by enough to pay it. The day came: he took the sum to his landlord. "Have you more?" said that worthy. "No." "Then let it run another quarter, Scott; and keep this to fit you out for a grand frolic we mean to have up the Little Peter hesitated; but how could he resist Miami." such kindness? With a heavy heart he pocketed the money and went home.

The frolic was had; the money was spent; the servant of Satan felt his prey sure. It was a pleasant July morning, and Scott was busy at his workshop. His landlord told him he wanted a certain job done before night, that he might dine at the nearest hotel, and he would see that his wife was informed why he was absent. Peter said "very good," and worked on. His kind friend, having thus secured his absence from home, went about his work also. It was not noon when he entered Scott's humble house; it was past three when he issued from thence, black with anger and disappointed passion. Before five, Scott, still working at the pressing job of his patron, was arrested for the amount of his rent, and after a short examination of his stock, committed to jail. That night was to his wife one of the deepest agony. A whole new realm of sin and misery *within herself* had been revealed to her; and, in her husband's unaccountable absence, her wits wandered far toward madness.

The next morning a little boy brought this note to her door.

"Your husband is in prison; you can release him; will you?"

Ignorant of our laws, and knowing a prison only as a prelude to death or unimagined

evil, she turned the paper and wrote thereon "Any thing."

Noon came again; the fiend once more sought his victim; he opened the door, and, behold! Scott himself was there, having been bailed from prison. Peter was naturally a mild man, but the mildest at times yield, and become ungovernable. No sooner had Scott, whose frame was seemingly dis-jointed by the tale his wife told him, laid his eye upon the form of his subtle enemy, than his brain and every muscle became filled with blood; his sight failed him; seizing a chair he felled the wretch to the ground, and then leaping upon him, stamp'd and beat, and bit him, till the neighborhood rang with his cries of desperation. A dozen men, rushing in at the sounds, tore Scott from the battered and bruised form of his perfid-ious patron, who was seriously injured. But his wounds and bruises he rejoiced in, for they gave him the means of revenge. Scott was arrested and tried for an assault with an intent to kill. He was convicted upon the presumption that the attack was the result of premeditated malace caused by the arrest for debt, and Peter Scott went to the Penitentiary for three years.

The term of his imprisonment was out early in 1837. He came back to Cincinnati, an off-cast, whom no one would employ, no one associate with. His wife, who had given birth to a child while he lay waiting his trial, and who had afterwards struggled on, broken-hearted, by the help of the Metho-dist benevolent society, was dead when he returned to the world, and her infant was a town-charge. His property was all gone, and he was forgotten. He inquired for Jacob; Jacob had failed and gone to Texas. He asked for his landlord: he was rich and respected—no, not respected, but *respectable*. He went to the house where he had lived; it was a gro-cery, and he drank there till his brain swam. The next day, being wholly destitute and desper-ate, he went aboard a steam-boat as deck-hand, and has not since visited our city.

Was that man ruined by going to one ball, then? No. But he was ruined by do-ing one act contrary to his conscience; by that act he placed himself within the reach of Satan, and fell his victim. It is an awful thought, but a true one, that we cannot, till the last day, measure the consequences of a single wrong act. May God forgive the countless ones that we commit.—*Western Messenger*.

MARY MAGDELENE.

MARY arose from the crimson pillows on which she had been reposing, and approach-ing the window drew back, with a silken rope, the heavy draperies of purple inwrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed with a thoughtful brow out on the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond its walls lay the sea, whose waters reflected back to Heaven the thousand resplendent lights and shadows scattered along the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds, lay the mountains of Judea. Many a shal-lop, richly laden, was gliding over the still waters; some bound outward freighted with rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port bearing treasures of gold and jewels from distant lands; others with costly silks and fine paintings—polished mirrors of steel and silver, and pearls and wrought ivory from the Ionian Isles. The chaunt of the oarsmen, as their oars plashed lazily in the glowing waters, came faintly and sweetly on the ear, and the white sails scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like saffron-tinted clouds. Then came stealing and chirping on the stillness the vesper hymns of the birds, and blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city as the evening mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdelene a something like peace. A band of young and beauteous maidens now tripped along with jars filled from the purest well in the city; then came a crowd of children dancing to the sound of cymbals and lutes, and trailing after them long vines of flowers and interwoven wreaths, and sending out their joyous laughter and sounds of mirth which well accorded with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from these tokens of peace and joy, and leaning her head against a marble pillar, wept. A low sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl just blushing into the morning of life; her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheeks and dyed the lips of her taper fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downwards, and the full red lips just parted enough to reveal two rows of pearl-

like teeth—her exquisitely formed arms and bust, combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair, which fell back from her sad childish forehead and swept the Mosaic pavement, completed the beautiful picture. Mary started as the voice told her her slave had been a witness to her emotion, and raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, while her commanding black eye flashed with anger, exclaimed, "Thou here! away slave! how dost thou dare see me weep?"

The timid voice was stilled and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden a few moments, during which short space, anger, contempt and an expression of mysterious bitterness alternately changed her countenance, the touching and beautiful grief of Addi moved her better spirit and chased away every feeling except pity. "Come hither, Addi—come hither, poor bird. Forgive thy mistress's wayward mood, and sing again—but sing something to lighten my heart, for it is heavy and sad child—sing something to stir the still fountain of its gladness—sing—sing Addi—is not thy cage a gilded one—then, wherefore sad and silent?"

"The star that lighted my path, lady, is gone out. Zimri, the widow's son, is dead!"

"Ha! dead? poor child I pity thee! Yet, Addi, come hither. I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the dead—let it not go out, and leave thy heart, like the waters of that sea whose sullen waves cover those olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory by Jehovah. Thou hast heard of the fruits which grow on its banks?"

"Yea, lady!"

"Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me—yes, Addi, *me*—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within bitterness and ashes!—but hear!"

"Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave—"that sound of grief is the wail of Zimri's mother and kinsmen—they are bearing him past to the grave"—and Addi rushed to the window, and straining her eyes through the misty twilight, saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and over it the bended form of his widowed mother, weeping: and by the torch's light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kinsmen.

"They are coming, lady," she called to Mary, who had thrown herself again on the crimson pillow of her couch—"Oh,

Zimri, is that still form never more to move? Methinks, I see now the smite on his white lips, and the waves of shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady! they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so closely around him that you can see the beauty of his form even in death—ah! why do they stop!—a crowd approaches—who—what—aha! it is the Prophet Jesus and his followers!"

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and throwing back the tresses of long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her, with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Addi, who still, unheeding her mistress's emotion, continued, "He is like one of our mountain palms in his majesty—his brow is like the evening star, and his serene lips drop honey. He approaches the widow—he looks on the tears with eyes of tender pity—he speaks—he raises his face towards Heaven, and reaches forth his hand and lays it on the dead. God of my fathers! the dead?" and with a loud and piercing shriek, she rushed forth into the streets.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking down on the crowd below, saw the youth arising from his bier at the command of Jesus. She saw him, with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moments past was dead and cold. And as the shouts from the assembled people rent the air, many of whom were now willing to believe in and worship Him who had wrought the miracle, he bowed his head meekly on his bosom and gathering the folds of his garment around him, glided noiselessly away from the multitude.

After long hours of abstraction, Mary lifted her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror, folded her arms, and gazed on her image with an expression of scorn and bitterness; anon tears coursed over her flushed cheeks, and her bosom heaved as if some pent-up agony wrung her heart.

"Why art thou weeping?" said a voice near her; "why art thou weeping, Mary?"

"Ha! Phelon?"

"Ay, Phelon," he answered—"Phelon, the king's son, who abides here in the common garb of a publican, to be near thee."

"Go to thy father's palace again, Phe-

lon," answered Mary, sadly, without turning to look on the beautiful youth, with his brown curling hair and dark blue eyes, which gazed with incredulous wonder on her.

"Mary," said he, "thou art angered with me; I come but to bring a parting gift, Mary. My father is wroth against me because I am not at the head of the soldiery, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence; but I will go out of the city to-night, while he sleepeth, and ere the first watches of the morning, Phelon will be on his war-horse with helm and battle spear and plume, ready for the fight."

Her lips quivered and paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive as she replied—"Go, Phelon! thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and verily have I loved thee; but go! I pray never more to see that face again—I pray never more to hear the words of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again—I have sinned—go from me."

He looked steadfastly and sternly on her while she spoke, and with a searching glance, said, "Hast thou seen the Nazarine who calleth himself Jesus?"

"I have," she answered calmly; "and to-morrow, while thou art going to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at his feet."

Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his iron heel, replied:

"Look on my gift, Mary"—and he laid an exquisitely wrought casket at her feet. The light from the scented lamp which threw upward delicious odors from its silver pedestal, shone down on the interior of the casket, and glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein, in many-hued sparkles of brilliance. There was also an alabaster box set round with jewels, which contained spikenard and ointment, such as queens used.

"Hence, tempter," she shrieked; "hence! or I will send thy name out on the ears of the sleepers of Nain like tenfold thunder. Hence, I say, for the devils which tear my soul are raving within me."

Unaccustomed to her strange mood, he left the apartment hastily. She threw herself prostrate on the floor and pressed her burning forehead against the cold marble, and writhed and wept, and sorrowed mightily, for mightily had the Magdalene sinned. When she arose from her humble posture,

it was past the middle watch of the night, and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent, save the watch cry of the sentinel as he passed the wall, and the occasional clamor of his armor as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear. The rippling of gentle waves on the distant sea came singing past, mingled with scented winds, which had been sleeping through the day amid orange groves and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber or rest. A costly robe of crimson, confined around the waist by a girdle inwrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her voluptuous form, and the long black braids of hair which, when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, were gathered up in plaits and curls, and secured by bodkins of gold, and strings of rubies and pearls. Her arms, bared almost to the shoulders, were entwined with links, precious stones and silver; and as she paced with a rapid step to-and-fro the apartment, the constant glitter of her feet displayed a costly taste in her sandals, which were embroidered with tiny pearls and gems, and fastened by clasps of highly polished silver. She looked out on the heavens—peaceful and bright in their glory of azure and silver—then scanned with a restless eye the calm landscape below—all were at rest, the very dogs had ceased baying at the moon, and were slumbering quietly in their chains. She turned and gazed round her apartment—the singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble laver, and trickled down its sides with a ringing sound. Addi, the beautiful one, was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over the roses of her smiling cheek. No where that she turned could Mary see or hear aught to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp, and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled, and her hand fell along the chords, and crushed the music; that was thrown aside, and crossing her hands over her bosom, she lifted her now palid face, and closing her eyes as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like some breathless statue, awaiting the touch of Promethean fires to start it into life: but soon her breast began to heave, and her white ghastly teeth

were pressed on her lips until the red blood gushed from beneath them—she threw her arms on high, and with a cry of anguish cast herself on her knees in all the despairing sorrow of a repentance like hers. She tore from her hair the gems which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewelry, until the floor was strewn with its rich contents, and beat her bosom in her agony, and sprinkled ashes on her head, and wept tears such as had never welled up from heart before.

Addi, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees, and comprehending well, from her expressions, the cause of her woe, exclaimed—"Go to Him, lady—go to Him who raised the dead!"

"And wherefore, O maiden, should I, the sinful, go to him?"

"Oh lady! if the sleeper in the shadow of death heareth His voice, *thy* spirit can hear it—and to hear it, is to live."

The mild and consoling words of Addi, as she told of what she had seen and heard at the raising of the widow's son and of what the disciples preached daily, soothed Mary's troubled spirit; and something like hope of eventual peace sprung up in her heart; and she laid her head gradually on the bosom of her hand maiden, who clasped her beauteous arms around her, and laid her cool, innocent cheek on the burning, throbbing brow of Mary. And thus the two sat—one breathing hopes of forgiveness, the other listening as if life hung on each word, until day began to dawn behind the blue hills.

On that day while the Master sat at meat, with Simon, a rich and learned Pharisee of Nain, a woman came and knelt at his feet, and bending her veiled head low to the floor, watered them with her tears, and unbinding her hair, wiped them with the heavy shining curls, then kissed his feet, and annointed them with ointment, the perfume of which filled the vast room. And He knew that she was a sinner who thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, and said—"Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—thy faith has saved thee—go in peace."

Mary Magdalene was no more seen in Nain. After kneeling at the Savior's feet, and hearing his assurance of forgiveness, she sold her gold and silver, and gems, and

gave much goods to the poor. She was no more seen in Nain in the flushed glory of her beauty, but went forth alone into the wilderness; and in the solemnitude of its silence, raised an altar to Him who had forgiven her sins.—*Lady's Book.*

MR. INKLIN;

OR, THE MAN OF LEISURE.

BY MRS. GILMAN.

MRS. SHERIDAN, a happy wife and mother, having concluded the bustle of a housekeeper's morning, ascended to her bed-room with the agreeable consciousness of a neat parlor and pantry, and commenced the important business of cutting out a piece of linen. The smooth surface of a well made bed was appropriated to this somewhat intricate process, on which, humble as it seems, the happiness of one's husband greatly depends. There is scarcely a more forlorn or pitiable object in the universe, than a man, who putting on a new shirt perceives some radical defect, with the awful consciousness that nine, fifteen or twenty more, are cut upon the same pattern. It so happened that Mr. Sheridan had detected, almost with complacency, the incipient decay of a set of shirts that had kept his neck as in a vice for a year and a half, and with many injunctions to his wife to be merciful, had purchased a piece of new linen.

Mrs. Sheridan began her work with a light heart, and humming a low tune, placed the various pieces on different parts of the bed in the most systematic manner. It is delightful to *create*; and the humble evolutions of the needle and scissors have healed many a wounded heart; but to *work* for those we love, gives an added charm to this seemingly humble employment. Mrs. Sheridan, when tripping lightly round the bed to the growing tumuli of gussets, wristbands, etc., looked back to her life of placid duty, where even the clouds that had sometimes shaded her path were tinged with the light of love and hope.

She had not advanced far in the progress of her work, when a ring at the door-bell was heard, and a visiter announced. She smoothed down the border of her pretty morning cap, and with a sorrowful parting

glance at the bed, descended to the parlor.

The visitor was Mr. Inklin, a broken merchant, who had contrived to save just enough for his support without energy to strike into new plans, though it was his intention to enter upon some occupation at a future day. Mr. Inklin had no gift in conversation; his voice was an anodyne, and his sleepy eyes seemed wandering to the ends of the earth. Nothing is so chilling in conversation as an unanswering eye. Besides this unfixed look, he kept up perpetually a grunting kind of affirmative which destroyed the hope that a difference of opinion might stimulate his ideas. He dressed well, and made great use of his watch key. Most men of leisure do.

The man of leisure sat down composedly, remarking that the day was fine.

Mrs. Sheridan assented, and tried to recollect if she had stuck a pin as a guide where she had drawn the last thread in the linen.

Mr. Inklin enlarged upon the weather. "It had been warm," he asserted, "perhaps warmer than it was that time twelve-month. Warm weather agreed with him. He thought it might last a few days longer—it was apt to in June."

Mrs. Sheridan looked towards him as he spoke, but it was silently to observe that his shirt collar was more pointed than Mr. Sheridan's.

"You have a quiet time," said the man of leisure, "with the children at school."

"Yes, sir, very quiet," said Mrs. Sheridan, falling into a reverie, as she thought how well it was adapted to cutting out shirts.

Mr. Inklin went through the common-place matter of morning visitors, with many a resting place between, until he remarked that "the wind was raising." Mrs. Sheridan had observed it too, with a feeling of dismay at the prospect of the commingling of all her shirt elements.

The man of leisure staid an hour, (he liked a morning visit one hour long,) and then exclaiming, as the hand of his watch turned the expected point, "bless my soul! past twelve o'clock!" made his bow and departed.

Mrs. Sheridan went to her chamber. The wind was whirling neck, sleeve and flap gussets in unceremonious heaps; and collars, wristband and facings were dancing in eddies on the floor. In her agitation she

lost the important boundary pin, and an error occurred in her calculations. The shirts were made, but for eighteen months her husband never took one from his drawer but with a nervous shudder or a suppressed execration.

THE MAN OF LEISURE IN A COUNTING-HOUSE.

The man of leisure next visited the counting-room of B—— and Co., and socially seating himself on a barrel, hoped he should not prevent the head clerk, who was his acquaintance, from writing.

"Not at all," said the polite clerk, putting his pen behind his ear with a constrained air.

"Pray don't stop on my account," said Mr. Inklin, with a patronizing smile.

The clerk returned to his accounts and letters, while the man of leisure described, with somewhat more animation than usual, some herring he had eaten for breakfast. The clerk made an error in a figure, which cost Messrs. B—— and Co. one week to rectify; and one of the correspondents of the firm was shortly after surprised with the announcement by letter, that an hundred bales of *pickled herring* would shortly be forwarded to order.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND HIS MINISTER.

It was Saturday night, and the Rev. Dr. Ingram sat in his study with his sheets before him, commentators and lexicons around him, and well mended pen in hand, when the man of leisure was announced. He entered slowly and almost diffidently, so that the compression of the Doctor's brow produced by the interruption gave way to an open smile of encouragement. I have mentioned that Mr. Inklin was taciturn, and not only that, but that he threw an opiate over the minds of his associates—there were long pauses in that long hour, and the good words of the clergyman fell on barren ground. At length Mr. Inklin arose, saying, "I fear I have broken the thread of your argument, sir." And broken it was. Dr. Ingram retouched the nib of his pen, listlessly turned the pages of Clark, Rosenmueller, Grotius; etc., rubbed his forehead, took two or three turns across the room, and threw himself on a seat in despair. The impetus was gone—the argument was frittered away; he stole off to

bed, and dreamed that a thirty-two pounder was resting on his chest, with the man of leisure surmounting it.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE POLITICIAN.

As Mr. Inklin was walking the next morning, with his usual measured step, his arm was touched by a serious looking gentleman with spectacles.

"Fine weather," said the gentleman in specs.

"Uncommon fine," said the man of leisure; "nine more days of fair weather this month than the last.

"By the way, my dear sir," said the gentleman in specs, "I must not forget to tell you that * * * has set up an opposing claim to the office for which I am a candidate. My friends have calculated closely, and it is ascertained that a very few votes will turn the scale in my favor. May I hope for aid at the election to-morrow?" As the man in specs concluded, he cast a slightly inquisitorial glance on the somewhat worn-through, well-brushed suit of Mr. Inklin.

"Assuredly, my dear sir," said the man of leisure, with a patronizing air. "I will make it my especial business to attend to your interests."

Crowds pressed to the polls on the following day, at the appointed hour. The man in specs was there, smiling benignly. The opposing candidate was announced as elected by a majority of *one*.

As the man in specs walked home, he met Mr. Inklin coming with a more rapid pace than usual, followed by two men in ragged jackets.

"Hope I am not too late with my friends," said the man of leisure.

The politician's lip moved, and he "grinned ghastly." His words were inaudible, but his thoughts were, "Wear your old coat and be hanged."

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND HIS LAUNDRESS.

"PLEASE your honor," said the laundress, as she laid two nicely bleached shirts, neck-cloths, and pocket-handkerchiefs on Mr. Inklin's dressing table, "ye are owing for three months, and the soap and the starch and firing runs up a heap, and my good man Patrick that should be a help lying with his broken *shoulder*, and the

landlord seeking his rent, and me not able to tell which side to look, and poor Patrick to be turned out of doors for no crime at all, if you please, sir."

"O, really, yes; I remember hearing of Patrick's fall. A very clever fellow that husband of yours. Here are two dollars, and I will give you the remaining trifle next week."

"Trifle!" said the laundress, counting on her fingers the amount of twelve dollars due, as she left the room, "that's a trifle to some as is n't to others."

Two days after, while the man of leisure was fastening a paste brooch in his smoothly folded shirt bosom, poor Patrick was borne to the work-house for a shelter.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND A PRETTY GIRL.

THE man of leisure called on Miss Emma Roberts, a pretty blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear-starching. Talk about the trials of men! What have they to annoy them in comparison with the mysteries of clear-starching; alas, how seldom clear! Emma was going on in full tide of success, indulging in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye, as she drew out the edge of a *fichu*, or clapped it with her small hands, as if they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at this collar last Sunday: I wonder if he liked it," thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of the morning robe on her bosom. Just then the door-bell sounded, and the man of leisure walked into the sitting-room, where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing irons, etc., had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an at-home air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her starched fingers, and saying, "take a seat, sir," suspended her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold and the irons were overheated. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma, rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardor; her clapping was feeble as the applause to an unpopular orator; she burnt

her fingers, her face became flushed—and by the time the man of leisure had sitten out his hour, a grey hue had settled over her muslins, and an indelible smutch disfigured Harry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Harry Bertram. It was no influence of coquetry—but Emma rallied her powers and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry, a modest youth, thrown somewhat into the shade by the veteran visiter, who outstaid him. Harry, who was not a man of leisure, could not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin had dropt in before him, and was twirling his watch-key, with his cold wandering eyes and everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for whom? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work-box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and bade good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man, but he was prepossessed, and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat, looking privileged, because he was a man of leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not limit his evening calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed-room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror showed such bright cheeks that it stopped the tears, and she fell into a passion. She tied her night-cap into a hard knot, and broke the string in a pet,

"Harry Bertram is a fool," said she, "to let that stick of a man keep him from me. I wish I could change places with him,"—and sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot and heaved some deep sighs.

The man of leisure just called in twice a week, for three months. Report was busy—Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl, and was accepted. Emma's bright cheeks faded, her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer heard in its gay carol from stair to stair. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Mr. Inklin continued to "drop in," his heart was a little love-touched, but then there was "time enough."

One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The man of leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away; and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin started; and rushing to her own apartment, the china rang in the closet as she slammed the door. Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and smiled again, but she never married, nor ever destroyed a little flower that Harry Bertram gave her when it was right for her to love and hope. The man of leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

"You 'LL please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me, yesterday?" said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer. "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"God help my poor mother," murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, *three meals*!—and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place,

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul to brush my coat."

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to dissappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C——'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing; "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar!

THE MAN OF LEISURE ON A DEATH-BED.

MR. INKLIN was taken ill. He had said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it. His minister hastened to him and spake to him of eternal truths. With parched lips he bade him come to-morrow. That night the man of leisure died.—*Southern Rose.*

TRUE WORTH.

WHATEVER external advantages a man may have, yet if he be not endowed with virtuous qualities, he is far from having any true worth or excellence, and consequently cannot be a fit object of our praise and esteem; because he wants that which should make him perfect and good in his kind. For it is not a comely personage, or a long race of famous ancestors, or a large revenue, or a multitude of servants, or many swelling titles, or any other things without a man, that speak him a complete man, or make him to be what he should be; but the right use of his reason, the employing his liberty and choice to the best purposes, the exercising his power and faculties about the fittest objects, and the most due measures; these are the things that make him excellent. Now none can be said to do this, but only he that is virtuous.—*Sharp, Archbishop of York.*

WOMEN OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"What is genius but deep feeling,
Wakening to glorious revealing?
And what is feeling but to be
Alive to every misery?"—*L. E. L.*

"I REVERE talent in any form," said a young friend in conversation, the other evening, "but, in selecting a wife, I should never think of choosing a woman of genius?"

"And why not?" I inquired, expecting to hear him advance the usual list of objections to literary women: their want of domestic habits, eccentricities, carelessness of fashion—and the thousand unjust charges urged against a class of women as little understood as any upon the face of the earth. My friend was a man of no inconsiderable talent, and from him the sentiment seemed strange and ungenerous. It was probably the first time that he had ever been called upon to think seriously upon the subject. He seemed puzzled how to make a fitting reply.

"Why," said he, after a moment's hesitation, "my *beau ideal* is somewhat like that of Byron. My wife should have talent enough to be able to understand and value mine, but not sufficient to be able to shine herself. I could never love a woman who was entirely occupied with literature. I want feeling—affection—devotion to myself—a domestic woman, who would think my approbation sufficient for her happiness, and would have no desire for greater admiration. I could never be happy with an ambitious woman."

On my return home, the injustice of my friend's speech haunted me. He wanted feeling, affection, domestic qualities, in a wife, and, *therefore*, would not seek one in a woman of genius. Byron's *beau ideal* was as purely a creature of the imagination as his Haidee or Zuleika. He seems to have forgotten that to understand and value talent is one of the highest attributes of genius—that no person ever thoroughly appreciated a feeling or a property of the intellect which she did not possess in a degree, at least. A less selfish man, instead of requiring mediocrity and a worshipper in the place of a companion, would only have wished that the beautiful delicacy which nature has implanted in the female mind to chasten and refine her genius, should be pre-

served, and that in her pursuits and feelings she should be *womanly* and true to her sex.

Pen and paper lay convenient, and in fancy I went on discoursing and putting questions, as if the culprit had been present in person.

Have you been thoroughly acquainted with a woman of undoubted genius—one who stands high in any department of our literature? Have you been domesticated with one—seen her at all seasons—entered into the sanctuary of her thoughts? Have you been the brother, husband, father, or even friend of one?

You say No, and yet without knowledge decide that they are not fit objects of domestic affection; that because certain uncommon powers are granted to them by the Most High for his own good purpose, the common attributes which form the loveliness and beauty of womanhood are withheld. You would hedge them round with respect and reverence, and yet fear to give them the affection which is to none more precious, by none more thirsted for or more keenly appreciated. You would smother the spark which must kindle all that is worthy of love in the genius of woman. You would build to her an altar of marble, cold as the grave, and bow down your intellect before it in the homage which mind renders to mind, without one thought that beneath her mental wealth are affections in proportionate strength, which gush up at the call of sympathy, and tinge the mind with hues of beauty, as the sun forms a rainbow by weaving its light among the waterdrops of a summer shower. Deep and sensitive feelings alone give that delicacy and pathos which will ever distinguish the creations of a truly feminine author from those of men. The very word genius comprehends all that makes the loveliness of woman. It signifies but the power to feel, deeply combined with an intellect capable of embodying feelings into language, and of conveying images of truth and beauty from the heart of the writer to the heart of the reader.

Why, then, should you refuse to gather the mantle of domestic love about the woman of genius?

Ambitious, are they? Else why do they write—why publish?

Why do they write? Why does the bird sing, but that its little heart is gushing over with melody? Why does the flower blossom, but that it has been drenched with dew,

and kindled up by the sunshine, till its perfume bursts the petals and lavishes its sweetness on the air? Why does the artist become restless with a yearning want as the creatures of his fancy spring to life beneath his pencil? When his idea has taken to itself a form of beauty, does he rest till some kindred eye has gazed with his upon the living canvass? His heart is full of a strange joy, and he would impart something of that joy to another. Is this vanity? No; it is a beautiful desire for sympathy. The feeling may partake of a love of praise, but it is one which would be degraded by the title of ambition.

Ask any woman of genius why she writes, and she will tell you it is because she cannot help it; that there are times when a power which she can neither comprehend nor resist impels her to the sweet exercise of her intellect; that at such moments there is happiness in the very exertion—a thrilling excitement which makes the action of thought 'its own exceeding reward;' that her heart is crowded with feelings which pant for language and for sympathy, and that ideas gush up from the mind, unsought for and uncalled, as waters leap from their fount when the earth is deluged with moisture. I am almost certain that the most beautiful things that enrich our literature have sprung to life from the sweet, irresistible impulse for creation which pervaded the heart of the author, without motive and without aim.

The motives which urge literary women to publish, are probably as various as those which lead persons to any other calling. Many may place themselves before the world from a natural and strictly feminine thirst for sympathy; from the same feeling which prompts a generous boy to call his companions about him when he has found a robin's nest hid away among the blossoming boughs of an old apple-tree, or a bed of ripe strawberries melting in their own ruby light through the grass on a hill-side. The discovery would be almost valueless could he find none to gaze on the blue eggs exposed in the bottom of the nest, or to revel with him in the luscious strawberry-bed; so the enjoyment of a mental discovery is enhanced by companionship and appreciation.

That women sometimes publish from the impulses of vanity, it were useless to deny; but, in such cases, the effort is usually worthy of the motive: it touches no heart, be-

cause it emanates from none ; it kindles no pure imagination—it excites no holy impulses, because the impulse from which it originated is neither lofty nor worthy. It may be safely asserted that no woman, who has written or published from the promptings of ambition or vanity alone, was ever successful, or ever will be. She may gain notoriety, but that is a consequence of authorship which must ever be painful to a woman of true genius, unless is added to it that public respect and private affection which can never be secured by one who writes from a wish to shine, and from that wish alone.

Literature is an honorable profession, and that women devote a portion of their time to it, requires neither excuse nor palliation, so long as they preserve the delicacy and gentleness which are the attributes of their sex. It would be folly to assert that there is any thing in the nature of genius which incapacitates its possessor for usefulness, or that a literary woman may not be, in the strictest sense of the word, a domestic one.

That the distinguished women of our country are remarkable for domestic qualities, admits of proof, from many brilliant examples. Most of those who stand foremost in our world of letters, perform the duties of wives, mothers and housekeepers, in connection with the pursuits of mind. It is a mistaken idea that literature must engross the entire time or attention, even of those who make authorship a profession. It is to be doubted if the most industrious female writer among us spends more hours out of the twenty-four at her desk, than the fashionable belle devotes to the adornment of her person.

There are few American women, except those who labor for their daily bread, who, by a systematic arrangement of time, cannot command three or four hours out of each day, without encroaching on their household duties, the claims of society, or the little season of domestic enjoyment when their households seek companionship and relaxation at home. These hours devoted to authorship, at a moderate computation, would produce four duodecimo volumes a year. Thus, by a judicious management of time, she has produced a property more or less valuable, enriched and strengthened her own mind, carried the sunshine of thought to thousands, and all without necessarily sacrificing one domestic duty—without the least

degree of personal publicity which need shock the most fastidious delicacy.

Cast not a shadow, even, of implied reproach on a class of women who are quietly and steadily exerting a healthy influence in domestic life; rather let men of power—and, in this country, there is no power like that of intellect—extend to them such aid and encouragement as will best preserve the purity of female literature. So long as the dignity and delicacy of the sex is preserved, there can be no competition between men and women of genius. In literature, as in every thing else, the true woman will feel how much better it is to owe something to the protection, generosity and forbearance of the stronger and sterner sex, than to enter into an unnatural strife in the broad arena which men claim for the trial of masculine intellect. Open the fountains of domestic love to her, and there is little danger that her genius will stray from the sunny nooks of literature, or that she will forsake the pure wells of affection to leap into the high road of politics—to lose her identity in the smoke of a battle-field, or to gather up popular applause and unsatisfactory admiration, in place of tenderness, and all those home comforts which cling so naturally around the feminine heart.

It has been beautifully said, that the heart is woman's dominion. Cast her not forth, then, from the little kingdom which she may do so much to purify and embellish. Her gentle culture has kept many of those rugged passes green, where sterner laborers might have left them sterile and blossomless.

If you would cultivate genius aright, cherish it among the most holy of your household gods. Make it a domestic plant; let its roots strike deep in your home, nor care that its perfume floats to a thousand casements besides your own, so long as its greenness and its blossoms are for you. Flowers of the sweetest breath give their perfume most lavishly to the breeze, and yet without exhausting their own delicate urns.—*Ladies' Companion*.

HAPPINESS—MISERY.

To make us happy we require not much less than every thing: to make us miserable not much more than nothing will suffice.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

YOUTH, thoughtless and inexperienced, sees in the oddities of a stranger nought but food for ridicule; but some little knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes teaches a man of feeling to regard with melancholy the eccentricities of old age. Sorrow often leaves fantastic traces of her fatal visits, and the peculiarities which excite mirth are frequently the indications of a bewildered mind, and of a broken heart, which has done with mirth for ever.

Having business to transact in the city, I once remained for a few days at the much-frequented hotel where the coach stopped which conveyed me to London. The old-fashioned coffee-room was still fitted up with those compartments or boxes, which, though expelled from hotels of more recent construction, secure to the traveler some little feeling of seclusion and independence; and I in mine, to the right of the fire-place, having finished my late dinner, sat endeavoring to take an interest in a newspaper, which I had already sifted to its last advertisement. On the opposite side of the fire, in the private box corresponding with mine, sat another solitary person: He was tall and meager, his countenance pale, his hair thin and perfectly grey; his age I should have guessed to be between sixty and seventy. My attention was attracted toward him by the wild and painful expression of his large, clear light-blue eyes.

His movements were so quick and eccentric that it was with difficulty I could conceal my risibility; to restrain it was beyond my power. I had not then been taught the forbearance which I would now suggest to others.

I still held my newspaper before me, pretending to be occupied with its columns; but all the time I cast furtive glances at my neighbor, unable to account for his extraordinary gestures. For some minutes he would clasp his forehead with both hands, then he would start as if struck with a sudden recollection, and look round anxiously from side to side, until with a deep sigh he relapsed into his former position, or leant his brow disconsolately on the table before him; again he would look up, and with a stare of vacancy fix his eyes on me. I pretended to be unconscious of his scrutiny.

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Indeed, though his glance rested on my person, I doubt whether he was aware of my presence. Then something like a glimmering of intelligence passed over his wan countenance, and, half conscious that his manner had attracted observation, he assumed an attitude and demeanor of composure. Thoughtless as I then was, the effort of an insane person to conceal his malady was inexpressibly affecting. I had laughed at his eccentricities—I could have wept at his ineffectual endeavor to conceal them.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Lost—lost!" and commenced an eager search for something. He looked anxiously round the box in which his table was placed, and then rose, and with hurried steps paced the room, peering into every corner where it was not at all likely any thing could be concealed. At length his attention was turned to me, and approaching me in haste, he said, "Sir, I beg your pardon—I have lost—*myself*. Have you seen *me* anywhere? I am anxious—miserable"—and then he darted abruptly from me, looked under the seats and behind the curtains, shook his head despondingly after each disappointment, and finally left the room.

The waiter informed me that though occasionally subject to wanderings similar to that I had witnessed, the gentleman was generally perfectly tranquil and in his right mind. He knew little of him, except that he had been a Lieutenant in the navy. I soon retired to my own room, and am not ashamed to confess that the recollection of the stranger kept me long from slumber, and haunted my pillow when at length I fell asleep.

It was late before I entered the coffee-room the next morning, and I was somewhat startled at seeing the Lieutenant sitting quietly at his breakfast. He offered me the newspaper he had been reading; and, making some remark on the weather, inquired whether I had been a traveler during the night. I believe it was with some embarrassment that I replied, that I had arrived on the afternoon of the preceding day, and had spent the evening in the coffee-room. His cheek became flushed, and he looked at me eagerly for a moment. He then seemed inclined to speak; but checking himself, he turned from me, and resumed his breakfast. Vexed with myself for the want of tact with which I had

alluded to the preceding evening, I endeavored to make amends by conversing on general subjects. His reserve gradually wore away, and we soon sat together talking more like old familiar friends than strangers who had so recently met under circumstances so unpromising.

That night we were again the sole occupants of the coffee-room. Every trace of mental excitement had vanished from the countenance and deportment of the Lieutenant; and, though still most melancholy, he evinced no disinclination to meet my social advances. On the contrary, we soon occupied the same box, sitting opposite to each other, and chatting with the frankness and familiarity of old companionship.

There are some men with whom on the instant we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam-packet or a hotel, does more toward banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret, and long afterward, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humor and frank benevolence.

I already felt deeply interested for my unhappy companion, and I every instant dreaded inadvertently touching some chord which might arouse the terrors of his now slumbering malady; still I was fascinated by his singular manner, and at all risks prolonged the conversation.

"You are in the navy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"I have been a sailor," he replied.

"Have been?"

"Yes," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have been a Lieutenant, not in the British service—in a merchant ship, the *China* trade. I ought never to have been permitted to assume command of any kind. I was afflicted with a malady which ought to have prevented it."

At this allusion to a "malady," I looked down and changed color.

"The malady I speak of," he calmly continued, "is not that which I believe you last night witnessed; that is the dreadful result of my having been intrusted with power. The cause of all my misery—the malady which ought to have precluded me

from all such responsibilities—was an absence of mind, to which from my very boyhood I have been subject."

I said nothing; but secretly I could not help surmising that the absence of mind which afflicted the boy, might have been the germ of that insanity which afterward bowed down the spirit of the man.

"If you will have patience to listen to a sad story, I will tell you mine," said my companion.

"Do not agitate yourself unnecessarily," said I, "by recalling the past."

"*Recalling the past!*" he mournfully exclaimed; "what an unmeaning phrase that is! To me, and to all who have so suffered, the past is ever present! Listen.—I was a Lieutenant when I became acquainted with a young widow, who with one child, then two years old, resided at Brompton. My old malady had increased upon me, and a consciousness of my failing frequently occasioned me deep depression of spirits. The widow was kind to me—I loved her and her infant boy—and before a year was gone she became my wife; and the child, who had never known his father, learned to call me by that endearing name. No father ever loved a child as I did that boy Frank. Whenever I returned from my voyage he was my pet, my constant companion; and, never having been blessed with a child of my own, all my affections were lavished upon him. As he grew bigger, he learned to watch me in my absent fits; and, dearly as my poor wife loved me, I do think the boy's attachment to me was even greater.

"At length nothing would satisfy him but to be permitted to accompany me to sea. I heard the proposition with delight; and though his mother wept bitterly, she could not censure his very natural bias toward the profession. She gave her reluctant consent, and the boy went with me.

"Often when my malady oppressed me most heavily, his watchful care concealed my deficiencies from others; and that which I had neglected to do was done by him before the omission was detected. How I doated on that dear boy!—it is not to be told! You could scarcely credit it; yet, when you hear the sequel, you'll say I must have hated him.

"His dear mother's health declined; and latterly, at the close of every voyage, she came on deck when we lay in the river to

welcome us both, and to embrace and bless her child. She loved me—but she idolized that frank, spirited, amiable, beautiful boy!

"The last time we sailed away together, how wildly she clung to his neck at parting!—how earnestly she urged me to cherish and protect him! He was then sixteen years old—a merry midshipman. There was not a handsomer fellow in the ship, nor a better heart in the world. My wife lay insensible when we were forced to leave her; the hope which on former occasions had sustained her, seemed utterly to have forsaken her. Was it a misgiving?—did she suspect me? No—she would have roused herself to gaze once again on dear, dear Frank!

"The ship sailed, and we had a prosperous voyage. The Captain, for reasons I forget, nor do they affect my story, was anxious at a particular period to make observations of the position of some island, respecting which, and indeed of its very existence, there was uncertainty.

"One bright and beautiful night the Captain had gone to his rest; the watch was with me, and finding myself in the very latitude indicated by my orders, I gave directions for a boat to be manned, ordered Frank to take the command of her, and briefly intimated to him the observations which he was expected to make.

"Lightly he descended the ship's side, took his place in the boat, waved his hand to me, and away they went—a merry boat's crew, commanded by a happy youth of sixteen.

"How beautifully calm was the sea! The huge vessel seemed to rest motionless on the tide, as if conscious that she was to await the return of that frail pinnacle—a mother lingering for the coming of her infant! I never saw the deep blue sky so full of stars before! I gazed upward, I know not how long, till a dreamy, dizzy feeling oppressed my brain. I still leant over the side of the vessel, and my thoughts were of my wife, and the home where we had often been so happy!

"Another rose to take my place—my night's watch was over. I left my orders with my successor, and with my weary fellow-watchers I descended to my rest.

"He who succeeded me had not long been on deck when a fresh and fair breeze arose. We had gone on sluggishly for many days, often quite becalmed; and now

that the wished-for impetus was given, every white wing was quickly spread, and we flew over the foaming waters. The breeze increased almost to a gale, and for hours we had pursued our rapid course, when suddenly he who had the watch, the man who had taken my place, *missed the boat!*

"Inquiry instantly betrayed the truth! They came to me—to me!—the father of that boy—his sworn father—the man who loved him, and would have died for him—and they found me asleep! Oh, the agony of returning recollection! In my brain's tethargy I had forgotten the departure of the boat!—I had neglected to note it in the orders left to my successor. I heard the rushing of the wind, and the dash of the waves against the ship's side, and though with all speed she was put about, and we went in search of those we had abandoned, I had no hope—I felt that I was a murderer! I know not how long we cruised about—it was in vain—we never saw them more! Oh, what a dreadful death! Prepared but for an absence of an hour—without food—without water! Oh, God! what must the poor boy have suffered!

"I remember nothing after that until we anchored in the river, and then my wife came on board. Then they could no longer restrain me. I rushed to her, pale, feeble, helpless as she was, and briefly as words could tell it, I shouted in her ears the fate of her beloved boy. I told her of his death; but I had not time to tell of my remorse, for she fell dead at my feet!

"You will not wonder now at what you saw last night. I left the ship—but where was I to go? I had lost my poor wife, and my boy, my merry boy—and now at times I lose myself. No wonder. Can you tell me where I am, sir? My senses—my brain—where can I be?"

The poor Lieutenant took a candle, and, after anxiously searching every part of the room, he left me, and I saw him no more. Kind reader, this is a *true* story.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE nettle mounteth on high; while the violet shrouds itself under its own leaves, and is chiefly found out by its fragrance. Let christians be satisfied with the honor that cometh from God only.—*Manton.*

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

TUCKERMAN'S SICILY.

"ISABEL; or Sicily. A Pilgrimage. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, author of the 'Italian Sketch Book.'" 1 vol. 12 mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Cincinnati: Alexander Flash.—The "Italian Sketch Book" contained some very beautiful pictures of foreign scenes, and some highly interesting relations of foreign incidents. We take the present work to be a continuation of Mr. TUCKERMAN's reminiscences of his European tour. Without being as much to our liking as his previous volume, it possesses considerable merit, and has now-and-then a passage of much interest. "For the purpose of avoiding that egotistical tone from which it is almost impossible to escape in a formal journal, as well as to obviate the necessity of dwelling upon those unimportant details and circumstances which are common to every tour in Europe," Mr. TUCKERMAN has adopted the form of a story, and conveys to others his impressions of and reflections upon things in Sicily, by the medium of a few imaginary personages, who make the "pilgrimage" and *dissertate* as they go along. In this deviation, we think Mr. T. has acted unwisely—particularly as his dramatic talents appear to be of rather an inferior order. His story itself is without even the smallest degree of interest, and the characters who move in it are intolerable prosers: a result, in each case, which any one might have anticipated from the attempt to *talk* description, history, politics, biography, literature, art and reflection, through an entire volume!

We are told in the outset, that "there is, perhaps, no approach to the old world more impressive to the transatlantic voyager, than the Straits of Gibraltar;" and on the next page, that "it was on a fine autumn night that an American ship propelled by a regular but gentle breeze, glided through this celebrated channel." Upon the quarter-deck of this ship, stood two personages, apparently absorbed in regarding the novel features of the scene, or yielding to the thoughts it had suggested. "The elder was a man some-

what beyond the prime of life, with one of those countenances equally indicative of shrewdness and benevolence, so frequently encountered in America, and [which,] without boasting any very striking lineament, convey the idea of intelligence but not necessarily of genius, and good feeling without ardor." This is one of those descriptions, we think, equally indicative of anything and nothing, so frequently encountered in current literature, and which, without possessing any very striking feature, convey the idea of an ambition to describe but not necessarily the power, and good language without thought. The description of the companion of the personage thus introduced, is something better. "Beside him, her arm within his, and her eyes turned in the same direction, stood a girl of graceful figure, and medium height. Her face was not strictly beautiful, if such a term is only applicable to great regularity of profile. But to those who, abjuring this conventional ordeal of female loveliness, regard beauty as chiefly dependent on expression, her countenance alone would excite immediate interest. She was one of those beings who vindicate the attractiveness of her sex beyond the most perfect models of beauty; whose eye, smile, and manner, are so instantly and perfectly inspired by the spirit within them, that criticism is disarmed, standards of the beautiful annihilated, and we are only sensible of being interested without precisely knowing how or why," as *we*, editorially, are now only sensible that this description is better than that which precedes it, without precisely seeing wherein.

But we did not take up Mr. TUCKERMAN's book for the purpose of criticising the style in which it is written, as much as this deserves censure. We may as well, however, since we have alluded to the subject, tell him that he has a very loose way of expressing his thoughts, and a very bad habit of occasionally stringing words together, where he has no thoughts to express. The two personages introduced as above shown, were uncle and niece—Mr. Clif-

ford Frazier, and Miss Isabel Otley—the former “a great admirer of the institutions and manners of his country, and a thorough utilitarian,” the latter “an ardent and gifted idealist,” in whose character “were combined earnest and affectionate feeling, with singular strength and independence of mind.” They were Americans—of the South; and their present “pilgrimage” had been undertaken at the solicitation of the young lady, who wished to carry into execution “a long-cherished design of seeking and surprising her father in Europe,” where he had been a voluntary exile from the period of her mother’s death, some years before. “On a lovely afternoon they approached the harbor of Messina,” and “before midnight the ship was safely moored in that port.” Here they had to experience the vexations and delays of a Sicilian quarantine, which were bad enough, in all conscience. “There are few situations, however,” says Mr. TUCKERMAN, “of unalleviated discomfort; and accordingly it was not long before an agreeable circumstance enlivened the monotony of their durance. On board the adjoining vessel, they had frequently observed a young man of graceful mien, and handsome, intelligent features, apparently the only passenger; and, on one occasion, when they were visited by some friends from shore, he was introduced to their acquaintance. Thenceforth their intercourse was constant and interesting.” This young man was Count Vittorio, a native of Sicily, who had just returned from a visit to one of the Italian cities. “To the engaging manners and enthusiasm of the South, he united talents of rare native power, greatly improved by study and time. His society proved invaluable to the strangers, and he was no less delighted to hold communion with two such pleasing representatives of a country in whose institutions he felt deeply interested. Frazier was happy to find so attentive an auditor, and never became weary of expatiating upon the political advantages and moral pre-eminence of his native land; while Isabel found still greater pleasure in the vivid descriptions the Count eloquently furnished of the arts, literature, and antiquities of the classic region with which he was so familiar.”

We have here shown, almost at full length, the three portraits drawn by Mr. TUCKERMAN, in the first two chapters of his book. These form the active *dramatis personæ* of the story; and, in pursuance of arrangements previously

made, they proceed together in the tour of Sicily, in search of the father of Isabel Otley. The “Journey to Catania” is well narrated, and “The Noviciate” is a pretty Sketch. There is occasionally a fine description, and the reflections generally, are well enough. But the whole account of things seen and heard is greatly marred, if not spoilt, by being given in the conversations of the travelers, which are necessarily prosy, sermonizing, and unsatisfactory. All pitch their voices upon the same key, and talk nearly alike. There is no individuality of character—no variety of manner—no continuity of thought. Yet notwithstanding these defects, which are clearly the result of his plan, and not to be attributed to any lack of ability, Mr. TUCKERMAN has succeeded in making many of his pages extremely interesting. Our extracts* will bear us out in this assertion, as a complete analysis of his plan, did we see proper to make one, would in the judgment we have passed upon it.

Many journals of tours, we are aware, are exceedingly egotistical. Such works, however, are not necessarily of this character. Mr. DEWEY’s “Old World and the New” is not so, neither are Mr. STEPHENS’s four volumes of “Incidents.” A journalist is not obliged to fill his pages with “those unimportant details and circumstances” which the author of “Sicily” says “are common to every tour in Europe,” as Mr. APPLETON JEWETT’s admirable “Passages in Foreign Travel,” abundantly testify. A journalist of taste and talent will very seldom intrude himself upon his readers oftener than is necessary to connect himself with his descriptions and relations, as seer and gatherer; and to exhibit himself upon proper occasions, if he be an agreeable personage, only increases the interest of his pages. A certain amount of personal adventure is the very salt and spirit of a journal, and without this the best writer will make his accounts of foreign travel comparatively flat and inane.

Perhaps Mr. TUCKERMAN committed the error of which we complain in the plan of his present work, through feelings of modesty. He may have supposed himself to be a common sort of a body, who was not very likely to interest the feelings or win the respect of the reading public,

*See Select Miscellany, page 222.

and therefore determined to obtain favor by substituting for himself two or three imaginary characters. If this be so, we can fully appreciate the feelings which prompted the device; and if the author be in reality as uninteresting a personage as is either of these "children of his brain," we cannot say but that what we have treated as an error of judgment, is in truth evidence of a superior sagacity.

JEWETT'S FOREIGN TRAVEL.

WE alluded, some two or three months ago, to the shameful pilferings from Mr. APPLETON JEWETT'S "Passages in Foreign Travel," by the conductors of the British magazine styled "Bentley's Miscellany." We intended at that time, to refer to the matter again soon, but have neglected to do so till now; and at this moment we find the necessity spared us, by the pointed remarks upon the subject by the editor of the "New-Yorker,"—a paper thoroughly American in its tone, and never disposed to be mealy-mouthed.

"*Passages in Foreign Travel.*—This work, published in Boston, about eighteen months since, we took occasion to highly commend in this journal, and to style it by far the most talented and agreeable publication from the pen of any American traveller in the Old World. We have not only been confirmed in this opinion, but have seen it corroborated by a large portion of the critical press, both in this country and in England. It was written by Isaac Appleton Jewett, Esq., a native of New-England, and for several years a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio. This gentleman is a graduate of Harvard University. After having completed an academic and, we believe, also a legal course of study, he went to Europe, journeyed over Great Britain and Ireland, and beside making the customary 'grand tour,' visited the heart of Germany and other portions of the Continent, seldom resorted to even by English and French book-makers. During his foreign sojourn, Mr. Jewett from time to time transmitted to his friends at home the highly-interesting papers, which, upon his return, were gathered together into a volume with the above-mentioned title. These papers, on their arrival here, were kindly transferred to the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine, of the Boston Daily Atlas, and the Boston Evening Gazette. Their appearance in those journals attracted favorable attention, and they were, by the judicious few held in great esteem. The public at large, were, however, not prepared to appreciate their merits; for they were unprecedented by any

puffery, and had not first been printed among the flashy trumpery of a London magazine. It is a curious fact that *these very papers*, which received but stunted praise when published in the columns of the American journals and very inadequate critical commendation when subsequently collected into a volume, have of late, as the supposed emanation of some British brain, been covered over and hung round with the fulsome flatteries of the American press.

The Editor of Bentley's Miscellany has laid piratical hands on 'Passages in Foreign Travel,' and "gouged out" many of the most spirited portions, *altering and adapting them to the taste of British readers*—which is of course, the taste of American readers. Our readers will understand us when we tell them that Mr. Jewett is 'the author of a Parisian Sabbath,' and of all the papers in Bentley which have been preceded in this wise, and copied eagerly into the Albion, Corsair and other journals as something new, fresh and delightful from foreign periodicals, when, in fact, they were published two, three and four years ago in our own magazines and newspapers. But this is not all: the English Editor, with exquisite effrontery and the coolest impudence, has so altered and *adapted* these pieces as to give them an air of originality; for, in any place, where American institutions were praised, an excision has been made: and, wherever any thing British was found fault with black, expunging marks are drawn around the record! Capital! We do not, however, know which to admire most—the precious insolence of the conductors of Bentley, or the superlative discrimination of those American journalists whose critical spectacles were not clear enough for them to discover the merits of such papers as 'A Ball at the Tuileries,' 'The Cafes of Paris,' 'The Children's Theaters,' and 'A Visit to Holkham Hall,' till they had been mangled, garbled, and hammered by the hands of a literary burglar on the other side of the water!"

CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER.

WE are indebted to the politeness of the publishers, Messrs. OTIS & BROADERS of Boston, for several sheets of a forthcoming volume by Mrs. ELLET of South Carolina, on the Characters of Schiller's Dramatic Writings. We regard Mrs. ELLET as among the first female writers of our country. She is the author of several papers that have appeared in our quarterly reviews, and been received with decided approbation; and some of her contributions to our monthly magazines and weekly journals, are of exceeding beauty. She is, we understand, an excellent German scholar; her mind is deeply imbued

with the literature and philosophy of the land of Goethe; her understanding is strong, her nature poetical, her style simple and nervous; and with these advantages, we doubt whether any of the popular writers of our country could compete with her in the production of a work of the character of that which she is about giving to the public. From the sheets sent us, we have transferred to our original department her remarks on the character of "Thekla," one of the most beautiful of the creations of Schiller's muse; and we refer to this extract as matter that will bear us out in the commendation we have bestowed upon the author. We shall refer to the work again, and in the meantime recommend all students in German literature to possess themselves of it as soon as it shall be published.

Since writing the preceding paragraph, we have received the July number of the "New-York Quarterly Review," in which Mrs. ELLET's work is announced as published. From a very brief notice of it contained therein, we extract the following paragraph:

"It certainly evinces no ordinary courage in the fair author of this volume, to venture upon the ground, on which one of the first critics of the age has won his proudest laurels, although we doubt not that those even, who have admired the sublime genius of Schiller as depicted in Carlyle's masterly sketch of his life and writings, will take great pleasure in seeing such another transcript of the lofty conceptions of his mind as 'the characters' by Mrs. Ellet present. We would not be understood as intending to compare her as an artist with Carlyle; we are well aware of the great difference in their powers, and we mean only to say that they are proportionately successful. Still less would we refer one, who wished to form a just conception of Schiller's genius, to this work of Mrs. Ellet; in the very nature of things such a work never can do justice to the mind of a great writer, any more than a few broken fragments can give a true idea of the sumptuousness of the banquet from which they were gathered. At best, it can only serve to excite a desire to know more of the productions of that mind, of which it exhibits a few imperfect specimens; and such a purpose, we think, the work in question is well calculated to answer. It is impossible that any one who sees as much of Schiller's mind, as is to be seen in these characters, should rest satisfied, until he knows all that such a mind has produced, and Mrs. Ellet has thus rendered a valuable service to the cause of letters in extending the knowledge of a writer who is destined to exercise a mighty influence upon the intellectual world."

The volume is gotten up in a style every way worthy the character of its contents.

WESTERN MESSENGER.

WE do not know that we have yet noticed this magazine in the *HESPERIAN*, although through other channels we have often spoken its praises. The *MESSENGER* is a monthly of the smaller class, "devoted to religion and literature," and published at the price of three dollars per year. Though small in body, however, it has a soul whose sympathies are commensurate with society; and in the work of good to which its energies are consecrated, it labors with a zeal, an industry and an ability, deserving of all admiration and support. It has, what too many of our periodicals lack, a *distinctive character*; and ranged on the side of human intelligence and virtue, it assaults ignorance and error of all kinds, in all places, and with blows that are felt. Its theological tenets are of the Unitarian stamp, but it knows no bigotry, and tolerates no narrowness. Its pages are open to all men who can write well and usefully upon subjects of high human interest, and such are invited to make it the medium of addressing the reason and appealing to the feelings of society. Its editors are JAMES F. CLARK, WILLIAM H. CHANNING, and JAMES H. PERKINS, of the Unitarian Association of the West—gentlemen who maintain their own religious doctrines with unyielding firmness, and treat those of other denominations with unvarying respect. Without adopting its theological opinions, we can admire its christian tone; and believing it to be, independently of its religious department, a publication of the most useful character, we recommend it to society as a work which has at heart, more than anything else, the glory of God and the welfare of man.

NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE seventeenth volume of this, the most elegant quarto sheet in the world, was commenced on the first of July, with a new issue of the superb title-page, an admirably engraved bust of PROSPER M. WETMORE, author of "Lexington" and other poems, and original contributions by COX, Mrs. ELLET, HOLMES, HALLECK, FAY, LEE, BAYLY, and its talented and accomplished editor, Mr. EPES SARGENT. The principal articles are entitled: "The Illustrious Obscure," "The Grazioso," "Abdal Orinduc," "London and

Londoners," "American Writers for English Journals," "Records and Reminiscences," "The Light of the Lighthouse." In addition to all this, there are a number of literary notices, an interesting editorial miscellany, and an exquisite piece of music. A better beginning of a new volume, could not have been reasonably asked; and we have the assurances of the enterprising publisher and co-editor, Mr. GEORGE P. MORRIS, that in no particular shall there be a falling-off during the year. The price of the *Mirror* is five dollars per annum, payable in advance; and for that sum of money thus expended, ten times as much pleasant and useful reading may be obtained, as if laid out at the counter of one of our fashionable bookstores in purchases of current literature.

NEW BOOKS.

WE find upon our table, but without time to notice this month, sundry new books and periodicals, of very prepossessing exteriors. Among the former are Dr. BIRD's "Robin Day," Mrs. CALERIDGE's "Phantasmion," and "Behemoth, a Legend of the Mound-Builders;" among the latter, the first issue of the "Western Literary Examiner," and the ninth number of the "New-York Quarterly Review." We shall take pleasure in discoursing a little of the merits of some of them in our next. In the mean time, on the strength of universal testimony in their favor, we venture to recommend "Phantasmion" to the lovers of the ideal, and the "Examiner" to the whole western public, as an able and faithful representative of their literary character, and a periodical in every sense deserving of their support. The "New-York Review" has its usual look of ability and interest, and from the subjects treated in its principal papers we have no doubt that its past character is sustained in its present issue. We give the list of its contents:—"Goethe; Greek Anthology; Steam Ships of War; The French Revolution; Oxford Tracts; Matthias Claudius; Delafield on the Antiquities of America; Critical Notices, twenty-five in number; Quarterly Chronicle; List of New Publications." We may again mention, that Mr. ALEX. FLASH of Cincinnati, and Mr. I. N. WHITING of Columbus, are the agents of this work in Ohio.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

WE had intended to publish in our present number, from a late issue of the "North American Review," the larger portion of a long and very interesting paper on the *Early French Discoveries in the West*. We are compelled, however, to lay it over till our next. Capacious as the *HESPERIAN* is, it will not yet contain everything that is good, at once. The article in question embraces a statement of the expeditions of Marquette, Hennepin and La Salle, and the adventures of Tonti, La Hontan, Juchereau, Mermet, D'Iberville, Le Sueur and Crozat, and gives new and more than plausible views of several points of interest involved in the journals and other published accounts of these several travelers. The portion we shall publish, will give our readers a very complete idea of the first explorations of the Mississippi Valley by the French. We intend to follow it up by copious extracts from the second volume of Mr. FLAGG's "Tour" through Illinois and Missouri, which gives the subsequent history and present condition of the settlements made by the first explorers and colonists. Having done this, our pages will contain, at considerable length, one of the most interesting passages in the whole history of the West.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

THE fourteenth annual catalogue of this old and excellent institution, presents a list of one hundred and thirty-five students in the college proper, sixty in the grammar school, and nine in the English scientific department. Of this number more than one half are from the State of Ohio. Kentucky sends eighteen, Indiana seventeen, Mississippi fourteen, and Alabama eight. The whole number of graduates of the college is two hundred and twenty-two, in a period of thirteen years. The Erodelphian Society is to be addressed, at the commencement on the second Wednesday of this month, by Professor GREEN of South-Hanover College, and the Union Literary Society by Professor BASCOM of Augusta College.

In connection with this announcement, we may remind our readers that the regular annual convention of the College of Professional Teachers will be held at Cincinnati during the first week of October next. Lectures and addresses of great interest, are expected during the session.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME III.

CINCINNATI.

NUMBER IV.

THE DUTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE EARLY EMIGRANTS. IN FOUR PARTS.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

PART FOURTH.

"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

"T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion on the world."

Shakspeare.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

THE sad predicament in which the luckless attorney of Yohannes Vantyle was left at the conclusion of our last division, must be fresh in the recollection of all who have taken any interest in the progress of this narrative; and it may be as well here to explain, for the satisfaction of the curious reader, the manner in which that unfortunate individual got caught in the trap which had been set for Cunningham.

After his return to the village, from his interview at the Hollow-House with Yohannes and Diedrich, as detailed in a preceding chapter, Clymers could not banish from his recollection the old oak chest, and the well-filled bag which the patriarch had taken therefrom. How to secure a good big fee out of the old man's hoardings, was now a question with him of much moment. He could not do this, it was evident to him from his late experience, in regular course of practice. He therefore saw the neces-

sity of planning and attempting some desperate enterprise, in the service of Yohannes and Diedrich, by which he might create a claim to a handsome remuneration on the score of gratitude. Various ways of effecting this object suggested themselves to his mind; but in each there was too much risk, without a sufficient assurance of success.

Somewhat desponding in spirit, and very much puzzled in brain, Mr. Clymer Clymers did towards the close of that afternoon, for comfort and counsel, seek the presence of Miss Henrietta Simper, of whom my readers will remember some account was given, in the chapter, of Book First, devoted to the description of Village Characters; and Mr. Clymers did with Miss Simper, on that afternoon, take a dish of tea at the pleasant Cottage-Home; and the twain did certainly on that occasion, over the inspiring beverage, originate and mature the scheme which the lawyer was to carry out that night. This was, to frustrate the plan of elopement as detailed in Cunningham's note to Mary, by appearing at the stone-hedge raspberry patch a little earlier than the hour named by the lovers, and bearing off the devoted girl in triumph to the house of her father, and the arms of Diedrich. Miss Henrietta professed a very considerable knowledge of the nature of woman; and she assured the lawyer that Mary would fly to the appointed place, on the impatient wings of love, at least a

half hour before the time at which her lover had agreed to meet her there, and that all he would have to do would be to ride up to the hedge in silence, when she would leap into the saddle of the led horse with the lightness of a fairy.

This matter arranged to his satisfaction, Clymers departed in quest of horses, intending to return and pass the evening at the Cottage-Home, till time to start upon his nocturnal adventure. It was now early dusk. Miss Henrietta Simper felt a little uneasy, and drawing her handkerchief over her head, ambled down street a square or two to chat a little while with "a very particular friend." In about half an hour she returned, much relieved, and sat down patiently to await the coming-back of the lawyer. In good time, Clymers returned. He had, however, had an opportunity of reflecting on the adventure upon which he was about to go; and the possibility that he might encounter Cunningham, and get worsted in a brush with an enraged lover, had occurred to him, and made him somewhat fearful as to the result. Nevertheless, he and Miss Simper whiled away the time pleasantly enough. Once the lawyer suggested, that perhaps his enterprise would be rendered abortive, as the patriarch might have resorted to confinement as the best means of keeping his daughter out of the arms of her lover. "No, no," said Miss Simper: "such a thing can't possibly have occurred to his Dutch brain—at all events so soon. And if it has, it won't effect anything—for 'Love laughs at locks' the world over." But she would in all probability be *watched*, urged the lawyer. "Perhaps so;" replied Miss Simper. "But what of that? One woman, in love, especially if her parents oppose her passion, will elude the vigilance of any ten men in Christendom, and set at naught whole hosts of locks and eyes." Now Miss Simper was high authority with Mr. Clymers; and, thus assured, the luckless lawyer sallied out upon his midnight adventure. The result, as already partially related, and now to be fully set forth, shows that his surmises were in some sort correct.

An involuntary exclamation of surprise and horror escaped from the lips of Diedrich, as the face of his prostrate and lifeless victim was revealed to his gaze by the vivid flash of lightning. He was for a moment petrified and rivetted to the spot, unable to move either hand or foot. A second flash,

and a second look upon the pale features, however, started him from his position. "Mein Got!" exclaimed he, suddenly bounding high into the air, and falling back upon his haunches: "Mein Got! how's tis? It's no tam yankee, put te Squire's own self."

"Mein Got!" echoed Yohannes, solemnly and with emphasis. "Mein Got!" vat a nice slashin' has been vasted! Tam splutterkin! vy tidn't you ashk 'im who he vas? All tis trouble, unt only te 'Squire! Mein Got! it vould af peen so nice on te shoulders of te tam yankee. Put to be vasted, in tis way, on te poor 'Squire!"—And the sorrowing patriarch seated himself on the hedge, so engrossed with regret that Cunningham had avoided the snare laid for him, and thus escaped the severe castigation of the valorous Diedrich, that several minutes elapsed before it occurred to him that the situation of the unfortunate pettifogger demanded their attention.

"Ish he mosh hurt?" inquired the old man, suddenly leaving the hedge and approaching the couching mynheer and his victim.

"Only kilt! only kilt!" answered Diedrich, in terrible affright.

"Kilt!"

"Tead—tead—sure. O, tat I should af lift to be a murterer!"—and the Anak rapidly strode back and fore by the body, once or twice stooping down and placing his cheek to the lawyer's mouth, and thrusting his hand into his bosom: Visions of bolts and bars, dungeons and manacles, ropes and scaffolds, continually breaking upon his mind, and contributing to the increase of his agitation.

"No!" said Yohannes, with the utmost gravity; "he surely pes not kilt!"

"Kilt—kilt tead!" repeated Diedrich, wringing his hands and quickening his already hasty pace back and fore.

The patriarch had by this time come to his wits, and bent down by the body. It was now his turn to be frightened—and frightened he was, almost as much as his companion. They both shuddered again and again, as the incessant growling of the thunder smote fearfully upon their ears, and the repeated flashes of lightning revealed to their eyes, with startling distinctness, the pallid face of their victim. The self-possession of Yohannes, however, left him only for a moment. He concurred with

Diedrich, in the opinion that Clymers was dead; and immediately proposed taking the body home to the Hollow-House, to keep it till morning, when they would reveal the whole to the officers of justice, and abide the result. Yohannes doubted not that when everything should be explained, the penalty would be slight, if anything. This suggestion, however, presented too many terrors to the mind of Diedrich; the sheriff, the dangeon, and the scaffold, again rushed before his mental vision, with frightful distinctness; and he declared that some other disposition must be made of the body. Yohannes reasoned; but Diedrich roared. The former still retained his wits, which deserted him only on the rarest occasions; but the brain of the latter was a chaos of whirling thoughts, and direst apprehensions.

Becoming calmer in a few minutes, the mynheer proposed, that they should remove a space of the stone-hedge, there bury the corpse, and rebuild the hedge over it. But to this dangerous scheme, Yohannes objected positively, and again tried to reason the matter with his half-crazed companion. It would not do; Diedrich was vehement against all the suggestions of the patriarch; grim Death, in the shape of the hangman, stood staring him in the face again; and he became more excited than ever. He just then recollected, that the water was unusually high in the creek; and it occurred to him, that if the corpse were to be thrown in, it would be immediately borne away, perhaps for many miles. He reasoned with himself a minute or two, and came to the conclusion, that as it was now a dead body, there could be no great sin in throwing it into the tide. But sin or no sin, this was the only apparently safe way of disposing of it, which presented itself to his mind; and he was not at this time in a condition to stand upon trifles. His determination was taken; he stated it to Yohannes in a word, at the same instant clutched up the corpse, and the next rushed with it in his arms towards the creek. The patriarch remonstrated, but in vain. Diedrich reached the edge of the water; another blinding burst of lightning occurred at the moment; splash went his burthen; crack! crack! fell the thunderbolt; and away darted he, as fast as his legs could carry him, towards the Hollow-House. Yohannes, without more ado, followed at the top of his speed, but was greatly distanced in the race.

CHAPTER II.

"LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKS."

WHEN both had reached the house, Yohannes and Diedrich immediately, and instinctively as it were, went to the chamber of the imprisoned daughter. The father turned the key, but the door would not open. He turned it back, rattled and turned again, but with like success. The lover then tried his hand, and twisted in this way and that a dozen times in as many seconds; but the door still continued stubborn, and would not budge. It now struck them that it must be bolted on the inside. The old man, therefore, knocked loudly, and hollowed to his daughter. No answer. He again rattled furiously at the door, and called to her at the top of his voice. A faint and confused murmur, as from one just awakened out of a sound sleep, now reached their ears.

"Pauley!" shouted Yohannes.

"Sir!" responded Mary.

"Unbolt te door!"

"What for! It's a shame to be waking a body up at this hour of the night."

"Open te door, I shay!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Blitzen! vill you mint?"

"Well, father, have a minute's patience, can't you."

He did. The minute passed—another, and another, and another—and still the bolt moved not.

"You Pauley!"

No answer.

"You Pauley, I shay!"

But answer there came none; and in a twinkling, thump—bang—crash! The door was forced by the enraged father. He went to the bed: there was no Mary there. He felt in the clothes-press: it was empty. He searched every corner of the chamber: but Mary was not to be found.

"Gude Got!" exclaimed Diedrich, who stood in the door-way: "te window!"

The window! sure enough. The sash was raised. They both sprang forward at the same instant. Their feet were clothed with activity, and their tongues with rage. And oh! in the momentary gleams of lightning, what a sight now met the eyes of the outwitted father and the chagrined and mad-dened suitor.

Resting against the house near the window, but removed far enough to be out of their

reach, was the ladder from the barn; and not more than five or six rods from the house, but tripping away at a rapid pace, they beheld the escaped maiden leaning upon the arm of a male companion. For a single moment Yohannes and Diedrich stood as if petrified; but they rallied almost instantly, and it was at once determined that Diedrich should pursue the runaways, who they doubted not had horses close at hand. There was not now a minute to be lost; not even for stamping, in which the patriarch delighted—nor for cursing, at which the suitor was a proficient.

This new adventure had entirely banished the poor lawyer from the mind of Diedrich. This worthy was valorously bent upon retaking the escaped maiden, and inflicting summary chastisement on her companion, whom he correctly presumed to be Cunningham; and these thoughts filled his mind, to the exclusion of everything else. He left Yohannes to find his way down stairs as he best could, and started for the stables to get the fleetest steed for the pursuit.

The outhouses of Rock-Hollow farm, we have heretofore described. The barn was a couple of hundred yards from the dwelling, in an angle towards the creek. Thither Diedrich directed his steps, with no laggard's pace. But just as he turned a corner of the garden fence, he suddenly came to a dead halt, and trembled with affright. His hair bristled and stood on end; his eyes became fixed; and cold shills shot from his forehead to his toes. What had he beheld? Sooth, he could not divine. He managed, however, to close his eyes, when the trembling soon stopped, and the chills ceased. He now drew his fingers two or three times over his eyelids, and ventured again to open them. "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" would probably have been his exclamation, had he been acquainted with Shakespeare. As it was, he only exclaimed—

"Mein Got!—a spook! a spook!" and staggered back against the garden fence.—Again his hair bristled—his teeth chattered—his breast heaved and sunk—his knees knocked together—a sense of suffocation came over him; and he would have fallen, had not the buttons of his vest given way, and the bursting open of this part of his garment afforded him temporary relief. He again rubbed his eyes, and was once more upon the point of facing the cause of his

affright, when "*D-i-e-d-r-i-c-h!*" uttered in a low and supplicatory tone, but fearfully deep and sepulchral to his quickened sense, struck upon his ear.

"Diedrich!—Diedrich!" was repeated in the same voice.

The valorous mynheer dropped his whip, and clasped his arms around a post of the fence.

"Diedrich!—it is I!"—

"Gude Got! gude Got!" now exclaimed the affrighted man, hugging the post with might and main.

"Diedrich!"—

"Lort help us!" uttered Diedrich, in a voice of despair.

"I'm alive,"—continued the object, in a tone of great exhaustion; but to the mynheer it was strong, full and sepulchral.

"I'm alive—help me over;"—but Diedrich remained to hear no more—for just then a rail rattled in the direction from which proceeded the voice, and fearing the ghost intended to help itself over, the mynheer by main force unclasped his hands, gave over hugging the post, and started towards the house. But unfortunately he forgot to exercise his organs of vision; and by the time he had made thirty steps,—or rather leaps, for he bounded over the ground like a wounded stag,—he came to, plump! against the form of the waddling patriarch, who, having gotten safely down stairs, and lighted his pipe, was now wending his way to the stables, to encourage and speed Diedrich in the pursuit of the fugitives.

The concussion was terrible! The twain rebounded half a rod.—Diedrich falling flat upon his back, with his heels up in the air, and Yohannes rolling over and over, till he cast anchor in the goose-rest. The astounded patriarch, however, clung to his pipe with right praiseworthy faithfulness; and in a moment after he stopped rolling over, he was sitting up on end, smoking as never man smoked before. As for Diedrich, he now thought that he was in Pandemonium, sure enough. The fitful play of the lightning disordered his eyes, as much as the recent events had his head; and the hissing ganders, and screaming geese, and chattering gosslings, he at once set down as so many evil spirits consulting as to the best manner of torturing his poor human flesh; and the figure of Yohannes in their midst, with the smoke issuing from his mouth, and curling in dense wreaths above his head,—

what could his heated imagination picture all this, but the Prince of Evil himself, seated upon his throne, surrounded by the legions of the fallen! He raised his body upon his elbow, and gave one look at the fancied court of Belzebub. It was a very brief one; and groaning, he rolled over on his face, and gave himself up as lost.

Yohannes was not so easily frightened—nor had he had such a previous adventure as Diedrich's, to disorder his imagination.—Seeing the prostrate form, and hearing groan after groan issuing from it, he soon recovered his feet; and, approaching it, he broke out in a gruff voice:

“Vat te teufil toes all tis mean?”

The mynheer heard him not, or was too much frightened to recognize his voice.

“Diedrich!” shouted the patriarch, placing his foot upon the prostrate man and shaking the body violently.

The mynheer groaned afresh.

“Diedrich! I shay;” repeated Yohannes, giving the body a kick to bring it to its senses.

But Diedrich only groaned more piteously than ever, for he fancied the voice the same which had proceeded from the ghost. Yohannes was not to be balked, however. So stooping down, he caught the quaking mynheer by the hair, and lifted his head from the ground.

“Diedrich! I shay. Diedrich!”

“O-o-h! O-o-h!” roared the mynheer, getting upon his knees, rubbing his eyes, and gazing wildly around, first at the spot where he had beheld Bel and his imps, next at Yohannes, and then back in the direction of the ghost.

“Vat te tenfil,” said the patriarch, seizing hold of Diedrich's collar, and shaking the bewildered mynheer most lustily; “Vat te teufil toes all tis mean?”

But Diedrich, though he had in a measure regained his senses, thought the present not exactly the place to tell what it all meant; especially as he was not right sure yet, that he was safe upon terra firma—for the routed flock still kept up their hissing and screaming, and old Yohannes his shaking and roaring. Nevertheless, the mynheer sprang to his feet, shook off the hands of the patriarch, and made all haste to the house. The old man followed, with the utmost speed of which he was capable; and when both were arrived, and had locked themselves in the dining room, Diedrich gave an account of the whole adventure, which was far from

being discreditable to the imagination of a countryman of the immortal author of “Faust.”

CHAPTER III.

THE GHOST—A VERY GHOST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ridicule of Yohannes Vantyle, during and after the recital of Diedrich's story, the mynheer persisted in declaring that he had seen a ghost, and that it was the ghost of the murdered Clymers. The peach-orchard was on the sunny slope which lay between the garden and the creek; the orchard fence, which was a very excellent and high post-and-rail, came up to within fifty or sixty feet of the garden fence; the two ran parallel; and it was in the space between them that Diedrich had stood when he saw the apparition, in the orchard, leaning against the fence and looking between the rails. He said it was the very image of the lawyer, as he had beheld his features by the flash of lightning, when he first stooped down fearing he had applied the scourge too bountifully; the same dark hair—the same pale countenance—the same bloody shirt-bosom; and, which rendered it certain that he was not mistaken, but had really seen the lawyer's ghost, its clothes were wet and lay close to the skin, and he positively saw the water dripping from its hair!

As he said this, Diedrich started to his feet, and his eyes involuntarily sought every corner of the room. He walked to the door, to add the security of the slide to that of the bolt. This done, he again seated himself nearer to Yohannes; but not a word escaped from either. A silence, deep as that of the death-chamber, prevailed for several minutes. This was broken by the whirring sound of the old Dutch clock, which struck *two*! Diedrich had become exceedingly nervous; and he now started to his feet again, and walked about the room. Yohannes took out his tobacco-pouch, and began to refill his pipe.

The wind had been rapidly rising ever since they entered the house, and was now blowing with much violence. It whistled a melancholy air through the porch, and murmured mournfully among the tops of the door-yard trees. Yohannes had soon charged his pipe; and having lighted it at the

candle, was smoking away again with admirable gravity. Diedrich—without being conscious of it, most probably,—had been standing about the middle of the floor, from the time Yohannes used the candle and stood it down, looking at the flame with a constant stare. The wind blew one of the window-shutters to, and the noise aroused him. He walked to the table, took up the snuffers, and was just in the act of applying them to the candle-snuff, when the entry-door flew open with great violence, and the wind whistled loudly through the hall. At the same moment, he thought he heard the sounds of footsteps upon the porch; and his heated fancy accompanied them with tones like those which had called upon him, and besought his assistance, as he was on his way to the stables. Cold chills ran over him; his knees grew weak; his hands trembled, and he dropped the snuffers and the candle upon the floor. The twain were now in total darkness. Yohannes puffed away, however, not even pausing to berate his companion for extinguishing the light.

The wind now blew with exceeding violence for a time; there was then a lull; a vivid flash of lightning and a deafening peal of thunder quickly succeeded—and with them came a few big drops of rain, patter, patter, upon the porch—and almost immediately after, rain and hail poured down in torrents for four or five minutes, rattling upon the porch, bouncing against the side of the house and into the entry, and shivering the glass of the upstairs windows to atoms.

This was one of those quick and sublime summer tempests, which are so common in these regions, and was over in a little more time than it has taken the writer to describe it.

Again, without the Hollow-House, all was quiet as the grave. Yohannes and Diedrich were in utter darkness; the former smoking his pipe heartily, and the latter standing as if petrified, upon the spot where he had dropped the candle and the snuffers.

"Vat's tat?" whispered the patriarch, bending towards his companion.

Steps were heard, as of somebody passing from the porch into the entry. Rap! rap! rap! at the parlor door. Yohannes kept his seat; but the valorous Diedrich shrank away into the farthest corner of the room.

Rap! rap! rap! at the door: thump!

thump! thump! upon the floor.—Not a word from within.

"Halloo! the house!"

The house was as deaf as its inmates. No answer yet.

"Halloo—here!"

The voice was very weak for a night call, and evidently from one in a state of much bodily exhaustion.

"Answer te call," whispered Yohannes; but Diedrich's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"Halloo!"—rap! rap! rap! "Anybody within?"—thump! thump! thump!

The good-hearted Yohannes was not a very firm believer in ghosts; and as he had never been told of one making such a racket as he now heard, and withal speaking in a voice so natural as that which now smote his ear, he began to doubt the supernatural character of his present visitor. He revolved the whole matter in his mind, in the space of a minute or two. He would not like either to encounter a ghost, or to entertain a hobgoblin; but he would never be able to forgive himself, should he refuse the hospitalities of his house to a benighted stranger; especially on such a night as the present. He therefore determined to unlock the door. A little caution, however, was still necessary; so he approached it softly, and almost on tiptoe,—no easy matter for him,—and placed his nose to the keyhole: there was no smell of the charnel-house, nor of Pluto's domains. He next placed his ear there; the breathing without was hard, but natural; the step halting, but that of a human being, as well as he could judge. He walked to the opposite side of the room, and coughed aloud.

"Halloo!" shouted the voice again, quickly.

"Mein Got!" ejaculated Diedrich, from the dark corner.

"Who's tere?" asked Yohannes, in an assumed tone—apparently that of a man suddenly aroused, and still half way between awake and asleep.

"Who's tere?"

"I!—Don't you know the voice of your friend? I, whom?"

"Gude Got!" groaned Diedrich.

"Are you sure?" asked Yohannes, his fear slightly acted upon again by the terror of his companion.

"Sure? Yes! Its myself—Mr. Clymers—whom?"

"Lert save us!" again groaned Diedrich,

grasping a chair-leg with one hand, and pressing his forehead with the other.

"I," continued the lawyer, "whom that blousy lubber of yours, Diedrich, half killed, and threw into the creek."

"Ten you pes not tead, after all?" said Yohannes, waddling towards the door.

"Most unmercifully beaten by a fool, and most villainously left in the creek by a coward, but worth a dozen dead men yet. But open the door quick, for I'm very sore, and so chilled that I can hardly place one leg before the other."

Diedrich breathed freely now; and, Yohannes having opened the door, he slipped out as Clymers slipped in, taking particular care to brush against the lawyer, to assure himself beyond the least doubt that there was real substance present. In a short time the mynheer returned with a light, followed by old Katrina the housekeeper; and by the time they had properly dressed the worst of the lawyer's bruises, talked over the events of the night with becoming gravity and impressive repetitions, and each explained and justified the part he had himself acted in them, the morning began to dawn. It was now considered too long after the flight to pursue the fugitive lovers with any reasonable hope of overtaking them, and the design was abandoned. Clymers, who had really been much injured and was suffering no trifling pain, was assisted to a bed—Diedrich was despatched to the village for a physician—and the heavy-hearted patriarch retired to his chamber, to chew the bitter cud of disappointment.

But for the excessive fright of Mynheer Heilerberger at the creek, the occurrences of that night might have terminated much more disastrously than they did. There were two channels to the creek, one of which was quite deep at all times, the other nearly dry in ordinary stages of the water. At this time, the shallower channel, which very fortunately was that next the stone-hedge, had but about a foot depth of water in it. It was in this that Diedrich threw the senseless body of the lawyer; and so frightened was he when he heard the water splash, that he did not remain a moment to see whether the supposed corpse moved off, or not. The lawyer having merely fainted, the cool bath had the effect of reviving him almost instantaneously. He was not a little bewildered when he came to, and greatly astonished at finding himself sitting in water

a foot deep. But he did not at once become fully aware of his situation; and a minute or two after his revival, when the playing lightning distinctly revealed to him the two banks of the creek, and himself between them, with the water rushing by him impetuously, he uttered a piercing note of horror, sprang for the nearer shore, and reached terra firma about the same time that Diedrich arrived at the Hollow-House.

Clymers was for some minutes a puzzled man, and stood at the edge of the water in a state of great bewilderment, his clothes of course dripping wet, his body bent slightly forward, his arms sticking out from it like a couple of pump-handles at an angle of forty-five degrees, and his eyes wandering about from object to object as things became visible in the repeated flashes of lightning. At length he betook himself to the stone-hedge, and seated himself upon it to collect his scattered senses, and think matters over. He could easily account for the fact that he had received a severe flogging, by supposing that it had been intended for the back of Cunningham, and been bestowed upon his through mistake; but why he should have been deserted, was more than he could divine; and as regarded the circumstance of his finding himself in the creek, that was a puzzle-knot which all his ingenuity, natural and legal, could not untie.

Beginning soon to feel stiff and sore, Clymers shouted as loudly as he could for help, thinking it possible that his scourgers might yet be within hearing distance; but the only answer which reached his ears, was that of the now distant thunder, which growled at him most angrily from its dark abode. He therefore left the hedge, and made the best speed of which he was capable towards the Hollow-House. His progress, however, was somewhat slow; and he reached the high fence of the peach orchard only a few moments before Diedrich hove in sight, on his way to the stables. He had made two or three attempts to climb over the fence; but desisted, because of the pain which the exertion caused his sore and stiffened back and shoulders; and, much as he just then hated the valiant mynheer, he was really rejoiced when the herculean form of the knight of the horse-whip made its appearance. But what was his consternation, upon calling for assistance, to behold the mad actions of the Anak! He concluded that every one about the premises must

be crazy, and made another unsuccessful effort to mount the fence. This was what moved the rail, the noise of which caused the mynheer to give over hugging the post he had embraced, and run towards the house.

Clymers witnessed Diedrich's subsequent rencontre with Yohannes, at the goose-rest; and, though suffering much from his bruises, enjoyed the sight not a little; but, exhausted as he was, he could not make himself heard above the din of the disturbed flock. He therefore seated himself upon a stone, that lay by the fence; and after resting a little while, got up and walked along in search of a gate. This he soon found, and passing out of the orchard, reached the porch of the house in the midst of the violent onset of the storm, to the terror first and then joy of the excited Yohannes and Diedrich, as has been sufficiently detailed.

CHAPTER IV.

SPINSTERS, AND-SO-FORTH.

How uneasy becomes the breast of Woman, when burthened with a secret! Whether this is the effect of an amiable weakness, or otherwise—whether it evinces an absence of that cold selfishness which characterizes the heart of Man, or is proof of a kindness of disposition in the sex which prompts them to impart to others whatever is a source of gratification to themselves—whether it proceeds from that love of thoughtless tattling which crusty bachelors and rejected widowers have set down among their sins, or may be accounted for by the supposition that their breasts have a sieve-like constitution, and must therefore necessarily let out a portion if not all of whatever may be poured therein—whether it simply betokens an unamiable disposition for mischief-making, or, as whatever is anxiously sought to be concealed must be presumed to have more or less of evil in it, is proof of an angel-like purpose of doing good at any and all hazards—or, finally, whether this uneasiness under the burthen of a secret is the effect of a combination of all these causes, we shall not here undertake to determine, but content ourselves with merely referring to the indisputable fact. Bucephalus, when backed by another than Alexander, was not more frantic—Vesuvius, during the eruption which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, was not more

furious—Europe, when the star of the “Man of Destiny” was at its highest and brightest, was not more miserably restless—than is a woman to whom has been confided an important secret, till she have an opportunity of relieving herself of the burthen, by confiding it in turn to at least one “very dear and particular friend.” The passage in the Farce, which represents a peasant girl who was asked, “*Can you keep a secret?*” as replying, “*Well, I guess I can if I have some one to help me!*” is no exaggeration: it expresses the feeling of the sex; ever willing to be made confidantes of, but ever restless till they find a congenial spirit with whom to share their knowledge—one to *help them keep the secret*.

To this trait of the sex, there are, of course, exceptions. One of these exceptions, however, Miss Henrietta Simper was *not*. And were we to go back a few hours in our narrative, and accompany this maiden lady in the brief visit she made down street, immediately after she and Mr. Clymer Clymers had planned the nocturnal adventure, whose termination we have seen, and the lawyer had gone away in quest of horses, we should behold her cosily seated by “the dear good friend” upon whom she called, letting out little by little all she had learnt from her admirer respecting Rock-Hollow and the family affairs of its proprietor, and at length detailing, very unwillingly, but to oblige her dearest friend, and with numberless particular injunctions to secrecy, the whole of the lawyer's plan of operations for that night. And ten minutes after, we might catch a faint glimpse, in the dim starlight, of this same “dear good friend” tripping it down street a little further, on a like “mission of good,” for so it proved, to *her* most esteemed and trust-worthy associate. And we should see all this pains taken, too, in both cases, without one particle of malice, in the breast of either lady, towards any soul concerned! But to do this, just now, would be tedious. We prefer, therefore, simply to state, that by means of the two friends, who were dreaming of anything else more than of such an event, the whole story was wasted to the ears of old Derrich Vandunk, and thence to those of Cunningham, before ten o'clock.

To the truly brave heart, nothing is so stimulating as a handsome show of *opposition* to any favorite project in which it is embarked. Thus spurred on, many an one,

who else had despaired, has overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable. When stoutly opposed, one feels that his *pride* is enlisted; and this coming up to the assistance of his *inclinations*, he will win the day, if he be made of the true stuff, just as certainly as that success is *possible*. Cunningham felt a little angry with himself, that he had not contrived some means of getting his note into the hands of his betrothed, different from those which he adopted. He was also not a little provoked, that it had been favored with the legal examination of such a being as Clymers. But his engrossing feeling, now that he was to be regularly and systematically opposed from within and without, was one of *determination* to succeed in his object, at all hazards. He therefore changed at once his plan of operations as made known in the unlucky epistle, and started immediately for Rock-Hollow, to reconnoiter the premises.

During the first hour after his arrival there, Cunningham frequently saw the huge form of Diedrich Heilerberger pass one of the windows of the Hollow-House; but he beheld nothing of her whose existence was a part of his own. The time wore slowly and heavily away. At length he saw the corpulent body of Yohannes pass the window; and presently, the patriarch leaning on the arm of the mynheer, the two strode along within a few yards of the place where he lay concealed. What he heard as they passed by, awakened suspicions that *they* also had a plot to work out, and intended to entrap him. The night being very dark, he followed them at a distance, without danger of being observed. He soon lost sight of them, heard their voices no more, and believed them to have secreted themselves in the clump of young peach-trees. This confirmed his awakened suspicions.

Cunningham now hastened back to the house, where he doubted not Mary was confined under lock and key. For a time he was held in an excruciating suspense, by the dancing about of a light in the house-keeper's chamber. This at length became still, and was then extinguished. He maintained his silence a few minutes longer. To him it was the silence of hours. Then broke upon the deep midnight, the sound of that bird whose mournful note he had learnt so well to imitate. It arose gently at first, but soon became full and strong. How burnt his cheek, and bounded his heart, as

the sash of his Mary's window slid softly up, and he heard his name breathed in a low but well-known voice. It was at this instant that the first vivid flash of lightning, elsewhere described, burst suddenly upon the utter darkness of that night. The lovers beheld each other for a moment, as plainly as if they had been standing face to face in midday light. The next, Cunningham stood beneath the window; and there, in low but impassioned tones beseeching Mary to fly with him, he heard from her tremulous lips that burning confession, which often soothed his chafed spirit in after years: "As *you* will, Nicol, henceforth—for I am yours now, and yours only, forever!"

Fortunately for them, Cunningham recollected that he had frequently seen a ladder leaning against the patriarch's barn; and bidding Mary array herself and get ready for the flight, as quickly as possible, he went in search of this. In ordinary times, he could hardly have borne it to the house, much less have elevated it against the wall. Now, though considerable time was consumed in the labor, he did both, it may be said almost with ease. How, "in the very nick of time," he descended from the window with his lovely prize, and how they escaped in the very eyes of her father and his rival, is already known. What subsequently happened on that really eventful night, it shall be the purpose of another chapter briefly to relate.

CHAPTER V.

A CONSUMMATION.

THE lovers soon reached a large maple grove, which stretched along the principal road leading west to the village, and one corner of which lay within a quarter of a mile of the Hollow-House. Cunningham here paused a moment to listen, and then gave a shrill whistle, when up came three well-appointed steeds, in charge of our old friend Vandunk, the landlord of "The Swan." Derrick ventured a little jest, as he helped Cunningham to seat Mary in her saddle: then pointing to a gap which he had made in the fence, he and the lover mounted in hot haste; and taking their stations on either side of the fair and trusting girl, away dashed the trio, mid roaring winds, and

rumbling thunders, and blinding flashes of lightning, up hill and down dale, towards old 'Squire Gray's.

They had compassed perhaps half their distance, when they heard close in their rear the on-coming of that fierce tempest, whose fury has been recorded in another place. This served to hasten their speed for a few minutes; but the first big rain-drops were soon upon them, and a very short distance behind the hail-stones were tearing the tree-tops and beating loudly upon the ground. Fortunately, a deserted smithy was at hand; and in this horses and riders took shelter, just as the former were becoming troublesome, and at the very moment the latter were struck by the hail.

It was now pitch-dark; and while the fierceness of the onset lasted, Mary had to shift for herself, for the horses had become frightened, and required the whole attention of her two companions. The tempest spent its strength in a very short time, and passed over—the rain held up—once more the lightning played beautifully along the horizon—and away again, like a couple of mad callants, as for the time they were, dashed the determined lovers, the innkeeper now a rod or two in the rear. They soon found it necessary to slacken their pace, on account of the slippery state of the road since the rain; but they preserved a by no means slow gait till the residence of the 'Squire was reached.

"That's what I call doing this matter of 'loping, handsome!" said Derrick, as they drew up in front of the house. "I 'low you'll stop a little bit now, Miss Mary;" he continued, dismounting and opening the broad gait for the lovers to enter the ample court before the 'Squire's dwelling. "Maybe a little spirits 'd be acceptable about this time—though, truth be, you've shown no lack to-night; and maybe a little change of garments 'd be as well, before that little change of name which"—

But here the chuckling landlord's discourse was abruptly broken off, by a loud cheering from Tony Connell, who instantly appeared at the door to welcome the runaways. The lovers entered the house, and the innkeeper wended his way to the stables, leading and praising his spirited steeds. 'Squire Gray and his consort, who had waited long, were wearied out, and had retired; but Tony and Lucy were still faithful, and on the alert; and while Cunningham

and the former walked apart, the latter and Mary rushed into each other's arms, hung weeping upon each other's neck, and mingled tears of fear, and bitterness, and joy.

Connell soon roused up the 'Squire and his good woman; and with this aged couple, walked into the room a tall, erect, middle-aged gentleman, accompanied by a handsome matronly lady. Dame Gray approached Lucy and Mary, still locked in each other's arms; and as the two young friends released their embrace, and rose, the latter was not a little surprised to find herself in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Winters. How rejoiced she was to see these good friends, at a time like the present—how she threw herself upon Mrs. Winters's neck in thankfulness, and again burst a-crying with various emotions—how the good lady wiped away her tears and smiled her sorrows into present forgetfulness—how Mary then perceived for the first that Lucy was robed in bridal garments—how she was surprised and rejoiced at certain revelations which were made—and how she retired for a little while, with Mrs. Winters and Lucy, and then returned arrayed in a dress which her young friend had brought for the occasion—are things which, with this gentle intimation, every one can as well imagine as we describe.

Lester, who had accompanied his uncle and aunt to 'Squire Gray's the previous evening, made his appearance during the brief absence of Lucy and Mary, and met them at the hall door on their return; and he and Cunningham now escorted them to a small room, in a wing of the house, which had been decorated for the occasion. In one end of this sat the venerable magistrate, "in state," big with the importance of the service he was about to perform, and at the other stood Connell, listening to a high-colored account which the innkeeper was giving of the spirited elopement of the lovers and the storm which had overtaken them. The little party entered, Colonel Winters and lady arranging themselves on their right, and Toney Connell and Dame Gray on their left; and, approaching the center of the room, they were there met by the 'Squire, when the ceremony immediately commenced. There was no congregation of gaping spectators—no curiosity to feed—no vanity to gratify. The ceremony was short, earnest, and impressive: such as became the occasion and the parties.

"A gathering of fond friends,
Brief words, and solemn prayer;
A trembling to the fingers' ends,
As hand in hand they swear;"

and Nicholas Cunningham and Mary Vantyle, Christian Lester and Lucy Winters, were successively pronounced, in the good old-fashioned way, "bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh."

At the instant the ceremony was over, a side door was thrown open by Grace May, who came forward, rosy and blushing, to congratulate the brides. Each hung upon her neck for a moment, receiving her blessing and her kiss, when she took the arm of 'Squire Gray, whose consort she had insisted upon relieving of a part of her labors, and led the way into an adjoining hall, where she and the good dame had prepared a sumptuous but wholesome wedding feast. To this they all sat down; and what with the excellence of the viands, the fragrance of the coffee, the jokes of Toney, the philosophisings of Vandunk, and the peculiar character of the party, "all went merry as a marriage bell," till a grey line began faintly to streak the eastern horizon.

The morning dawned, bright and clear. The blue expanse spread above, without one solitary speck of cloud: a few glimmering stars were visible here and there, but all were fading rapidly. There was a delicious freshness in the atmosphere, which it was a rich blessing to inhale. The grass and shrubbery were resplendently jeweled with big drops of rain. The trees were vocal with the songs of birds; and such a continuous stream of melody was poured upon the calm air, that it seemed every branch held its chorister, and that a matin was chanted for every leaf.

How like the bursting of this glorious day upon the world, was the opening of the new life, which she was henceforth to lead, to the young being whose history we have traced! She *felt* the resemblance, as, after they had risen from the table, she stood with Lucy at an open window which commanded an extensive view, and gazed out upon the scene. Her companion partook of her feelings; and the two might have remained there an hour or more, lost in a world of ecstatic emotions and undefinable musings, had not the arms of Mr. Winters suddenly encircled their slender forms. The kind father and friend imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of each, informed them that the horses

were ready for their return to the village, and handed them over to Mrs. Winters and the good consort of 'Squire Gray. They were soon in readiness for the little journey; and in a minute or two more, each of the brides was mounted upon her proud steed by the side of her husband. All made their last adieus to the 'Squire and his half-smiling, half-weeping wife, and touching their horses gently, rode towards the village, just as the rising sun was tinging the landscape with a beautiful coloring—like the hue of their own thoughts—as soft, as warm, as ever-changing.

CHAPTER VI.

CUNNINGHAM.

A LITTLE while after sunrise—perhaps at the very moment when the bridal party were starting from 'Squire Gray's—the physician for whom Diedrich had been sent, arrived at the Hollow. Yohannes was already at the bed-side of the patient. Clymers was pronounced to be in a somewhat dangerous situation, and Diedrich turned pale. The physician remained for half an hour, bleeding the sick man, examining and dressing his bruises, administering narcotics, and listening to the few particulars of the adventure which he could glean from the now stolid Yohannes. He then departed, promising to return during the morning.

At between ten and eleven o'clock, he made his second visit. Clymers had rested but little, and been delirious. The physician felt his pulse, and looked gloomy, but said nothing. Diedrich grew very uneasy, at this. In the course of conversation, the Doctor informed Yohannes that Cunningham and Mary had two or three hours before arrived at the village—man and wife—and taken rooms at The Swan. The old man exhibited not the slightest emotion. But Diedrich could bear no more. Rock-Hollow and its mistress were irretrievably beyond his reach—and a prosecution for murder or manslaughter, was staring him in the face. He said not a word, but looked volumes, and walked quietly out of the room. The Doctor again administered to the sick man—let more blood—gave a number of directions respecting him, to be observed till he should return towards night—and departed.

About an hour after, Diedrich was wanted in the sick chamber, and sent for. Nobody knew anything of his whereabouts. Old Katrina had seen him, when he so suddenly quitted the apartment of the sick man, go hastily to his own chamber, but had known nothing of him since. To his chamber she therefore went, in search of him. He was not there; nor, though his old duds lay scattered about as if stripped off his back and thrown out of his trunk in a great hurry, was any part of his newer and better garments. They had mysteriously disappeared with him, and he with them—whither, was beyond conjecture—and of either, to this day, not one word has ever been heard in the regions of Rock-Hollow.

The sick chamber is an interesting place only to the friends of the diseased. We will therefore return no more to the bedside of Clymer Clymers, but instead thereof, simply state, that after a severe sickness and tedious confinement, at the Hollow-House, during which he was frequently visited by Miss Henrietta Simper, he entirely recovered. Old Yohannes readily paid his doctor's bill, and promised him all the business which he might ever have for a lawyer to transact. By the time he was well enough to sit up, Clymers had managed to win the full confidence of the patriarch; and he now possessed a very great influence over him. This he exerted, first to keep the old man from receiving and forgiving his daughter and her husband, and next to induce him to will his large estate to some distant relatives, on the Susquehanna, of whose existence he had informed himself. Yohannes was backward in performing this, after he had consented to do it. But Clymers, who never allowed an opportunity to escape of doing Cunningham an injury, was ceaseless in his importunities, and also in his aspersions of the character of the son-in-law, till the will was executed, signed, sealed, and deposited in the old oak chest. Mr. Winters tried repeatedly to counteract the influence of the pettifogger, but was unsuccessful, and the discarded daughter was "cut off with a shilling."

It was a cool evening in August, some five or six weeks after their marriage, that Cunningham and Mary sat in their neat chamber at The Swan, opening a packet of papers which the former had just received from the post-office. While thus engaged,

Connell knocked at the door, and entered with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Why were you not at the meeting last night, Cunningham?" said he, after exchanging the usual common-places of an evening call with Mary. "You were inquired for on all hands, and several persons who had come in from the country, were much disappointed that you were not present to speak. You should have been there by all means."

"I think not," replied Cunningham. "I've no great liking for politics, and can spend my evenings more pleasantly and profitably at home. But who received the nominations?"

"On the first trial, by a unanimous vote, with one solitary exception, *Nicholas Cunningham* for the State Legislature!"

"No!—why, how did that happen? I had no more expectation of such an event, than I now have of accepting the offer."

"It happened in the most natural way in the world," replied Connell. "While the nominations were under consideration, Vandunk came into the meeting, with the news that our opponents, who likewise had a meeting last night, had just nominated Clymers as representative; and he proposed you as our candidate, when you were immediately chosen."

"Oh, it's a joke then. I can endure that much better than the reality."

"No joke at all, my dear fellow, I assure you. Your name had stood number one before, though several strong voices were opposed to you because you were so little known among the people. The nomination was seriously made, and it is expected that you will promptly accept it."

"More is expected, then, Connell, than will come to pass. I've a great dislike for your local party politics, in any shape; and, although I have on occasions taken the stump for my friends, I have an utter repugnance to mounting it for myself, or permitting others to do so for me. If the nomination be formally presented for my acceptance, I shall decline without a moment's hesitation."

"It is so presented now—I am the medium of communicating to you the sense of the meeting, and this is my present business."

"Then I now decline, with thanks to the meeting for this mark of its confidence, but no regret that I cannot avail myself of its kindness."

"I think you do wrong, Cunningham; but I will not just now urge the matter upon you. Looks are more eloquent than words, and I perceive that you have your wife on your side in this matter. I will see you again tomorrow"—

"When I am not present, I suppose you mean, Mr. Connell?" interrupted the young wife, smiling. "Now, although I shall not attempt to influence Mr. Cunningham's judgment in this business, yet I heartily approve his determination, and shall be careful how I permit you to lead him astray. Your politicians have always struck me as being hollow-hearted, and your office-seekers and office-holders as the veriest set of slaves in the world."

"You judge harshly," replied Connell, "and yet there is some truth in what you say. There are, however, many exceptions to what you regard as so general a thing; and it is for the purpose of multiplying these, that I wish Mr. Cunningham to accept his present nomination. He has talents and popularity that are enviable, and much of that knowledge of the history of governments and measures which is so available in debate. He has a splendid prospect before him, and I look upon the present as being but the first step in what may be a brilliant career."

"*Splendor and brilliance* are dazzling words, Mr. Connell," said Mary with feeling, "but *humility* and *goodness* speak more potently to my heart. I have no wish, however, to influence Mr. Cunningham in a matter of this kind. His heart is in the right place, and where that is the case the judgment is not apt to err."

At this moment Cunningham handed to Mary a newspaper, upon which his attention had been for some moments intently fixed. It was from New-England, and contained a lengthy obituary of his only maternal uncle, of whose decease he had been informed by letter, some days before.

"There, Mary," said he, "is the brief history of a *good* man, whose *humility* was remarkable even among his other striking virtues. Read the account of his last days and death, and contrast it with what you have heard of the exit from this world of those who have pursued "*splendid prospects*," and trodden "*brilliant careers*," and you will have no difficulty in determining how I shall act at this time. I honor you for the sentiments you have just expressed,

and hope our friend Connell does the same."

"They are *womanly* sentiments," replied the young lawyer, "and coming from the source they do, commend themselves to my admiration. That they are such as should influence the conduct of a man, however, I am not exactly satisfied. But of this we will talk more tomorrow."

"Tomorrow I shall be much engaged in preparing for a trip East, as I have been to-day, and may not have leisure to converse with you. I had proposed to myself a long ramble with Mary this fine moonlight night; but as she has other entertainment before her now, in these papers from New-England, she will doubtless excuse me if I substitute you in her place."

The young wife smiled her acquiescence, and the two friends went forth. Passing up a retired street, they were soon at the outskirts of the town, when Connell began to urge upon Cunningham the propriety of accepting the nomination which he had just received for the State Legislature.

"It is a small beginning, Cunningham," said he; "but we all know, from nursery-teachings, what 'tall oaks from little acorns grow.' You can go to the House this winter with all ease, to the Senate next without difficulty, and two years afterwards, if you play your part well, to Congress. A better opening, than that before you, I have never known. The mass of the people in this district are heartily sick of the old hacks that have been on the course here time out of mind, and the party leaders find it difficult any longer to secure them their votes. In the course of ten or twelve years' service, in a legislative or congressional capacity, every one must say or do something to render him obnoxious to some of those who assisted in giving him place. Such is now the case, with regard to those who have gone to Congress and the Legislature from this district, at different times within that period. There is not one of them who has not offended this man by a vote, that one with a speech, and another through some unintentional slight or neglect. New men are wanted in our party ranks; and new men, with new measures to urge, and new pledges to make, can at this time take hold of the popular feeling and sway it to almost any purpose. You have ambition, Cunningham, and talents. You have a career open before you, in which you may win a name that shall dazzle, and a renown that

shall live. You will come upon the course fresh from the people, fresh from your studies, and fresh for the race. The death of your uncle, you say, has unexpectedly brought you means which, judiciously invested, will give you a comfortable support. I have only, therefore, in addition to what I have said, to request that you will not think of resuming your school-duties. Dash at once into the track, my friend, and the race is yours."

Cunningham did not interrupt his companion once, during the whole of these remarks. At their conclusion, he deliberately replied:

"I confess that the temptation is great, Connell, but not greater than I can withstand. The probabilities of success, I think it quite likely, are as you have stated them; I have ambition, as you say; and, by the demise of my uncle, who unexpectedly bequeathed me his worldly wealth, I find a competence within my reach. My ambition, however, is not such as to induce me to become the supple-jack of a party, or the slave of popular caprice; nor are the pecuniary means just left me, by a good man for good purposes, to be expended for a dazzling name, or a living renown. The most miserable men in our country, are those whose desire for distinction induces them to become "servants of the people;" and the most ungrateful beings in the world, are those portions of the people who are chiefly instrumental in bestowing power and place. With neither of these classes, do I now think I shall ever be more closely associated than at present. It is the duty of every good citizen,—and no one is a good citizen who neglects its performance,—to study the characters of public men, make himself acquainted with political measures, and give his vote at the polls on every election-day. This duty I have heretofore performed—fully I believe, honestly I know. I shall not neglect it hereafter. But this, unless my present views and feelings undergo a total revolution, must constitute the whole of my connection with party politics. The career of the statesman is a brilliant one, I know; and when brilliant triumphs attend it, and long years of success mark it upon the historic page, enviable to the ambitious. I am not insensible to this fact; neither am I dazzled or to be led astray by it. The career of the philanthropist is less brilliant, I am aware; his name is less fre-

quently upon men's tongues, his deeds are less often chronicled. But his "self-improving hours" outweigh the "loud huzzas" that follow the ambitious statesman, and a sweeter sleep will visit him in the haunts of infamy, while he reclines upon the ground, midst his ministrings to the depraved and the needy, than comes to the couch of the latter, though it consist of down, and be spread in the chamber of a palace."

Cunningham here paused for a few minutes, in deep thought, and then resumed,

"No, Connell—although the path of my life is not yet fully marked out, I think I may safely say that it will run through no political labyrinth. I sometimes fear that I have not strength of character sufficient to carry me through the career of Christian duty which I have determined upon, but I shall try. Not a day passes in which I do not see that I can be useful here, and fulfil the dying requests of the good man who has left me the means to be doubly so. The place you offer me, there are hundreds who will gladly accept; and many in the district who will fill, as well and profitably as I could, those other stations of honor and trust, which loom up to dazzle in the distance. I thank you sincerely, Connell, for your good intentions; but I must decline the nomination; and I commission you to return such answer to your political friends as you may think proper. I leave the mountain-billows of life to those who wish to ride them; the silent under-currents are to be mine; and if I have the power to win a name, that men shall seek to honor and remember, I had rather enroll it with the Howards of the world, than fix it among the brightest political galaxy that has ever received the homage of men."

Cunningham spoke with warmth, and his companion was struck with his language and manner. Connell made no reply, further than a faint expression of his regret, and they turned upon their steps, and walked back towards the town in silence. After a little time, crossing into a different street, they heard the music of a violin; and looking up, beheld the Cottage-Home of Miss Simper, which was within a hundred yards of them, brilliantly illuminated.

"Miss Henrietta appears to be making merry to-night;" said Cunningham. "Do you know the occasion?"

"Do I 'know the occasion?' Why, I thought the whole town knew that. This

is her wedding night, and ere now she is Mrs. Clymer Clymers, and the Cottage-Home has a lord."

"Is it so, indeed?"

"I have it on the best authority; and in addition, here is my own invitation, written on virgin letter in the most delicate hand imaginable, and tied in a double bow with white silk ribin. If you'll excuse me, Cunningham, I'll just step in, and make my apology for so late an appearance."

"Certainly; and had I been told before, of the wedding and your invitation, I should have been far from keeping you away."

"Better late than never, you know. Good night. I shall be up in the morning, to see if I can render you any assistance. But stay—when do you start East?"

"Within three or four days."

"And Mrs. C. goes with you, of course?"

"Yes."

"How long may you be gone?"

"Five or six weeks, at furthest."

"Good night, again."

"Good night."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

CUNNINGHAM went to New-England, secured the bequest of his uncle, presented his blooming and lovely bride to his relatives and friends, and was back again within the time he had specified. With the exception of the fact that, soon after his return, he duly installed his wife as a house-keeper, much to her joy and to the great increase of his own pleasures and comforts, nothing took place for some considerable time particularly deserving of notice here.

The autumn wore away, and mid-winter had arrived, when occurred an incident which it is important that we record, and with the relation of which this narrative shall close. Yohannes Vantyle had for some time found his days exceedingly tedious, and his nights long and wearisome. Many a time and oft, in his better and saner moments, when dwelling upon the recollections of the happiness he had formerly found in the society of his daughter, had he resolved to send for Mary and her husband, and forgive them all. But the one whom alone he permitted to influence his actions now, and with whom he consulted as to almost everything he did,

was ever near; and the serpent hesitated not to fill his ear with tales of "evil report," and to poison his heart against the only being in the world whom he loved, and the only two who could be supposed to feel any near and deep interest in his welfare. With his daughter, therefore, no reconciliation had ta'en place; and against that daughter's husband, his breast was effectually steel-ed.

Yohannes Vantyle was now an old man, and the infirmities of the aged were crowding fast upon him. A severe cold had confined him to his room for several days; this was succeeded by a violent fever; and when, on the sixth day of his confinement, the physician arrived, for whom Katrina insisted upon sending to the village, he found the patriarch delirious, and ill beyond hope of recovery.—The Doctor instantly dispatched word of his situation to Cunningham, and within half an hour he and Mary reached the Hollow. Cunningham's business requiring his presence at the village, he left the following morning; but Mary remained, continuing by the bed of her parent day and night, and administering to his every want with the most filial tenderness and devotion. For nearly a week his state of mental derangement continued, varied only twice or thrice by partial returns of sanity; and during the whole time Mary's vigils were unrelaxed—even when Cunningham was watching with her, which he did more—less every night—and her attentions were all that a loving and dutiful child's could be.

At length the fever was broken; consciousness returned to the old man; and the first object his eyes rested upon in perfect sensibility, was his daughter, bending over him, tearless it is true, for the fountains had been wept dry, but pale, and sorrowful in look beyond description. Her heart leapt, as his eye caught hers. She stooped down, and pressed her lips to his forehead, and placed her hand within his: but he spoke not—murmured not her name—clasped not that hand; and fearing that her presence troubled him, she soon quitted the room, in very wretchedness of heart.

An hour or more afterwards, when Yohannes heard from his physician, who came in during Katrina's recital, how constantly and affectionately Mary had watched by him through his long delirium, how keenly she had suffered in body and in mind, and

how devotedly she seemed to love him, the old man's heart was touched. He knew that his end was fast approaching—for even at this moment he felt the icy hand of Death upon him. He knew that his child must still love him—for she had shown no other feeling for him through all her life. He knew that his deep affection for her had not abated one jot—for he felt his heart, in this the coldness of approaching dissolution, yearning towards her with all the fervor and intenseness of other years. A few big, scalding tears, gathered in his sunken eyes—his breast heaved with a long, deep sigh—and an expression of bitterness settled about his mouth.

The patriarch lay in this state for several minutes. He then motioned Katrina to come close to him, and asked her for the vest he had worn when taken ill. It hung in his chamber, and was immediately given him. He took from one of the pockets the key of the old oak chest, and handing it to the doctor, desired him to unlock the chest, and bring him a sealed packet which he would see on lifting the lid. He then asked to be raised up a little; and with his own hands he threw the packet into the fire, remarking as he did so that it contained his will, but that now all his possessions belonged to his dear child.

Old Katrina knew, and the doctor instantly understood, the whole; and both were deeply affected. Yohannes then requested that Mary should be brought in immediately; and while the weeping woman was gone for her, the doctor moistened the dying man's lips with cordial, and poured a little into his mouth. This slightly revived him for a moment; and when Mary entered his chamber, and approached him with a harrowed heart and an unsteady step, he motioned her to bend down, whispered a few incoherent words in her ear, and returned the pressure of her lips. She heard the death-rattle in his throat—felt the clamminess of a corpse upon his cheek—and knew too surely that a very few minutes would separate them forever. Then it was, as she rose up, that she must have sunken upon the floor, had not the flood-gates of her grief opened, and a gush of tears come to her relief. The doctor turned away from the affecting sight, and Katrina threw herself into a chair, weeping and sobbing aloud.

As Mary rose up, her parent took her

hand, and fixed his eyes steadily upon hers; and *she*, first of all present, knew that her father was no more of this world—for his gaze was unlike that of the living, and *his hand had grown cold in hers*.

Two days after this event, the little inclosure at one corner of the old garden-spot, was disturbed, the first time for twelve years, by the pickaxe and the spade; and about noon of that day, in the presence of a few old friends, mostly surviving patriarchs of the original colony, the earthly remains of Yohannes Vantyle were consigned to their last resting place.

In the course of a couple of weeks, Cunningham took possession of the estates, and removing from the village with his sorrowing wife, more touchingly beautiful in her mourning weeds than ever before, became the occupant of the Hollow-House.

THE END.

"I FEAR NOT THY FROWN."

I FEAR not thy frown, and I ask not thy smile;

Thy love has no value for me!

The spell of thine eye, can no longer beguile—

My heart from enchantment is free!

Thou may'st whisper the language of love as before;

Thou may'st speak of the past, if thou wilt;

It can only the record of falsehood restore,

Or awake the remembrance of guilt.

Time was when I dreamed 't would be death to my

To live disunited to thee;

[heart,

That life, from thy love and thy presence apart,

Must a desolate wilderness be!

I loved—with a love how devoted and deep,

'T were vanity now to recall:

I loved, O, too truly! for now I could weep,

That I e'er should have loved thee at all!

We meet in the throng, and we join in the dance,

And thy voice is as soft, and as low;

And thine eye hath as deep, and as earnest a glance,

As it had when we met long ago.

But I think of the past, as a vision that's flown;

Of thy love, as a dream of the night:

The magic is gone from thy look and thy tone—

Thy falsehood hath put it to flight.

And coldly, aye coldly! I gaze on thee now,

Or turn from thy presence away;

I heed not the beauty that dwells on thy brow—

A beauty to win and betray.

Like a sepulcher, garnished, and fair to the sight,

Though filled with corruption and death—

The cheek may be fair, and the eye may be bright.

While a false heart is beating beneath.

New Albany, Ia.

Viola.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE SETTLEMENT AT BELVILLE, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF EVENTS THERE, AND ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE OHIO RIVER IN THAT REGION OF COUNTRY, FROM THE YEAR 1785 TO 1795:

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Continuation of events in 1792—A brief view of the habits and manners of the early border settlers—A fair portrait of the western pioneers, in a biographical sketch of Moses Hewit.

THE year following St. Clair's defeat, was one of sore disaster to the frontier settlers. The savages, sated with blood, and haughty from victory, became, if possible, more daring and cruel after that event, than before it. The inhabitants along the frontiers of Belville and Belprie were alike involved in one common calamity, and the events of their history are parts of the same subject. Moses Hewit was taken prisoner near the same time with Mr. Sherrod, and in the same vicinity, being at a point only about ten miles distant, across the ridges, in the bend of the Ohio between the mouth of the Little Kenawha and Big Hockhocking, by a route often traversed at that day by the Indians, and still in use as a public road by the inhabitants of Wood county, Virginia.

The people of this day know but little of the sufferings and privations of the early settlers of the Valley of the Ohio, especially of that portion of it which lies between Wheeling and the mouth of the Big Kenawha. As little do they also know of the manners, the customs, and the feelings by which they were actuated and guided in that romantic and chivalrous age. Surrounded by savage foes, and the wild beasts of the forest, their lives were in continual danger, and the practice of every art and stratagem, which in any way promoted their safety, came of course into use; such as all kinds of athletic exercises, running, jumping, wrestling, swimming, and boxing. As nearly all their contests with the savages were from hand to hand, often between individuals, or at most, in parties of very small numbers, it became of vast importance for each man to excel in feats of activity, his life often depending entirely upon his own personal strength and courage, when brought into

single combat with the red man of the forest. In these deadly strifes, the white man, it brought up on the borders, was generally the conqueror. His courage was in no way inferior to that of the Indian, and his vigorous arms, inured to the labor of the axe and the plough, had acquired a volume and strength far superior to his savage foes; who leaving all these inglorious occupations to their females, did not possess that vigor which exercise only can give. In the use of the lower extremities he was often an overmatch for the white man, and generally excelled him in the swiftness of the race. His long and frequent journeys on foot in war expeditions and hunting excursions, from youth to old age, had given a correspondent suppleness and development to the muscles of the legs, in general far superior to the white man, although among the early borderers there were many, who, in this respect, excelled any Indian.

For these reasons, all the athletic exercises practiced at the Olympic games were held in high estimation by the inhabitants of that day, and more especially those of running, wrestling, and boxing. Men who excelled in either of these arts, often traveled eighty or a hundred miles to challenge a noted individual for a personal trial of superiority. These "tournaments," if they may be so called, were generally conducted without animosity, and the vanquished person submitted with a good grace to his defeat, if the contest had been fairly managed. In this particular, the men of no age were more honorable, than these rude settlers of the back-woods. As in boxing, the object was to conquer his antagonist, every advantage was taken of fist, tooth and nail. Biting, and gouging the eyes, were among the most prominent means of conquering a prostrate foe; as many a brave fellow, who was about losing an eye, has succumbed to a weaker man, rather than part with a member that would greatly disable him, ever after, in his war and hunting excursions.

These rude and boisterous practices, now held in the greatest abhorrence, naturally grew out of the peculiar circumstances of the times, and have gradually gone into disuse as the necessity for their continuance has passed away. The company of rangers, or spies, employed by the agents of the Ohio Company for the defence of their new settlements during the Indian war, from 1790 to 1795, were generally selected from this

class of borderers. For hardihood, courage, and activity, no set of men, which this earth ever produced, could excel them.—They were, generally, in the early vigor of manhood, stout, muscular men, often more than six feet high.

Their dress and weapons of defence and offence, were similar to those of the savage foe with whom they were contending; and consisted of a rifle, tomahawk, and scalping or long hunting knife, which latter implements were suspended from a belt that confined the "hunting shirt," a light article of dress which they wore in place of the Indian blanket, and which was much more convenient and becoming. Pride of dress is confined to no age, nor to any particular class of people; accordingly, we find these rude and generally untutored men of the frontiers, fond of rich and showy colors in the texture of the cloth, and in the manifold fringes which decorated the "hunting shirt." The cloth itself was generally fabricated by their mothers, wives, or sisters, and spun and woven from linen and wool, within their own dwellings, where the loom and the spinning wheel were articles of indispensable necessity. In these domestic fabrics, many of the females possessed great skill; and the richest tints and harmonious arrangement of the colors, drawn from the native plants of the forest, were often displayed in their own dresses, and especially so in those of their husbands and brothers, who were not only their protectors, but also the pride of their hearts. The love, the constancy, and the courage of the female heart, have been celebrated from the earliest ages, but never have they been displayed to better advantage, or shone with brighter luster, than in many of the numerous incidents which transpired on our western borders.

Moses Hewit was a native of New-England, the land of active and enterprising men, and born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1767. He removed to the waters of the Ohio, in 1790, in company with his uncle, Capt. John Hewit, soon after the settlement of the Ohio Company; at the breaking out of the Indian war, he resided on the Island now known by the name of "Blenerhasset," in the block-house of Capt. James, where he married a cousin, the daughter of Capt. Hewit. After his marriage, he lived a short time at the mouth of the Little Kenawha, but as the Indians became dangerous, he joined the company

of settlers at "Neil's station," a short distance above, on the same stream. At this period all the settlements on both banks of the Ohio were broken up, and the inhabitants retired to their garrisons for mutual defence.

The garrison at the middle settlement, in Belprie, was called "Farmer's Castle," and was a strong stockaded defence, with comfortable dwelling houses erected along the margin of the stout palisades which surrounded it. It stood near the bank of the Ohio river, on the waters of which nearly all the intercourse between the stations was conducted in light canoes. At this garrison Mr. Hewit was a frequent visiter, but not an inmate. Some of the more fearless inhabitants on the left bank, still continued to live in their own dwellings, considering themselves in a manner protected by the Ohio river, and by the vigilance of the "spies," who daily scoured the adjacent forests. Mr. Hewit was at this time in the prime of life and manhood; possessed of a vigorous frame, nearly six feet high, with limbs of the finest mould, not surpassed by the Belvidere Apollo, for manly beauty. The hands and feet were small in proportion to the muscles of the arms and legs. Of their strength, some estimate may be formed, when it is stated that he could, with a single hand, lift with ease a large blacksmith's anvil, by grasping the tapering horn which projects from its side. To this great muscular strength was added a quickness of motion, which gave to the dash of his fist the rapidity of thought, as it was driven into the face or breast of his adversary. The eye was coal black, small and sunken, but when excited or enraged, flashed fire like that of the tiger. The face and head were well developed, with such powerful masseter and temporal muscles, that the fingers of the strongest man, when once confined between his teeth, could no more be withdrawn than from the jaws of a vice.

With such physical powers, united to an unrefined and rather irritable mind, who shall wonder at his propensity for, and delight in, personal combat; especially when placed in the midst of rude and unlettered companions, where courage and bodily strength were held in unlimited estimation. Accordingly, we find him engaged in numberless personal contests, in which he almost universally came off victorious. One instance of his activity and reckless daring took place at Marietta, about the year 1796. In some

quarrel at a tavern, the vigor of his arm was laid so heavily upon one of his opponents, that serious apprehensions were felt for his life. Complaint was made to the magistrate, and a warrant issued for his apprehension. Of this he had timely notice, and not relishing the inside of a jail at that inclement season of the year, it being in February, he started for the river, intending to cross into Virginia, out of the jurisdiction of the constable. It so happened that the rains on the head waters had raised the river to half bank and broken up the ice, which completely covered the stream with fragments of all dimensions, so closely arranged that no canoe could be forced through them. Although late in the night, there was yet the light of the moon, and rushing down the bank, with the constable and a numerous posse at his back, he leaped fearlessly on to the floating ice, and springing from fragment to fragment, with the activity of a fox, he reached the opposite shore in safety, about half a mile below the point where he commenced this perilous adventure. The constable, seeing the object of his pursuit afloat on the ice, came to a halt, concluding, that, although he had escaped from the penalty of the law, he could not avoid the fate which awaited him, and that he would certainly be drowned before he could gain the shore. But, as fortune is said to favor the brave, he escaped without harm, and his life was preserved for wise and providential purposes.

Sometime in the month of May, 1792, while living at Neil's station, on the Little Kenawha, Mr. Hewit rose early in the morning and went out about a mile from the garrison in search of a stray horse, little expecting any Indians to be near, having heard of none in that vicinity for some time. He was sauntering along at his ease, in an obscure cattle path, thinking more of his stray animal than of danger, when all at once three Indians sprang from behind two large trees, that stood one on each side of the track, where they had been watching his approach. So sudden was the onset, and so completely was he in their grasp, that resistance was vain, and would probably have been the cause of his death. He therefore quietly surrendered, thinking that in a few days he should find some means of escape. For himself, he felt but little uneasiness; his greatest concern was for his wife and child, from whom, with the yearnings

of a father's heart, he was thus forcibly separated, and whom he might never see again.

As is their custom after taking a prisoner, or exciting an alarm among their enemies, the Indians immediately commenced a retreat for the Sandusky plains, where a portion of their tribe resided,—as it is considered very honorable for a war party all to return in safety, after making a successful stroke on the whites. Keeping back in the hills, out of sight of the stations on the river, they struck the Ohio, about eighteen miles below, near the mouth of Shade river, at a place known to all the old hunters, by the name of "Devil Hole," from its rough and forbidding aspect; being full of deep, dark ravines, high hills and rocky cliffs. It was one of the favorite crossing places of the Indians, being remote from any settlement; and by passing over the high ridges which accompany this stream, they soon fell on to the head branches of a creek which falls into the Scioto.

One of their favorite descents was down the waters of Queer creek, a tributary of Salt creek, and opened a direct course to their town of old Chillicothe. It is a wild, romantic ravine, in which the stream has cut a passage, for several miles in extent, through the solid rock, forming mural cliffs, now more than one hundred and twenty feet in height. They are also full of caverns and grottoes, clothed with dark evergreens of the hemlock and cedar. Near the outlet of this rocky and narrow valley, there stood, a few years since, a large beech tree, on which was engraven, in legible characters, "This is the road to Hell, 1782." These words were probably traced by some unfortunate prisoner then on his way to the old Indian town of Chillicothe. This whole region is full of interesting scenery, and affords some of the most wild and picturesque views of any other of equal extent in the state of Ohio. It was one of the best hunting grounds for the bear; as its numerous grottoes and caverns afforded them the finest retreats for their winter quarters. These caverns were also valuable on another account, as furnishing vast beds of nitrous earth, from which the old hunters, in time of peace, extracted large quantities of saltpeter for the manufacture of gunpowder, at which art some of them were great proficient. One of these grottoes, well known to the inhabitants of the vicinity, by the

name of the "Ash Cave," contains a large heap of ashes piled up by the side of the rock which forms one of its boundaries. It has been estimated, by different persons, to contain several thousand bushels. The writer visited this grotto in 1837, and should say there was at that time not less than three or four hundred bushels of clean ashes, as dry and free from moisture, as they were on the day they were burned. Whether they are the refuse of the old saltpeter makers, or were piled up there in the course of ages, by some of the aboriginies who made these caverns their dwelling places, remains as yet a subject for conjecture.

These ravines and grottoes have all been formed in the out-cropping edges of the sandstone and conglomerate rocks, which underlie the coal fields of Ohio, by the wasting action of the weather, and attrition of running water. The process is yet going on, in several streams on the south-west side of Hocking county, where the water has a descent of thirty, forty, or fifty feet at a single pitch, and a fall of eighty or a hundred in a few rods. The falls of the Cuyahoga, and the Hockhocking, are cut in the same geological formation. The water, in some of these branches, is of sufficient volume to turn the machinery of a grist or saw-mill, and being lined and overhung with the graceful foliage of the evergreen hemlock, furnishes some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery. This is especially so at the "Cedar Falls," and "the Falls of Black Jack," in the township of Benton. The country is at present but partially settled, but when good roads are opened and convenient inns established, no portion of Ohio can afford a richer treat for the lovers of wild and picturesque views.

There is a tradition among the credulous settlers of this retired spot, that lead ore was found here and worked by the Indians; and many a weary day has been spent in its fruitless search among the cliffs and grottoes, which line all the streams of this region. They often find ashes and heaps of cinders; and the "pot holes" in a bench of the sand rock in the "Ash Cave," evidently worn by the water at a remote period, when the stream ran here, although it is now eighty or one hundred feet lower, and ten or twelve rods farther north, they imagine, were in some way used for smelting the lead. But to return from this digression.

In their progress to the towns on the San-

dusky plains, the Indians treated their prisoner, Hewit, with as little harshness as could be expected. He was always confined at night by fastening his wrists and ankles to saplings, as he lay extended upon his back on the ground, with an Indian on each side. By day, his limbs were free, but always marching with one Indian before, and two behind him. As they approached the prairies, frequent halts were made to search for honey, the wild bee being found in every hollow tree, and often in the ground beneath decayed roots, in astonishing numbers. This afforded them many luscious repasts, of which the prisoner was allowed to partake. The naturalization of the honey bee to the forests of North America, since its colonization by the whites, is, in fact, the only real addition to his comforts, that the red man has ever received from the destroyer of his race; and this industrious insect, so fond of the society of man, seems also destined to destruction by the *bee-moth*, and like the buffalo and the deer, will soon vanish from the woods and prairies of the West.

While the Indians were occupied in these searches, Hewit closely watched an opportunity for escape, but his captors were equally vigilant. As they receded from the danger of pursuit, they became less hurried in their march, and often stopped to hunt and amuse themselves. The level prairie afforded fine ground for one of their favorite sports, the foot race. In this, Hewit was invited to join, and soon found that he could easily outrun two of them, but the other was more than his match, which discouraged him from trying to escape, until a more favorable opportunity. They treated him familiarly, and were much pleased with his lively, cheerful manners. After they had reached within one or two day's march of their village, they made a halt to hunt, and left their prisoner at their camp, although they had usually taken him with them, as he complained of being sick. To make all safe, they placed him on his back, confining his wrists with stout thongs of raw-hide to saplings, and his legs raised at a considerable elevation, to a small tree. After they had been gone a short time, he began to put in operation the plan he had been meditating for escape, trusting that the thickness of his wrists, in comparison with the smallness of his hands, would enable him to withdraw them from the ligatures. After long and violent exertions, he succeeded in

liberating his hands, but not without severely lacerating the skin and covering them with blood. His legs were next freed by untying them, but not without a great effort, from their elevation.

Once fairly at liberty, the first object was to secure some food for the long journey which was before him. But as the Indian's larder is seldom well stocked, with all his search, he could only find two small pieces of jerked venison, not more than sufficient for a single meal. With this light stock of provision, his body nearly naked, and without even a knife, or a tomahawk, to assist in procuring more, he started for the settlements on the Muskingum, as the nearest point where he could meet with friends. It seems that the Indians returned to the camp soon after his escape, for that night while cautiously traversing a wood, he heard the cracking of a breaking twig not far from him. Dropping silently on to the ground where he stood, he beheld his three enemies in close pursuit. To say that he was not agitated, would not be true; his senses were wide awake, and his heart beat quick, but it was a heart that never knew fear. It so happened that they passed a few yards to one side of him, and he remained unseen. As soon as they were at a sufficient distance, he altered his course and saw no more of them.

Suffering every thing but death, from the exhausting effects of hunger and fatigue, he, after nine days, struck the waters of the Big Muskingum, and came in to the garrison, at Wolf creek mills. During this time he had no food but roots and the bark of the slippery-elm, after the two bits of venison were expended. When he came in sight of the station, he was so completely exhausted that he could not stand or halloo. His body was entirely naked, excepting a small strip of cloth round the loins, and so torn, bloody and disfigured, by the briars and brush, that he thought it imprudent to show himself, lest he should be taken for an Indian, and shot by the sentries. It is a curious physiological fact, that famine and hunger will actually darken the skin in the manner mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah, when foretelling the fate of the Israelites; and may be accounted for by the absorption of the bile into the blood, when not used up in the process of digesting the food. In this forlorn state, Hewitt remained until evening, when he crawled silently to the

gateway, which was open, and crept in before any one was aware of his being near. As they all had heard of his capture, and some personally knew him, he was instantly recognized by a young man, as the light of the fire fell on his face, who exclaimed, "here is Hewit." They soon clothed and fed him, and his fine constitution directly restored his health.

The course pursued by Mr. Hewit was in the direction of a favorite and well known trail, or war path of the Indians, from Sandusky to the settlements on the Muskingum, and struck that river at a point called "Big Rock," from an enormous block of sandstone that had tumbled out of a cliff and lay on the shore. The line of the trail lay between the waters of the Muskingum and those of the Scioto, crossing some of the branches of both these rivers. The war paths of the Indians were generally known to the old hunters, as in times of peace there was considerable intercourse for trade and hunting between the borderers and the Indian tribes. After the war was closed, by the masterly campaign of Gen. Wayne, the sturdy settlers on the shores of the Ohio, sallied out from their garrisons, where they had been more or less closely confined for five years, and took possession of their various farms, which had fallen to their lots either as "donation lands," or as proprietors in the Ohio Company, some of which had been partially cleared and cultivated before the commencement of hostilities. During this period, they suffered from famine, sickness, and death, in addition to the depredations of the Indians. The smallpox and putrid sore throat, had both visited them in their garrisons, destroying, in some instances, whole families of children in a few days. The murderous savage without, with sickness and famine within, had made their castles wearisome dwelling places, although they protected them from the tomahawk, and saved the settlements from being entirely broken up.

In the year 1797, Mr. Hewit cast his lot in the valley of the Hockhocking river, near the town of Athens, and settled quietly down to clearing his farm. He was by nature endowed with a clear, discriminating, and vigorous mind; and, although his education was very limited, extending only to reading and writing, yet his judgment was acute, and his reasoning powers highly matured by his intercourse with his fellow

men. For some years before his death, he was a member of the Methodist church, which has the praise of reclaiming more depraved men than perhaps any other sect, and became a valuable citizen and useful man in society. A short time previous to his decease, which took place in the year 1814, he was appointed a Trustee of the Ohio University, at Athens. At that early time, the duties of a Trustee mainly consisted in leasing out and managing the fiscal affairs of the college domain, embracing two townships of land. For this business he was well fitted, and his judgment and good sense, were of real value to the institution, however little he might be qualified to act in literary matters.

The life of Mr. Hewit affords an interesting subject for contemplation. Hundreds of others, who were among the western borderers in early days, afford similar examples of reckless daring, and outrageous acts, while surrounded with war, tumult, and danger, who, when peace was restored and they returned to the quiet scenes of domestic and civil life, became some of the most useful, influential, and distinguished men. It shows how much man is the creature of habit; and that he is often governed more by the character, and the outward example of the men around him, and the times in which he lives, than by any innate principle of good or evil, which may happen to predominate within him.

CHAPTER IX.

Continuation of the account of early events—An enterprising borderer—Murder of Nicholas Carpenter, and four others, by a band of Indians under Tecumseh, in 1791.

THE following event, although it did not take place in the vicinity of Belville, is yet connected with the history of the settlements in that region. Very imperfect accounts of it have heretofore been published.

At a broad expansion of the Ohio river, six miles above Marietta, is a spot well known to all steamboat pilots in low stages of water, by the name of "Carpenter's bar." It took its name from a tragical affair which was transacted on a small run, which puts into the river on its left bank, against the bar, called "Carpenter's run." At the first settlement of Marietta, in 1788, the inhabi-

itants having migrated from a distant part of the Union, were not in a condition to bring many domestic cattle with them, and what they did bring, were nearly all stolen from them, or shot down in the woods by the Indians. This state of destitution for several years after, opened a favorable market for the cattle of the older settlements on the western branch of the Monongahela river, in the vicinity of the present town of Clarksville, in Virginia. Considerable quantities were also consumed by the troops at Fort Harmer. In that region, especially on Elk and the West Fork, settlements had been made as early as the year 1772, and many large farms were opened and numerous herds of cattle grown in the rich hills, which have been justly celebrated for their fine pasturage. It is distant about eighty miles, in nearly a due east direction, from the mouth of the Muskingum. Several droves had been sent in as early as the year 1790.

Among others engaged in this business, was Nicholas Carpenter, a native of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, who had been among the first settlers of this remote district. He was a man of great energy and activity, and took the lead in all business transactions, having not only a large farm with eighty or one hundred acres under cultivation, but a small store of dry goods. He carried on a smithy, and gun-making, at which he worked himself; and also employed a hatter, shoemaker, and clothier, all on his own premises; and for so remote a spot, and so early a day, he may well be considered a man of importance to society. He was not only a business man, but also in the strictest sense, a pious man. At the period of the event about to be described, he was the father of eleven children, all by one mother. In those days, such families were not uncommon. Every thing was in its prime; the virgin earth brought forth by handfuls, and mankind multiplied rapidly, from their simple food and active lives; and none the less so from the dangers to which they were exposed. As a sample of the fecundity of the climate, there were living about thirty years since, a little below the mouth of Fish creek, on the Ohio, two brothers, whose united progeny amounted to forty-seven, one having twenty-four, the other twenty-three children. The two families filled a schoolhouse. They, however, had each of them a second wife.

The last of September, in the year 1791,

Mr. Carpenter started for Marietta, with a large drove of cattle, which place he had visited twice before on the same account. He had in company with him, to assist in driving them through the wilderness, by a path on each side of which the trees had been marked, five men, and his little son, Nicholas, then only ten years old. He was an uncommonly active boy of his age, and often traversed the woods on horseback, to the distance of twenty or thirty miles, all alone, on the business of his father. As the Indians were now hostile, he was told of the danger by his mother, who was very reluctant to the journey; but he plead so earnestly to go, playfully answering to her fears, that he could easily escape on his little horse, if attacked, which was very swift-footed, that she finally consented. The names of the men who accompanied him, were Jesse Hughes, George Legit, John Paul, Burns and Ellis. They had traveled three days without any signs of danger, and approached within a short distance of the Ohio river, and six miles only from Marietta, when they encamped at evening on a small run not far from its mouth, considering themselves as safe from attack, and their journey in a manner ended. Their horses were hopped, and suffered to feed in the vicinity of the camp on the wild pea vines and tall plants with which the woods were filled at that day; while the cattle lay around, and browsed, or ruminated as they pleased, after their long travel. After supper, the men lay quietly down by the fire, and soon fell asleep.

It so happened, that not far from the time of their leaving home, a marauding party of six Shawnee Indians, headed, as was afterwards ascertained, by Tecumseh, then about twenty years of age, and ultimately so celebrated for bravery and talents, had crossed the Ohio river near Belville. They had left the old Chillicothe town, on the waters of Paint creek, with the intention of visiting the settlements on the West branch of the Monongahela, to steal horses, and kill the inhabitants. From Belville, they passed over the ridges to "Neil's station," on the Little Kenawha, where they took prisoner a colored boy of Mr. Neil's, about twelve years old, as he was out looking after the horses early in the morning. It was accomplished without alarming the garrison, and they quietly pursued their route, doing no other mischief. It was a common practice with war parties, in going out, not to alarm

the borderers, until they had reached their destination, and struck the blow they meditated. The route from Kenawha to the West Branch was well known to the Indians and all the old hunters, and though the country was a continued wilderness, their main war paths were as familiar to them as our modern turnpikes are to travelers. On this occasion they passed up the Kenawha to the mouth of Hughe's river, and following the north fork, soon fell on to the trail from Clarksburgh to Marietta. This took them about three days; during which time the weather was very dry, and they killed no game for food. They, however, one day found a turtle or terrapin, which was divided among them; and the black boy, Frank, received an equal share with the rest, although they were all nearly starving. Frank, by this time, had become quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue, when the Indians, to encourage him, promised that he should have a horse to ride on their return.

Soon after leaving the north fork of Hughe's river, they came upon the trail of Mr. Carpenter's drove, and thinking them a caravan of new settlers on their way to the Ohio, they held a short council. Giving up any further progress east, they turned with great energy and high spirits, on to the fresh, large trail, which they saw had been made only the day before. So broad was the track made by the drove of cattle and six or seven horses, that they followed it, without difficulty, at a rapid pace all night, and came upon the camp fire a little before day light. Previous to commencing the attack they took the precaution of securing Frank with thongs to a stout sapling, on the top of an adjacent ridge. The trampling and noise of the cattle gave the Indians all the opportunity they desired in making their approach, as their own movements would be blended with those of the animals in the ears of the sentinels, had there been any; but this precaution had not been taken, as, in fact, they considered themselves in no danger. Tecumseh, with the cunning which ever after distinguished him, placed his men behind the trunk of a large fallen tree, only a few yards from the camp, where they could watch the movements of their enemies, and not be seen themselves.

At the first dawn of day, Carpenter roused his men, saying it was time to be moving, and that they would begin the day with the accustomed acts of devotion. As the men

sat round the fire, he commenced reading a hymn, from the old "West-End Baptist Collection," and had reached the following line of the third verse, "Awake and run the heavenly race," when the Indians all fired, following the discharge with a terrific yell, and instantly rushed upon their astonished and unprepared victims with the tomahawk. The fire of the Indians was not very well directed, as it killed only one man, Ellis, from Greenbrier, and wounded John Paul through the hand. Ellis immediately fell, exclaiming "O Lord, I am killed." The rest sprang to thier feet, and before they could all get their rifles, which were leaning against a tree, the Indians were among them. Hughes, who had been an old hunter, in his confusion seized on two rifles, his own and Mr. Carpenter's, and pushed into the woods with two Indians at his heels. He discharged one of them, but whether with effect is not known, and threw the other down. Not having completed dressing himself before the attack, his long leathern leggings were only fastened to the belt around his waist, and hanging loose below, got around his legs, greatly impeding his flight. Finding he should be soon overtaken, unless he could rid himself of this incumbrance, he stopped, and placing his foot on the lower ends, tore them loose from the belt, leaving his legs naked from the hips downwards. This delay, although the work of a moment, nearly cost him his life; for his pursuer, then within a few feet of him, threw his tomahawk so accurately as to graze his head. Freed from this impediment, he soon left his foe far behind. My informant, a son of Mr. Carpenter; now living in Marietta, but then a very little boy, says he well remembers seeing the bullet holes in Hughes' hunting shirt, so narrow was his escape. In the race, the competitors passed near the spot where Frank was concealed, who described it as one of the swiftest he had ever seen.

John Paul, who had before been engaged in contests with the Indians, under Crawford, was saved by his activity in running. George Legit was pursued for nearly four miles, overtaken, and killed. Burns, a stout, athletic man, but not swift of foot, was slain near the camp, after a desperate resistance. When found, a few days after, his stout jack knife was still clasped in his hand, with which he had doubtless inflicted some wounds on his foes, as the vines and weeds

were all trampled down for more than a rod square around him.

Mr. Carpenter, although lame, having had his ancle joint shattered by a rifle shot many years before, would have done some execution among his foes, could he have found his rifle, but Hughes had carried it off in his hurry. He was a very brave man, but being without arms, could do nothing, and his lame ancle forbidding rapid flight, he sought safety by concealment behind a clump of willows in the bed of the run near the camp. His little son was also taken by his side. They were then led to the spot where the black boy had been left, and both killed. The father by the plunge of a knife, and the son by a stroke of the tomahawk. What led to the slaughter, after they had surrendered, is not known. Mr. Carpenter was found wrapped up in his blanket, with a pair of new Indian moccasins on his feet, and his scalp not removed. It is supposed that these marks of respect were shown him at the solicitation of an Indian of the party, whose gun Mr. Carpenter had repaired at Marietta some time before, and had refused any compensation for the service. This fact was related to Christopher Carpenter, by one of the Indians who was present, many years after, at Urbana, in Ohio.

Tecumseh and his men, after collecting the plunder of the camp, retreated in such haste, fearing a pursuit from the rangers and soldiers at Marietta, that they left all the horses, which had probably scattered in the woods, at the noise of the attack. Before starting, they sent one of the party to unloose the black boy Frank, and take him along with them, but he had already freed himself. In the midst of the confusion of the assault, by great exertion, he slipped his hands from the cords, and hid himself in a thick patch of hazel bushes, from which he saw a part of the transactions. After all was quiet, and he had supposed the Indians gone, he raised his head cautiously, and looked around, when, much to his confusion, he saw a tall Indian within a few steps of him, who was looking in another direction, and did not perceive him. Frank dropped silently down into his covert, and was not discovered. After they had all left the vicinity of his hiding place, he crept cautiously forth, and, by good fortune, took the right direction for Williams's station, opposite to Marietta, and gave notice of the disaster, after which he returned to his master, and died only a

few years since. The death of Mr. Carpenter and his comrades, filled the settlement to which he belonged, with grief and consternation. He was highly esteemed, and his loss, for many years, lamented.

RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

WE know of no proceedings, in State Courts, relative to the rights of authors and inventors, since the Constitution went into operation in 1789. It appears to have been generally believed, that a provision of the 8th section of the 1st article of that paper, withdrew from the respective States all control over the subject; that the grant to Congress of a power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries," vested in that body exclusive authority in those matters; and, through it, in the federal courts, exclusive jurisdiction of cases relating to those rights.

Chief Justice Kent advanced a contrary doctrine, in *Livingston vs. Van Ingen*, 9th *Johnson's Reports*; but we know of no legislative action corresponding with the suggestion put forward in that case. He said, "that if an author or inventor, instead of resorting to the act of Congress, should apply to the State Legislature for an exclusive right to his production, there is nothing to prevent the State from granting such exclusive privilege, provided it be confined in its exercise to their particular jurisdiction." We propose, however, to view the subject of *literary property* in the United States, in a different aspect, as coming under the judicial, and not the legislative power. If an author, or inventor, in Ohio, or other State, enters the proper court, with a complaint that his book, or invention, has been printed by a person within its jurisdiction, *can such State Court* refuse cognizance of the injury? Our Constitution asserts, that courts of justice shall always be open for redress of injuries to the person, or property, or reputation, of any individual; and to disclaim consideration of the case we have just put, a clear exception must be furnished by the court, showing a want of jurisdiction over the subject matter. The excuse should designate another tribunal, or authority, having the power and the disposition to entertain

the case, or, the existence of a prohibition by a law superior to the State Constitution.

There is still another ground of refusal, which is, a denial that the work of our author *is property*. If such productions *are property*, and no restrictions are placed upon the States in guarding and protecting it; by the language we have quoted from the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States, authors and inventors can no more be driven from the seat of justice unheard, than the creditor, or the slandered man. A review of the subject and the discussion, will almost necessarily mingle the consideration of a right of property with that of jurisdiction.

The first English statute upon the subject, is the 9th of Anne, c. 19; enacted in the year 1709. It provided, that within a certain period, (fourteen years,) the author "shall have the sole right and liberty of printing, vending, etc.," his work. The penalties of the act were, that every copy should be forfeited, to be *destroyed*, and a penny a sheet paid to the informer who should prosecute. The existence of a common law right, and the effect of this statute upon it, may be gathered from the English cases.

The King's Bench, in 1770, decided, "that any author had a common law right in *perpetuity*, to the exclusive printing and publishing his original compositions." *Kent's Com.* 2, 307; 4 *Burrowes' Rep.* 2203; *Taylor vs. Miller*. Injunctions to prevent the publication of manuscripts, without copy rights, were frequently granted, upon the ground that there was a *property, independent* of the statute. *Eden on Injunctions*, 199, 200; 2 *Eden*, 329; 2d *Merivale*, 435; 2 *Atk.* 342; 2d *Ves. & Bea.* 19.

In 1774, the House of Lords reversed the decision in *Taylor vs. Miller*, by deciding that the common law right, if any existed, could not be exercised *beyond the time limited* by the statute of Anne. *Donaldson vs. Becket*; 7 *Bro. P. C.* 88, and *Burrowes*, 2408. This case turned upon the question, whether the statute abridged or took away the common law right. And to allow this case only the force to which it is entitled, the circumstances attending these leading decisions will be given: In *Miller vs. Taylor*, all the judges, except Justice Yates, subscribed to the existence of a common law right expressed in the decision above

quoted, and Lord Mansfield was one of the court. Four years afterwards, in *Donaldson vs. Becket*, the Lords referred the question, how far the statute affected the common law right, if it existed, to the twelve Judges of England. Lord Mansfield declined giving an opinion, but adhered, in sentiment, to the case of *Miller vs. Taylor*. Eight, of the remaining eleven, agreed, that a common law right existed before the statute. Six were of opinion, that the statute abridged or took away that right; and five, that it did not, who, with Mansfield, would have divided the Bench. Upon this authority rests the right of "property," under the statute of Anne, from which, as will be shown hereafter, the act of Congress of 1790 was almost copied.

But, twenty-four years after, in *Beckford vs. Hood*, the King's Bench declared, (all the judges concurring,) that the statute *confirmed*, for the time named in it, the common law right, and that the penalties, instead of barring the common law remedy, constituted an *accumulative* right of action. *7 Term Rep. 623.*

At this period, 1798, our statute had been in existence eight years, and may be said, therefore, to be interpreted by the King's Bench, so far as it agrees with the English statute of that day. It is not proposed to give the American statutes in substance, and we will confine ourselves to those parts bearing upon this discussion.

The words corresponding, in the first section of the law of Congress, of April 31, 1790, with those of Anne, are these: "Shall have the sole right of printing, re-printing, publishing and vending," books, maps and charts, for fourteen years, and at the expiration, if the author is living, renewable for fourteen years, in addition.

Section second, gives a penalty of fifty cents a sheet, one-half to the lawful author, who prosecutes, and one-half to the Government. It also forfeits all the copies, for the purpose of destruction.

Section sixth, relates to piracy of a manuscript, and says, *the author may sue for damages, in any court having jurisdiction*, in an "action on the case." The act specifies no particular jurisdiction, and, therefore, relates to the Federal Courts generally; and were it not for the division of powers between the States and the National Government, by our Constitution, there would be very little difficulty in adopt-

ing, almost entire, the English practice, under the statute of Anne. What, then, was the effect of the Constitution, as adopted in 1789, and the laws enacted in pursuance to it, April, 1790, upon the rights of authors?

Prior to the revolution, British North America was doubtless governed on this point by the English law. Between the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and the Constitution, the States, though freed from the political rule of the mother country, in general, adopted her methods of administering justice and expounding and enforcing private rights. We may safely conclude, that this subject stood, at the adoption of the Constitution, upon the same basis as it did in England. The words of that instrument are intended to *secure*, and not to *create*, a right of property. The cases of *Taylor vs. Miller*, and *Donaldson vs. Becket*, were before the Convention of 1787, and all the law and the arguments connected with those prominent decisions, were familiar to the delegation. By them, a common law right existed in the author *before* the statute, and the judicial exponent of law in England was equally divided upon the question, whether it existed *under* or *during* the statute. *Every decision* recognised the right to a common law remedy, under the statute; and the necessity of pursuing it in that way was apparent, from an absence of statutory provision respecting the form of action. The act of Anne, then, according to *Beckwith vs. Hood*, secured more fully to authors this property in books, by ordaining forfeitures and penalties, in addition to the usual remedy for injuries to their interests.

The acts of Parliament are, in such matters, in England, like our American Constitution here, the supreme law of the land. The phraseology of our law, made in pursuance to the Constitution, is almost identical with the enactment of Parliament. Is there any thing in circumstances, to give the same terms greater scope on this side the water, than they had on the other? If not, where is the remaining right, as yet untouched by the Constitution or the law?

The Federal Government took nothing in any of its branches, but what the people bestowed in the Constitution. They gave Congress the power, the ability, to promote the useful arts and general science. This is the prerogative yielded up to the Union, and it was either concurrent or exclusive. The exercise of it by Congress was not

compulsory, but *voluntary*, which seems to give it the character of a concurrent power, that the State Legislatures might exercise in the absence of, or in subordination to, the General Congress. The *manner* and also the extent or mode of the encouragement to be given, was pointed out in the same connection, in the eighth section, viz: by *securing* to authors, etc., exclusive rights. Could Congress, under such a wording, say to the people of the States, that, not complying with the terms of our law, you shall have no right or interest in your literary productions? The National Legislature is empowered to secure, not to abrogate, a known, existing, and well-defined right. This would prove a great contradiction to the avowed objects of the Constitution, and would obtain its introduction in a very insidious manner. The ease would form an exception to the professed intention of that document, which is, the protection, not the destruction of property. Apply the doctrine to a literary work in being, at the adoption of the new form of government, in 1789. The author considers the common law right, or the State authority, a sufficient protection for his book, and does not think it necessary to assume the trouble and expense of a copy-right. At the moment when the new Government came into existence, according to a construction of this kind, his rights all fail, and the product of his pen is at the mercy of any invader. And in searching for the clause which has produced such an unexpected change in his property, it is discovered to be a phrase for the promotion of learning and art, by *farther securing*, for limited times, to the author, the sole use of his book. Assuming, then, that Congress can *create* no right of property, but only more effectually protect, for a time, what is, in nature and by common law, already in existence, the inquiry occurs, where is the remnant of authority and jurisdiction not delegated to the federal power? Can it be any where, but in the people of the States? or, if by them delegated to the local governments, then in some branch of the State authority.

But to bring forward the proceedings of Congress to a late period, the acts subsequent to 1790, should be here introduced. Upon the 8th of Anne, similar to the first American law, Lord Kenyon had remarked, in *Beckwith vs. Hood*, "Nothing can be more incomplete as a remedy, than these

penalties; for, without dwelling upon the incompetency of the sum, the right of action is *not given to the party grieved*." Our statute differed from this, in giving *one-half* the penalty to the *party grieved*, if prosecuted within *one year*. The expense and trouble of prosecution would consume most of the author's share of the judgment; and conceding this to be the only remedy in the United States, the progress of a year in time, without suit, leaves him without relief. April 29, 1802, another act was passed, relative to historical and other prints, with forfeitures and penalties, like the law of 1790, but in no manner altering or affecting that act. The limitation, in this act, is two years. The next Legislature was perfected Feb. 3, 1831, forty-one years after the original action of Congress, a period in which the property in books, maps and charts, in the United States, was apparently subject to similar common law incidents, with the same things in England. The first section extends the subjects of copy-right, including with books, maps and charts, musical compositions, prints, cuts, and engravings.

Section six, creates the penalties for printing, publishing, vending, importing, or offering for sale, any of the articles enumerated in the first section, without the consent of the author. The books are here forfeited to the lawful owner, and a fine of fifty cents a sheet is recoverable, one-half to the author or owner who prosecutes. The maps, charts, etc., are forfeited to the same use, and also the plates, with a fine of *one dollar* per sheet or copy, one-half to the owner. Limitations to prosecutions, two years. The changes or amendments here adopted, are in favor of the author, by bestowing the surreptitious copies upon him in full, instead of ordering their destruction.

Section nine, has the following provision: "If any unauthorized person shall publish or print 'any *manuscript whatever*,' he shall pay all damages, in an *action on the case*, in any court having jurisdiction; and the United States Courts are empowered to grant injunctions against the issue of such publication."

We do not know the judicial construction to this section. The other parts of the act quoted, do not differ in principle from the acts of 1790 and 1802, which are nearly equivalent to the 8th Anne, chapter 19. The language of the section seems to intend

to *bestow* a general jurisdiction by an action for damages, and a particular authority in cases of injunction arising out of a wrongful publication or printing of a *manuscript*; and the inference is, that Congress conceived themselves authorized to allow a suit for damages, in the cases of books, maps and charts, but did not choose to do so.

On the 15th of February, 1819, a law of Congress was passed, giving to the *Circuit Courts* of the United States original cognizance of suits at law and in equity, *arising under the laws* of the United States respecting writings, inventions, etc. This act is a mere disposal of jurisdiction among the Federal Courts, creating no fresh *rights of action*. At the same time, it had been decided, in *Robinson vs. Campbell*, 3 *Wheaton*, 221, "that by the laws of the United States, the Circuit Courts have cognizance of all suits of a civil nature, *at common law and in equity*, in cases which *fall within the limits* prescribed by those laws." And *remedies* in the Federal Courts were declared to be "according to the principles of common law and equity, as distinguished and defined in that country, from which we derive our knowledge of those principles."

And afterwards, *Chancellor Kent*, 2d vol. *Com.* p. 380, adopts the language of "Du Ponceau on Jurisdiction," reading as follows: "The courts (federal) cannot derive their *right to act* from the common law. They must look, for that right, to the Constitution and laws of the United States. On the other hand, the common law, considered merely as a *means* or *instrument* of *exercising jurisdiction*, does exist, and forms a safe and beneficial system of national jurisprudence." Should we, therefore, adopt the construction given to the 8th of Anne, by the House of Lords, and also in *Beckwith vs. Hood*, *K. B.*, that the acts of 1790, 1802, and 1831, give a *statutory right*, can the Federal Courts, like the English tribunals, take jurisdiction without express enactment by Congress? In England, the author or inventor has his action on the case, for damages; here, the *statute* in terms grants no such right of action, except in the case of *manuscripts*; and if the right is inferred, can the Circuit Court take cognizance under the act of 1819? We do not feel bound to admit the statute as the origin of an author's right to a property in his production; but if it should prove otherwise, and the Federal Court should main-

tain a claim to jurisdiction, in an action on the case for damages, are citizens *bound to proceed in that Court, exclusively* of others?

Concerning the *exclusive* exercise of *legislative* power in the Federal Government, the extent of such authority is well defined, by the Supreme Judicial Bench of the Union, in *Sturges vs. Crowningshield*, 4 *Wheaton*, 193. "The mere grant of a power, by Congress, does not imply a prohibition on the States to exercise the same power." And, in *Houston vs. Moore*, 5 *Wheaton*, 1, "The mere grant of a power, in affirmative terms to Congress, does not *per se* transfer exclusive sovereignty on such subjects." "The doctrine of the Court is, that when Congress *exercise* their powers upon any given subject, the States cannot enter upon the same ground and provide for the same objects." And the well-known general rule is this: where a grant is made to Congress, and in express terms prohibited to the States, or a power is bestowed upon the General Government exclusive, by the letter of the Constitution, or a grant is proved, in which, *from its nature*, the exercise of the same authority in the States would be incompatible with the use of it by Congress, and Congress have exercised it in all these cases, the States have no remaining power.

Admitting that Congress *might* have in vested the United States Courts with jurisdiction of cases for damages claimed by authors, has it been granted? Perhaps it was discretionary with the National Legislature, to give such further *security*, and in their own courts; but they do not seem to have done it; and if they had, could *exclusive* cognizance thereof have been claimed by them?

The question, whether the States may or may not promote science and the useful arts, by *still further securing* to authors and inventors exclusive rights, is yet unsettled. It is clearly asserted by Chancellor Kent, that they may, to a certain extent. But the claim of a power to legislate, by the States, and thus to provide encouragement, which Congress cannot or will not afford, is quite different from the retention of an original right in a State to protect the existence, and presume the use, of the property of its citizens. The latter, if yielded, was a sale of natural right, for the purchase of political security; and the strongest and clearest evidence of the exchange is to be demanded.

It must have been parted with, if at all, on an understanding, that the General Government, empowered by the grant to *secure*, would faithfully attend to its duty, and guard the rights of the author, as the States had heretofore done. The former grant involves nothing but policy. The people of the States truly imagined, that a uniform rule, embracing at once all the territory of the United States, would be preferable to the numerous and varied laws of the local Legislatures. They, therefore, gave Congress the power to secure, for limited times, the rights of authors, etc., in such manner, and by such penalties, as they should think wise and proper. Let us conceive of a period, when special protection to this species of property shall be unnecessary. Since the year 1789, half a century has passed away. The art of book-making has become a *business*, like the manufacture of merchandise. In the times of Queen Anne, learning had just escaped from the walls of the monasteries, and a calling so elevated did not promise to become common among men. A particular encouragement was given to the production of books, as had often been the case with other commodities; and the public, after the author was well compensated, had the work at cost, by a reversion or resumption of the special protection. Times had not so far changed, when the Government of the United States first considered the subject, eighty years afterwards, as to render encouragement useless. But we, at the close of the succeeding fifty years, are accustomed to think the human genius equal to the accomplishment of such things, unaided by law. And it may be asked, even now, whether the author desires more than the ordinary protection of his property?

In such a state of things, would it be necessary for Congress to repeal its laws, in order to place writings and inventions *within the guardianship* of the State law? If it *would not*, may not the author now rely at discretion upon the ordinary remedies of local courts, neglect to procure his copy-right, and bring an action for damages when his work or invention is published by another without consent? We have seen, that it is at least doubtful, whether he can prosecute, for such an injury, in a civil form, except for the penalty *while holding* a copy right. In most cases, an ordinary remedy would be preferable to one-half the penalty. If it can be pursued in the local

courts, it would be decidedly more advantageous. The uncertainties and technicalities of patents would be avoided in the case of inventions. A course of State legislation would be unnecessary, for the State Courts have already jurisdiction, if the Federal Courts have not. The odious exclusion of foreigners from the protection of law, as recently enforced according to the letter of the statute, in the case of the "*Phantom Ship*," *Marryatt vs. Collyer*, would be done away, and the necessity of an international copy-right law avoided.

If, then, we have fully examined the premises, the following points are unsettled, and worthy of attention by those concerned: 1st. Whether the Constitution vested in Congress an *exclusive power of legislation* over writings and inventions.

2d. Whether there existed a common law right, prior to the Constitution, capable of enforcement in the State Courts, without legislation.

3d. Whether the laws of Congress are, at present, the sole basis of right, in property of that kind.

4th. Whether the lawful jurisdiction of the Federal Courts is co-extensive with the existing rights of authors.

5th. Whether it is exclusive.

Here is a broad and untrodden field of inquiry and litigation, which the rapid advance of literature may soon render it necessary to cultivate. Some instruction on these points may be drawn from the legislation of Congress, and the action of the Federal Courts, in the matter of *patents*. The grant of the Constitution is, to "authors and inventors," and, therefore, the control of the General Government is the same over each.

The first patent law, dated April 10, 1790, section four, gives to the injured patentee his actual damages, and forfeits the machine to him.

Feb. 21, 1793. This law was repealed, and an infringement of the patent visited with damages, equal to treble the price of the invention, as sold to other persons. See section five. By section seven, if patents had been granted by the States, before the Constitution, they must be surrendered, in order to have the benefit of the act. Jurisdiction is conferred upon the Circuit Courts of the United States.

An act of the year 1800, (April 17,) enlarges the law of 1793, in regard to persons.

By the third section of this statute, the fifth section of the then existing law is repealed, and treble the actual damages given to the patentee, or his assigns, who is injured. The Circuit Courts take jurisdiction.

On the fourth of July, 1836, another law came into existence, which, in the fourteenth section, provides, that the court *may render judgment for a sum not exceeding three times the actual damage, as found by the jury.*

Here, as in the case of *manuscripts*, in the copy-right law, Congress allows the recovery of damages in the Federal Circuit Courts, and adds a severe penalty. If these enactments are considered as bestowing damages as *separate* from the penalty, it is *competent* for Congress to give to the authors of maps, charts, etc., a right of action entirely civil and compensatory in its character. In fact, the law of manuscripts cannot well be viewed in a different light.

In reference to the extent of the judicial power of the Courts of the United States, something may be gathered from the following decisions:

In the Bank of the United States *vs.* Deveaux, *et al.*, 5 Cranch, 85, Supreme Court, 1809, it was agreed, that the *judiciary act* conferred no jurisdiction on the Circuit Courts arising from the *nature of the case*, but only from the *character of the parties*; and when citizens of the *same State* could enter that court, it must be under claims deduced from grants of land by different States. And prior to the law of 1819, above referred to, as distributing the jurisdiction, in copy-rights and patents, to the several courts, a case occurred in the year 1811, upon an infraction of the rights of Fulton and Livingston, relative to steam-boats on the Hudson, of great hardship, where the Circuit Court for New-York *refused an injunction*, on the ground that neither the *patent law* or the *judiciary act* specially conferred upon them *equity powers*. This was in *Livingston vs. Van Ingen*, *Hal's Am. Law Journal*, 56; and the Court say, "There being no law conferring on this court a right to take cognizance, as a court of equity, of cases of this nature, between *citizens of the same State*, our opinion is, that we cannot entertain the present bill." In this spirit, the Supreme Court have ever *disclaimed* jurisdiction, unless specially given by the Constitution and laws pursuant thereto. And the sub-

ordinate Federal Courts are equally cautious in assuming judicial authority.

Recurring, then, to the case of *authors*, is it probable that the Supreme Court of the United States would entertain a *suit for damages*, brought by a copy-right holder, for books, maps, etc.? If they would not, where is the law bestowing such a power upon the Circuit or District Courts? Again, is the instance here given cognizable by the United States Judiciary, aside from the statute, or in the absence of a copy-right? that is, have any of the Federal Courts a claim to enforce the common law right, by a common law remedy? Granting that they have not, the importance of our first quere is manifest. A negative answer to that, throws a duty at once upon the State Legislatures; and we are disposed to claim from the State Courts a point, which the answer to the second quere will settle. If the third question is decided in the affirmative, more legislation is due from Congress, as it is also, if the fourth is found in the negative. But if the negative of the fifth and more important quere is true; also, the affirmative of the second, and the negative of the third; it rests alone with the authors themselves, to claim of the local courts that justice which is guarantied to them, in all cases of property, by the State Constitutions.

BACHELOR PHILOSOPHY.

"AY! such is man's philosophy!
When woman proves untrue,
The loss of *one* but teaches him,
To make *another* do!"

HOLMES.

"THESE gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of its expenses. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life;—their carriage only holds two;—and they are never obliged to sit down with a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa;—they are not regularly assailed with milliners', staymakers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights;—to them "*La belle mere*" is destitute of point, and they yawn at "*La femme jalouse*." They are never godfathers for reciprocity;—they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning;—leave balls when they like;—and invest money in the Funds!"

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I own I'm fairly bored to death, to read
In trashy novels, and degenerate plays,
Of true-love crossed— hearts broken—stuff indeed
May well a man of common sense amaze:

To break one's heart!—the thing is most absurd!
 It never hath been done by mortal man;
 And, as to *woman*!—if you 'll take my word,
 Not only never *hath*, but never *can*!—
 Such silly nonsense is but fit for fools,
 Or, (all the same,) for girls at boarding-schools.

A broken heart!—Ay! that 's, methinks, the word;
 And yet 't is strange—'t is "passing strange" to me,
 That any thing, of which so much is heard,
 And read, and spoken, we should never see;
 At least I'm sure, I've never yet seen one,
 Though candor does require me to confess
 I needs believe that Slickville's famous son
 Reports one, doubtless an authentic case;
 But he, by his own folly, met his fate,
 Trying to lift too ponderous a weight.

And yet, I frankly own, there was a time—
 Though I'm ashamed the folly to acknowledge;
 However, it was long before my prime,
 It being in my youthful days at college;
 I then but verged upon discretion's brink,
 And hence, perhaps was not so much to blame;
 Time was though, I was fool enough to think
 Love was not all a fiction—a mere name!
 That vows there were *might* constancy betoken,
 And some fond hearts that might, perhaps, be broken.

Since then, however, I've had leisure given—
 Long years of thought, deep, sad and melancholy,
 In which to reconcile myself to Heaven,
 And to repent my most egregious folly
 In dreaming of the possibility,
 In such an all-perfidious world as this,
 Of honest love, or perfect constancy,
 Or truth in fickle woman's treacherous kiss:
 On this last score I have n't much to grieve;
 In fact, 't is what I never did believe.

I am not a misanthropist, I'm sure;
 I can admire fair Nature, and I do;
 I love the bright, the beautiful, the pure,
 Fair childhood innocent, and manhood true:
 And I admire a pretty woman's face—
 (I might, indeed, declare I think 't is all
 She has to recommend her!—let that pass—
 Over her frailties let the curtain fall:)
 But I was never one of those weak things
 Who think her all an angel—save the wings!

But yet a something there might be, I thought,
 In man's fond love, and woman's faithfulness,
 And truth, and constancy, and, God knows what;
 I've long since found mere words of emptiness:
 I even dreamed I might be broken-hearted,
 Should my loved *MARY* prove to me untrue:
 Well, she did so—as easily we parted
 As I would cast aside a worn-out shoe;
 A little cracked my heart might be, but then
 It very soon grew tight and whole again.

And now I've learned to think with Dr. HOLMES,
 (Who, by the way, 's a most ingenious fellow,)
 He 's but a fool, who at the falsehood foams
 Of any *she* that ever trod prunella.
 Reader! the wisest thing that you can do—
 (I've tried the plan, and know that it will answer,)
 Whene'er one lovely woman proves untrue,
 Is, just to get another, soon as you can, sir.
 Although, for my part, when *one* proves untrue,
 Instead of her, I e'en make *twenty* do.

And so I take things easy, run about,
 And love each pretty woman that I meet,
 Devotedly—until I find her out
 To be, (as are they all,) but fair deceit:
 Yet, when I find her so, I do not grieve,
 'T is but what I expect—so without pother,
 Reproaches, or the like, I take my leave
 And cruize around, until I meet another
 That strikes my fancy—not so hard to find
 In my contented, present state of mind.

I own it once no easy matter seemed;
 But that was at an early time of life,
 The when,—a silly, crack-brained youth, I dreamed
 Of love and moonshine, marriage and a wife.
 Thank Heaven, I'scaped that snare! and now it is
 A most indifferent, trifling sort of matter,
 To find a dozen pretty girls—to kiss,
 Flirt with, make love to, ~~to~~ grace, and smile, and chat—
 Although my eyes I have to keep wide open, [ter;
 That none to matrimony me may rope in!

But still, a most delightful thing I find
 This sipping sweets from each enchanting flower;
 Yet free to wander on, and leave behind,
 Untasted, all its bitter and its sour:
 And when some flow'et fades, whose lovely form,
 If all mine own, 't would kill me to resign,
 I turn to others, still with beauty warm,
 And thank kind Heaven, the treasure was not mine!
 Let Benedicts, then, boast of child, and wife,
 Mine be the bachelor's free and merry life!

BACCALAURUS

Fiddler's Green.

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

HERE weave a song of sorrow—
 There build a mirthful lay;
 Let Hope sing of to-morrow,
 And Wisdom of to-day;
 And bid Experience scatter round
 The living truths that Life has found.

I dedicate it thus—my task is done:
 Let the wise seek it, and the foolish shun.

G.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

THERE is much truth, as well as beauty, in the sentiment so finely expressed by Shakspeare:

"There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Nor is the elegant couplet restricted in its application to man in his distinctive, individual capacity. It refers with equal pertinence to man, "*en masse*"—to communities and nations. A multiplicity of instances might readily be cited, all constituting beautiful illustrations of this important aphorism; but not one, perhaps, which would develop its correctness in such "living light" as the history of this "land of the free and home of the brave." Our career, as an aggregated people, has established beyond a doubt, the truth and the expansive scope of the maxim of the poet.

The "tide" was, emphatically, at its "flood," when our immortal sires leaped into its bosom, resolved to breast the stormy waves of usurpation and tyranny, that were breaking over our land, and to dash them back upon the shore that gave them birth, or to sink and perish forever beneath their fury. Fettered though they were by doubts and weakness, yet nerved into iron resolution by the stern spirit of the time, they did not shrink from executing the deed they had purposed—a deed, which would either brand them with the damning infamy of traitors, or exalt them to the sublime elevation of virtuous patriotism. It was an achievement of noble daring. There they stood, those self-devoted men, and proudly threw the gauntlet of defiance in the very teeth of the mightiest and most opulent power on earth. And they gloriously succeeded in their hazardous attempt. They rode in triumph on the crest of the billow that was yawning to devour them. And, in consequence of their timely exertions, the swelling tide has borne our country on to a pitch of fortune, which language is inadequate to describe. The truth of the preceding suggestions will be more strikingly manifested, however, as we progress in the discussion of the theme before us.

When the tempest of revolution had gathered with fearful darkness in our political heavens, and threatened to overwhelm our country in disastrous ruin, what was America then to be raised from her obscure

degradation? How was it possible for her, composed, as she was, of such disjointed materials, to be lifted from her abject and absolute dependence into the bright sunshine of national existence? With no bulwarks of defence, but undeviating justice—with no strength for war, save in the high-souled purpose of men, who had sworn upon the altar of eternal right to live free or die—without military stores, or the needful implements of successful conflict—almost entirely destitute of wealth, that most requisite of all means—with frontiers unguarded against the incursions of hostile fleets and armies—with a population widely and sparsely scattered over a vast extent of territory—what, the question recurs, was America then to plunge into the bloody arena of so inauspicious a struggle? Survey her condition. Her thirteen Provinces were separate, distinct colonies. They were under allegiance to a land beyond the wide waste of the Atlantic, often styled, indeed, the "Mother Country," but far too cruel in her treatment, and to severe in her exactions, to merit that sacred and endearing appellation. With each other they were connected merely by the fragile bond which contiguity, and the sympathy awakened by a common ancestry, would weave. What, then, were these feeble colonies—or what could induce them to join hand in hand, and mingle heart with heart, in the eventful struggle for independence? Nothing, assuredly, could have prompted them to adopt the course they did, but a common interest. It was this mutual interest predominating over every other consideration, and assisted in its influence by the anxious love of freedom, which burned in their breasts like a living flame, which formed that unparalleled union of kindred souls—and it was the fellowship of congenial spirits thus formed that wrought out our emancipation from the British yoke. In no other way could Liberty ever have arisen from the dust, thrown off her fetters, and waved her starred and striped banner over this happy Republic. Forever, yea! forever then let it be remembered that our independence and our very being as a nation were the offspring of the Union. If each colony had pursued its own individual welfare, if each had labored single-handed, unassisted in its own defense, if they had spurned and rejected a union of sentiment and action, one after another would they have been cloven down in the

tempest of battle, and trampled beneath the feet of a merciless soldiery—one after another would they have been laden with every evil disability, and bound to the chariot-wheels of a proud and over-grown aristocracy. But united they stood—together they remonstrated, they fought, they legislated, and became independent. *The Union was the antecedent, and not the consequent, of the revolution.*

And here a fact of no small moment presents itself to the mind. If the confederacy between the states was the grand instrumentality by which our liberties were secured—if this was the means of giving to this western hemisphere a name that far outshines every other name recorded in the annals of nations—if this is the medium through which all our present blessings are obtained and our future good is anticipated—then these states are bound together by something more than a voluntary compact. Necessity, that original law of nature, which mocks the shrewdest calculations of the politician, and holds in derision the maniacal threats of the lawless, the reckless, and the weak, first concentrated their energies; aroused their indomitable spirit; rendered resistance, that appeared in prospect only abortive, efficient; and over the odious and revolting visage of rebellion and treason, threw the charming features of honorable, defensive warfare. And when the exigencies of that perilous time were over—when the freedom of the nation was stamped indelibly with the signet of fate—still the same resistless power, aided in her task by countless associations of glory and danger, and brilliant success, completed what she had already begun by cementing these states together into one indissoluble body. And over them she still presides with a power and a majesty that nothing can weaken or destroy.

Thus it is as plainly evident as any axiom in science, that our federative system was not, in reality, framed by the free and deliberate election of independent sovereignties. No! From the very moment that the first decisive blow was struck on the plains of Lexington, down to the current period, the Union has existed in all its power and efficiency. And that same omnipotent necessity, which implanted the foundations deeply in the choicest blood of our fathers, still upholds the edifice in spite of foreign hate and domestic party

dissensions. Neither time nor circumstances have hitherto in the slightest degree impaired it.

There can exist no question, that the articles of our national compact have secured to the several states certain reserved rights and privileges, as firmly as they have guaranteed to the general government its peculiar and specified powers. Those men of giant intellect, who framed our constitution—that incomparable production of the human mind—intended, and fully accomplished their design, to extend to the confederacy the advantages of consolidation, while to its different members were granted the blessings and the burdens of independent and untrammelled legislation. A leading principle that pervades the constitution, and one that evinces its surpassing excellence, is, that the individual states shall all remain on an equal footing of rights—that every thing bearing the semblance of partial legislation shall be scrupulously avoided—and that impartiality and undeviating justice shall ever regulate the distribution of governmental favors.

It is perfectly obvious that a consolidated republic, on a large scale, could not long exist. It must, in the course of events, and by the rude jarrings of its own materials, soon crumble into ruins. The territory included in these "United States" is far too extensive, and runs through too great a diversity of physical character, for the sole and exclusive supervision of one and the same legislative and executive government. Were the experiment but tested, the most bitter jealousies and collisions would be the inevitable result; and popular passion, kindled to a flame, would sweep over this delightful heritage, like one of our own western prairie fires, "carrying destruction in its bosom and laying desolation in its rear." Despotism can, indeed, with the bayonet and the sword, coalesce its discordant materials, and force them all into quiet subjection to its mandate; but when the government is responsible to the people—when all its authority is derived immediately from them—it would find, in such circumstances, that the opposing interests, of different portions of the country, would continually provoke complaints: nay, more; would awaken unyielding resistance to the salutary operation of the wisest and most equitable laws. In a confederacy of states, howbeit, all this may be avoided. The

laws, which are enacted by Congress for the common benefit of the entire Union, should be general in their character; and if it occasionally happens that their immediate operation is circumscribed by particular districts, the ultimate and specific aim should always be distinctly manifest. It ought to be a primary rule in our National Assembly not to excite the faintest emotion of jealousy in any section of the land, even if the object secured by it be of obvious benefit to a majority of the states. The Union must be preserved at all hazards. Let the subject, whatever it may be, that is likely to create excessive rancor of feeling, and threaten its subversion, be cast to the wild winds of heaven.

If, to cite a pertinent example, the much-talked of tariff was found upon a fair and protracted trial to be absolutely prejudicial to the South, upon this principle—and who will question its correctness?—it ought utterly and speedily to have been repealed. And this should have been done, no matter how much of benefit its continuance might extend to the residue of the Union. Let it be understood, that we do not acknowledge that the protective system ever was fraught with injurious consequences to any part of the country; still its operation, we are sensible, may have resulted in some partial and temporary inconvenience to the southern states. And if this were the case, we repeat, let the tariff be entirely repealed. Let the protective system, with all its priceless benefits to New-England, be cast aside—let the capital invested in her manufactories be sacrificed—and let the Union be preserved. Every thing—our most darling opinions—our most fondly-cherished prejudices—our tenderest wishes—nay, the manifest interest of a majority of the states, when they come in collision with the preservation of the Union—must be cordially surrendered. There is no other alternative. Concession is the very *key-stone* of our political building—concession is the only cement which will suffice to hold in “statu quo” its discordant elements. When the “marriage-bond” of states is dissolved—when by a parricidal blow the cord of the Union, that connects us in such glorious concord, shall be dis severed—nature itself will sigh that all is lost. When the last sad knell of this Union shall be tolled—when the gorgeous banner of our freedom, with its stripes and stars, shall stream out

in tatters to the breeze—and discord, and civil war, shall shout and laugh over the wreck of the “magnificent edifice of constitutional, American liberty”—farewell to the hopes of suffering humanity; an eternal adieu to the cheering light of a dawning day of freedom upon this dark and gloomy world.

“Facilis decensio Avernì

Sed revocare gradum, superasque coedere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic labor est.”

There exists no probability, however, that dissimilarity of views respecting any subject that may be agitated, will, for any great length of time, array one portion of our country in bitter hostility against another. Much is always to be expected from time, that great restorateur of the feelings, to allay whatever acrimony of passion may be excited. Much, very much is to be hoped from the good old spirit of patriotism and of Seventy-six, which yet has a home in the bosom of millions of freemen. Thanks without measure to the sagacity of our fathers, there is a self-adjusting principle, a power of reaction in our free institutions, which has hitherto been more than sufficient to neutralize the effects of those temporary inconveniences and partial imperfections, which always cling to the best regulated human systems. “The Union is the property of the world, no less than of ourselves; it is a part of the divine scheme for the moral government of the earth, as the solar system is a part of the mechanism of the heavens; it is destined, whilst traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, like the ascending sun, to shed its glorious influence backward on the states of Europe, and forward on the empires of Asia.” And albeit perils may now encircle our ship of state, yet we firmly trust, that the buoyancy of freedom will bear her majestically over the boisterous waves and the hidden rocks, until the tempest be overpast, the winds be hushed into silence, and the golden splendors of a cloudless sky be reflected from the glassy, unruffled expanse of the circumambient ocean.

W. G. H.

Jackson: O.

I was never implicated in a marriage nor a calumny; I never recommended a cook nor a physician; and consequently I never attempted any man's life.—*Count Ros-toptchine.*

ANALYSIS OF SOILS.

WHEN we speak to a western agriculturist of the chemical constitution of that soil upon which he expends his labor, and from which he draws as well the luxuries as the sustenance of life, he is apt to feel that we are introducing a subject rather beyond his comprehension, and foreign to his interest. The present force of vegetation, which our valleys and our hills exhibit to the eye, is regarded as an eternal principle, inherent in our lands, to operate without decay until the earth shall be no longer taxed for the support of man. We say it *is* thus regarded, when perhaps it only *seems* to be so. It may be true, that the agricultural interest is well aware that a period is fast approaching when the assistance of art will be indispensable to enable nature to keep pace with her early efforts in the productions of the field; that the intelligent farmer plainly foresees, when the fattest of our soils, ranking as they do above those of any region of the inhabited globe, will, if unaided, show marks of exhaustion; and secretly reflects that the Creator, in bestowing upon the surface of the earth this power of germination and vegetable growth, only intended to present, for the occupation of man, a field wanting in no natural requisite for his early support, but made it equally indispensable that the innate vegetating principle and the mechanical condition of the soil should receive his labor and attention. It was enough that land came to our possession so provided, that, by proper industry, all our rational wants might be supplied therefrom. Indeed, more than this would not have been possible, under the system of vegetable economy which we observe. Although the naked earth gave life and support to plants in its primitive state, and consequently prior to the infusion of decayed vegetable matter through the comminuted portions at the surface, yet modern researches have firmly established proof of the fact, that most of the ability of soils to *sustain* organic life, is owing to a constant return of *the same matter* to the source from whence it came. A newly excavated bank, sends up at first but a few scattering stalks, and these are more often sickly and short-lived. The warmth of the sun, and moisture from the clouds, retained by the earth, and communicated day after day to the seed or root, bring a shoot into existence; but food for the new-born vege-

table is wanting, and it pines upon the stem. Such we may suppose to have been the condition of our soil as it emerged from the waters, by which it was surrounded; the first sample of each tree, shrub and flower, being planted by the Almighty on a sterile rock with merely the power of sustenance and reproduction. The effect of the atmosphere and the seasons was to divide the particles more minutely, and thus to enable the fibrous root to make its way more readily in search of aliment. The growth of each succeeding year excelled that of the preceding in strength and beauty, furnishing for its posterity a better nutriment than it possessed itself, till at length vegetation, in all its forms, reached a state of full perfection. Thus, the fruitfulness of our grounds may be considered as arising from a tedious and secondary process in operation ever since original verdure appeared upon them. Their richness is not to be deemed a primeval gift, bestowed at the time when the "dry land appeared," but a result of a continued industry in nature, replenishing and over replenishing the exhaustions of spontaneous production. And we can safely say, that so long as the produce of a soil is *returned to itself*, to decay and mingle with the elements, no deterioration or weakness will be observed.

If then it is true, that the goodness of land is to be in a great degree attributed to the supply, destruction and decay of forests and shrubs, when the husbandman steps in, consumes the forest by fire, and roots out the shrub with his plough, this renovating process is at an end. Every blade of grass or corn exhausts something of the stock of food garnered up in the earth by time; and sooner or later, a point of barrenness will arrive, when it must be suffered to rest. Then the never-idle laws of the natural world combine to restore strength and youth to a weak and worn-out portion of her territory.

We would not be understood as asserting that a plant takes nothing but what has been in vegetation before, as it is every where known, that the real earth's alkalies and oxides, as well as the atmosphere, assist in supplying it with sustenance. And the soils of a particular mineralogical character, are necessary to furnish, by a due *combination* of minerals, alkalies and earth, *with vegetable mold*, a bed which shall sustain the highest luxuriance. We merely intend to

advance the statement, that without any aid from the botany of organic matter, mineral constituents alone would offer but a sorry vegetation. It must therefore be evident, that man, having taken possession and cut off the natural sources of supply, assumes the charge of renewing, to the extent of his ability, the drafts he is making upon the soil. The depth to which earth becomes vegetable loam, under the most favorable circumstances, is but a few inches. All beneath this thin crust, is of a geological character, and merely forms the basis of the upper portion. In instances where there is a power of vegetation at great depths, it results from alluvions, which have obtained their extra wealth by a robbery from other lands, higher and more exposed to abrasion by rains.

A little calculation will show with what rapidity the exhaustion of land progresses. But before considering this point we will detain the reader to present some new facts, developed by the geological survey of Massachusetts, and reported by Professor Hitchcock, in the winter of 1838-9. A substance had been known to exist in soils called "geine," but by the usual method of analysis it was driven off, and, consequently, went into the item of "loss," in summing up the results. Professor H. describes it thus:

"When wet, it is a gelatinous mass, which on drying, becomes of a deep brown or almost black color, without taste or smell, and insoluble in water; and, therefore, in this state incapable of being absorbed by the roots of plants. Yet, after the action of alkalies upon it, it assumes the character of an acid, and unites with ammonia, potassa, lime, alumina, etc., and forms a class of bodies called *geates*, most of which are soluble in water, and, therefore, capable of being taken up by plants. And it is in the state of *geates*, that this substance, for the most part, exists in the soil."

By a method of investigation practised and perfected by Dr. Dana, of Lowell, Mass., this ingredient is obtained without loss, and Professor Hitchcock has adopted Dana's rule of analysis in the state of Massachusetts. Dr. Dana's description is also better given in his own words.

"By *geine*," says he, "I mean all the decomposed organic matter of the soil. It results chiefly from vegetable decomposition; animal substances produce a similar compound containing azote.

"Geine exists in two states: soluble and

insoluble: soluble both in water and in alkali, in alcohol and acids. The immediate result of recent decomposition of vegetable fiber is abundantly soluble in water. It is what is called solution of vegetable extract. Air converts this soluble into *solid geine*, still partially soluble in water, wholly soluble in alkali. Insoluble geine is the result of the decomposition of solid geine; but this insoluble geine, by the long continued action of air and moisture, is again so altered as to become soluble. It is speedily converted by the action of lime, into soluble geine. Soluble geine acts neither as acid nor alkali. It is converted into a substance having acid properties by the action of alkali, and in this state combines with earths, alkalies, and oxides, forming neutral salts, which may be termed *geates*. These all are more soluble in water than solid geine; especially when they are first formed. Their solubility in cold water is as follows: beginning with the easiest, magnesia—lime—manganese—peroxide of iron—(it does not unite with the protoxide of iron) alumina—baryta. The *geates* of the alkaline earths are decomposed by carbonated alkali. The *geates* of alumina and of metallic oxides, are soluble in caustic or carbonated alkali without decomposition. The *geates* of the alkaline earths, by the action of the carbonic acid of the air, become *super-geates*, always more soluble than neutral salts. Soluble geine, therefore, includes the watery solution—the solid extract caused by the action of air on the solution, and the combinations of this with alkalies, earths and oxides. Insoluble geine includes all the other forms of this substance.

"Soluble geine is the food of plants. Insoluble geine becomes food by air and moisture. Hence the reason and result of tillage. Hence the reason of employing pearl-ash to separate soluble and insoluble geine in analysis.

"These are the facts. Will they not lead us to a rational account of the use of lime, clay, ashes, and spent ley? Will they not account for the superiority of unfermented over fermented dung, in some cases?

"Geine forms the basis of all the nourishing part of all vegetable manures. The relations of soils to heat and moisture, depend chiefly on geine. It is in fact, under its three states of vegetable extract, geine, and carbonaceous mold, the principle which gives fertility to soils long after the action

of common manures has ceased. In these three states it is essentially the same. The experiments of Saussure have long ago proved that air and moisture convert insoluble into soluble geine. Of all the problems to be solved by agricultural chemistry, none is of so great practical importance, as the determination of the quantity of soluble and insoluble geine in soils. This is a question of much higher importance than the nature and proportions of the earthy constituents and soluble salts of soils. It lies at the foundation of all successful cultivation. Its importance has been not so much overlooked as undervalued. Hence, on this point the least light has been reflected from the labors of Davy and Chaptal. It needs but a glance at any analysis of soils, published in the books, to see that fertility depends not on the proportion of the earthy ingredients. Among the few facts, best established in chemical agriculture, are these: that a soil whose earthy part is composed wholly, or chiefly, of one earth, or any soil with excess of salts, is always barren; and that plants grow equally well in all soils, destitute of geine, up to the period of fructification,—failing of geine, the fruit fails, the plants die. Earths, and salts, and geine constitute, then, all that is essential; and soils will be fertile, in proportion as the last is mixed with the first. The earths are the plates, the salts the seasoning, the geine the food of plants. The salts can be varied but very little in their proportions, without injury. The earths admit of wide variety in their nature and proportions."

This soluble geine is considered, by Professor Shepherd, of Yale College, to be composed of three vegetable acids, the crenic, opocrenic, and ulmic, together with a black matter called *earthy extract*. Insoluble geine, is the ulmic acid mingled with undecomposed vegetable remains. And he intimates further, that "what Dr. Dana considers a simple salt (ageate,) is probably a family of salts, viz. a *crenate*, an *opocrenate*, and an *ulmate*, with the addition of earthy extract. How these principles become the nutriment of plants, is yet far from being settled, although there remains the best reason for supposing, that it chiefly depends upon their capacity to afford carbonic acid. The more alkaline the doses united with these acids in a particular soil, the more favorable are the conditions for vegetation."

Am. Journal, Vol. 36, No. 2, pp. 369-70.

These experiments go one step towards explaining the mysterious process of vegetation. They show a chemical action in the earthy mass, preparing a portion of it for reception into the body of the plant, and that without such previous action, the root is unable to extract nutriment from it: that ground may be sterile, from the absence of alkalies and alkaline earths wherewith the geine can combine, but that very small quantities of these materials will suffice; as the table below will show. Also, that soil may be useless, for want of vegetable mold, having a full quantity of alkalies, and may possess both salts and geine in abundance, but, for want of solubility in the geates, fail to give a good crop. So far as practical agriculture is concerned, perhaps future investigations may not add greatly to the benefits already bestowed upon it by these discoveries. We know surely when to cease the application of lime and other alkalies, for beyond a certain quantity, they are not required; also, when it becomes necessary to obtain animal and vegetable manure, and how much should be applied. And it will be seen, with how little expense, in general, land may be preserved in its original richness, if the stimulant is as regularly furnished as the crop is taken away. But in agricultural chemistry, as a science, this subject is but in its infancy. We introduce here a table, from the Massachusetts report, showing the constituents of some western soils. By "granitic sand," is meant all the finely divided detritus of the rocks and minerals furnishing the earthy parts.

	Soluble geine.	Insoluble geine.	Sulphate of lime.	Phosphate of lime.	Carbonate of lime.	Granitic sand.	Water of absorption.
Sangamon co. Ill.*	7.4	2.5	3.4	0.6	1.5	84.6	6.3
Lazelle co., Ill.	4.9	5.6	1.2	0.4	1.3	86.6	6.3
Peoria co., Ill.	7.6	13.8	1.4	0.4	3.3	73.5	9.5
Rushville, Ill.	3.1	4.8	3.5	1.0	—	87.6	5.7
Scioto Valley, O.†	4.5	6.7	2.1	0.9	2.8	83.0	6.3

REMARKS.

* Apparently never cultivated.

† Cultivated fourteen years without manure.

"The above soils are evidently of the very first quality: the geine being in large proportion, and the salts quite abundant enough, while there is still a small supply of carbonate of lime to convert more insolp-

ble into soluble geine, whenever occasion demands.

"I apprehend that the importance of the salts of lime in a soil is but little appreciated by farmers in general. Their crops may fail, although they have manured and tended them well; but it is almost always easy to find a cause that satisfies, in the character of the season; but hard to convince them that the failure may have been owing to the deficiency of a single grain in a hundred, of some substance that can be discovered, when present, only by chemical examination. And yet I doubt not many a crop has failed from the want of that one per cent. of sulphate or phosphate of lime. Facts, indeed, seem to me to warrant the conclusion that, without lime in some form, land will not produce any valuable vegetation.

"Without stopping to notice some things of minor importance, I will state at once the most important conclusions that have forced themselves upon my mind, from all my examinations and analyses of our soils, respecting their deficiencies and the means of remedying them.

First. The grand desideratum in our soils is calcareous matter; that is, carbonate of lime.

The second desideratum is an additional quantity of geine; that is, a larger supply of the food of plants.

"Hence, thirdly, the great object of the agricultural chemist should be, to discover and bring to light new supplies of both these substances.

"The discovery of either of them would indeed be of no small value; but it is a principle that ought never to be lost sight of, that an additional quantity of lime in the soil will commonly require an additional quantity of organic matter, and an increase of the latter will be far more serviceable, if attended by an increase of the former.

"Taking the preceding principles as our guide, we may lay down a few general principles for the application of marls.

"1. Enough ought to be applied to neutralise all the free acids in a soil, which may be known by its ceasing to produce acid plants, such as sorrel and pine. Generally, however, the amount required for this purpose is small.

"2. It will be serviceable to add enough to convert the earthy geates of a soil into geate of lime. The richer a soil is, the

greater we may conclude is the quantity of geates which it contains.

"3. It will be serviceable to add enough to convert all the insoluble geine and vegetable fibre in a soil into soluble geine. Hence the richer a soil is, and the more manure is added, the more marl will it bear with benefit. Indeed, *there appears to be no danger of adding too much marl, provided a sufficient quantity of manure be also added.* Ignorance of this principle, I apprehend, is the source of most of the failures that have occurred in the use of lime upon soils. Farmers have supposed that its action was like that of common manure, viz: to serve as a direct nourishment to the plant; whereas it only *cooks the food*, if I may be allowed the expression, which exists in the soil, or is added along with the lime. In nearly all cases of over marling which I have read of, a fresh supply of manure has been found to be the remedy; which shows the truth of the above principles. Agriculturists have spread marl alone, or with very little manure, upon land that has been worn out, that is, whose geine has been exhausted; and because such soils have not thereby been recruited, they have inferred that lime was injurious. Without acids, or geine, or geates, or vegetable fiber, to act upon, much excess of lime appears to operate injuriously, so as to diminish, instead of increasing the crop. They have also expected sudden and surprising increase of fertility; whereas in some cases the chief benefit seemed to consist in causing the land to produce for a greater number of years, by preventing the ultimate decomposition and escape of the organic matter. In general, however, it will add also to the yearly product: but those, who employ marl or lime in any form, ought to moderate their expectations, that they may not be disappointed, and to be satisfied if they can slowly and surely improve their lands, as they most assuredly can do, by this substance, provided they do not expect to accomplish it by the use of lime alone."

We now return to the consideration of the rapidity of exhaustion, having stated how it occurs. An average proportion of granitic sand, in the five western specimens above noticed, is 82.74 per cent. of the mass. This material merely forms the

* Professor Hitchcock's Geological Resurvey of Massachusetts. pp. 46, 62.

foundation of the plant, and undergoes no diminution by the process of vegetation. The remaining 17.26 per cent., is a variable quantity, constantly decreasing, while the land is worked. But of this proportion, the actual depreciation is confined to the soluble materials, probably not exceeding one-half, or, say nine per cent. Of this, from two to six per cent. is soluble geine, and constitutes most of the weight or substance abstracted from the soil by cultivation. The salts, transferred to the vegetable, are very minute in quantity, compared to the amount present, which, in the western soils above introduced, does not exceed five and a half per cent. The specific gravity (and consequently the weight) of geine, it is not in our power to state; but the soluble salts of the soil are about three times the weight of distilled water at 60° Fahrenheit, or two hundred and twenty-five pounds to the solid foot. If we consider the specific gravity of that portion going into the plant, as *two*, (aside from the moisture,) and allow an average depth of *six inches* for vegetable mold, each superficial foot will represent a weight of soil equal to a cubic foot of water, or 75.816 pounds troy. Considering the weight of the vegetable product of an acre, at three tons per annum, in a dry state, there would be drawn from each square rod about three hundred and seventy-five pounds, if the atmosphere furnished no food to the plant. Rejecting, for the present, the carbon withdrawn from the air, we have, as a rough estimate, 1.37 pounds per foot of surface, equal to one-half foot cubic measurement, and seventy-five thousand eight hundred and sixteen pounds weight of soil, as the ratio of abstraction for each year. Nine per cent, the assumed proportion of the earthy mold and salts, liable to be taken up by vegetation, is six and eight-tenths pounds, from which the 1.37 pounds is to be drawn. In England, crops are sown upon a soil of one and two inches depth, and brought to maturity; but several years pasturage and manure are necessary, to authorise a repetition of the same grain. Throughout the Mississippi Valley, the depth of good mold, doubtless, exceeds half a foot, sometimes two and three feet. Under the same circumstances, the endurance of a tract of land will increase more rapidly than the depth of soil; for the roots, penetrating wherever nourishment is to be had, distribute the exhaustion through a

greater space, and the process of restoration is enabled to become complete, before assistance from that source is required. Thus the chemical action which takes place between the time the vegetable matter from the crop, which is always something, is transformed, first into a geine, and then into a geate, requires some years to arrive at perfection. Should the ground need help before that work is complete, the stimulant is not in a condition to assist, and the soil is as destitute of present relief, as though no manure had been applied. The draft must consequently continue upon the original stock, and, perhaps, reduce the land entirely. Many things conspire to diminish the proportional waste, above given, lower than the result of our calculation represents. Some products, as grass and clover, benefit rather than injure the farm. A considerable quantity of the product, finds its way back to the field from which it came, or the wash of some other land makes up the deficiency. Deep plowings, sometimes bring into play a large available mass of earth, and the atmosphere supplies some portion of the matter now putting on a vegetable farm. The supply from the last mentioned source is different in each plant and not easily ascertained. The ashes, or earthy residuum of wood, amount from two-tenths to half of one per cent. of its weight, and about seventy-five per cent. of the ashes is soluble salts. Of the fiber one half is carbon and the other oxygen and nitrogen. Geine contains something more than fifty per cent. carbon, about twenty-five of oxygen, and nearly equal portions of hydrogen and nitrogen. Comparing the quantity of carbon in wood and geine we find them nearly equal, and it would be a natural inference that the earth and not the air is the principal source from whence it is derived. This idea is greatly strengthened by the small proportion of carbonic acid (only one part in a hundred) in the atmosphere.

If, therefore, *no return* is made to the soil, but a continual drain is kept up, how long will a tract of ordinary fertility produce a profitable crop? By our estimate it would be thoroughly exhausted in *five years*, and experience informs us that few pieces of land can be worked with profit in corn and grain for a longer period. Contemplate for a moment the consequences of this rapid deterioration upon the resources of the West. The peculiar condition of the agricultural interest,

renders such a survey a matter of high importance. The length of time for which much of our soil has undergone cultivation, is just sufficient to bring it to the limit between a vigorous and sickly state. The original stock of this vegetable pabulum has been consumed, and nature is not disposed to renew the exhaustions of man. Wheat and corn constitute the staple of the country, and how slight a difference in the strength of the soil will sensibly affect the surplus of those articles. The primitive richness of a country is but a temporary blessing; it may be soon exhausted, and general barrenness will succeed. Turn to the old states, and we shall see almost all vegetation sustained by artificial means. The farmer may raise his land above its first state, or he may reduce it far below. The original value is but a certain amount of capital to be squandered or saved, as the holder chooses. The *method* by which an ordinary country may be improved, or a good one maintained in strength, is a practical concern of which we have little individual knowledge. But it is clear that various soils require different treatment, different substances perform the same office as manure, and the same material produces opposite effects on dissimilar earths. To improve to the best purpose, it is first necessary to know what principle is *wanting*; and this is discoverable by analysis: secondly, where there is a choice of remedies, to select the cheapest, and, under the head of economy, to know what *quantity* of stimulus is necessary and profitable. But the most important point of all, we conceive to be, the presence of a general conviction in the public mind, that the *time has arrived* when cultivated lands must be no longer suffered to lose strength. Secure such a feeling, and the ingenuity, industry and intelligence of the citizens, will devise and execute measures to maintain our soils in perpetual vigor.

C. W.

THOSE DAYS ARE PAST.

ADDRESSED TO ———.

Those days are past!—the days once fraught
With life and gladness unto me;
When every feeling, every thought,
Was linked with hope and love for thee.
When Joy, like ever-present glory,
Was gilding being with her ray—

When Hope, with her beguiling story,
Was wiling life and care away.
Those days are past, and Hope has fled,
But wormwood thought, with bitter smart,
Like mildew o'er the yet undead,
Sheds blighting coldness round the heart!

I seek thee with this simple token,
Which thou may'st deem a worthless thing;
But, oh! the heart that hath been broken,
Can make no better offering!
And idle song—a few fond words,
Will often move the feelings more
Than all that Wisdom's fount affords,
Or Learning's rich and teeming store,
And so, perchance, since all is past,
Since every other art is vain,
E'en *this* may touch thy heart at last,
And call its feelings back again.

But, no! no, thou art gone forever.
The brightest constellation lit
By Hope, to gild "life's fitful fever,"
Is lost.—Ay! every star has set!
It rose upon a cloudless Heaven—
It shone in peerless beauty high—
How falsely vain the thought, 't was given
To light and cheer life's destiny!
The tempest's fiercest demon, driven
In furious whirl, and scourging wrath,
O'er forests, wind and thunder riven,
Ne'er left such ruin in his path.

Those days are past!—And oh! that, too,
The *memory* of their hours could flee;
That I could shut my soul from woe,
And ever cease to think of thee.
But no!—Farewell!—Receive this token,—
The last thou may'st receive from me—
The heart,—the heart!—if it be broken,
It still can shroud its misery!
The world shall never read its grief,
Nor mark the festering canker there:
The smile that mocks, not brings relief,
Shall *gild* the mask that hides *DESPAIR*!

Indianapolis: Ia.

LAST LINES OF LEGGETT.

—WHY, what is death but life
In other forms of being? life without
The coarser attributes of man, the dull
And momentarily decaying frame which holds
The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down
To brotherhood with brutes? There 's no such thing
As death; what 's called so is but the beginning
Of new existence, a fresh segment in
The eternal round of change.

MEN OF SENSE.

"WHY this would be erecting a battery of cannon against a wreath of mist!"

MR. OLDBUCK.

THE "New-York American," a newspaper we prize very highly on some accounts, notices with approbation an article in the "New-York Review," which undertakes to berate, under the title of *Dietetic Charlatanry*, or the *new Ethics of Eating*, that famous dietetic gentleman, Mr. GRAHAM. The article is introduced by the American, in strains thus highly commendatory:

"We do not know when we have read an article in which ridicule is more successfully employed in the cause of good sense, and good morals too."

The paper is thus introduced:

"The world is peopled with two classes of beings, which seem to be as cognate and necessary to each other, as male and female. Charlatans and dupes exist by mutual dependence. There is a tacit understanding that whatever one invents, the other must believe; that, wherever the one is exhibited as charlatan, the other agrees to be present as simpleton." "The knaves seem to consider the world as a rich parish—a large diocese of dunces, into which they have an hereditary and prescriptive right to be installed."

We grieve to say, there is too much truth in these cutting sentences. Poor humanity, as matters now go, is vastly afflicted by the arts of knavery operating on credulity. The victims of the seducer,—the pander, the dram-wender, the gambler, the cheat,—can abundantly testify to the truth of the premises, to say nothing of the dupes of political and spiritual charlatanry, and leaving out of the account the immense number of quacks of all sorts and descriptions. If the "Review" can attack, with success, any one of these departments of charlatanry, it will do the State an inconceivable service.

But, instead of attacking these daring and inveterate plagues of the human family, its whole artillery of rant and ridicule is levelled at—Grahamism!—a system, the worst possible effects of which, so far as we can learn, are to cause certain men, and maids, and matrons, who else might be employed in the manufacture or retail of scandal, to busy themselves in search of a sort of earthly immortality in dietetic practices. That the Grahamites may go to extremes, we have

no doubt. That is no uncommon thing with any class of men, who deserve to be classed at all. But we are far from thinking their vagaries, even, to be of such dangerous character, as to deserve the tremendous onslaught attempted by the "Review." But let us *quote*.

"We think one of the rarest spectacles," says the Review, "must be (what is called) a Graham boarding house, at about the hour of dinner. At a long table, from which, perhaps, the too gorgeous luxury of a cloth is discarded, (for we have never enjoyed the felicity of an actual vision of this kind,) are seated some thirty lean visaged, cadaverous disciples, eyeing each other askance, their looks lit up with a certain cannibal spirit, which, if there were any chance of making a full meal off each others' bones, might, perhaps, break into dangerous practice. The gentlemen resemble busts cut in chalk, and the lady boarders, (they will pardon the allusion,) mummies preserved in saffron. At the left hand of each, stands a small tankard, or a pint tumbler of cold water, perchance a decoction of hot water, with a little milk and sugar—as Professor Hitchcock justly styles it, "a harmless and salutary beverage;" at the right, a thin segment of bran bread. Stretched on a plate in the center, lie—melancholy twins!—a pair of starveling mackerel, flanked on either side by three or four straggling radishes, and kept in countenance by a sorry bunch of asparagus, served up without sauce. The van of the table is led by a hollow dish with a dozen potatoes, rather corpses of potatoes, in a row, lying at the bottom. At those tables, look for no conversation, or conversation of the driest sort. Small is the wit begotten on spare viands."

After this most dolorous description, attended by the very creditable acknowledgment, that it is not taken from life,—consequently we suppose it a figment of the writer's own imagination,—the Review continues to pour forth its volleys of satire and censure on the devoted Grahamites, interposing its tremendous apprehensions, lest this "wild fanaticism" should "sweep through the land, overturning every social comfort, every physical enjoyment, every pleasure that springs from *sense*, and refers to *sense*!"

And so this man of *sense* is frightened with a notion,—is he?—that all the delights of *sense* are about to be destroyed, among

this *sensible people*, by the influence of Grahamism! And he exhorts, most sturdily exhorts, the good and sensible people of this land, to hold on to the joys of *sense*—and eat—especially the poor—to eat meat, eat, eat, eat for their lives—in very spite and defiance of the Græme—

“Eat longer and quicker;
Drink largely and deep, and a fig for the Vicar.”

We have no regular training in the mysteries of Grahamism; but we are practised enough in the science of abstinence, to be satisfied, that though the foregoing delineation of the scenes in a Graham boarding house may very well represent what the writer in the Review, and the men of sense of his stamp, might feel and enact, in such case made and provided; yet men of sense, of another sort, whose “social comfort” depends far less on “physical” gratification, than on mental “enjoyment,” would be far less woe-begone than he imagines, on a repast of “mackerel, radish, and asparagus;” that many a man has feasted with delight on “a radish and an egg;” and furthermore, that the Grahamites have as yet obtained no corporate power whereby, even if they wished, they could enforce the so much dreaded inflictions of penance.

There is probably no people on this earth who sin so much in over-eating, as the Americans. They need no learned lecturer to coax them to the enjoyments of sense. If those who have plenty, would eat less, or waste enough to supply all the destitute or suffering in the land, they would be vastly better for it, not only in that durable riches which results from the performance of duty, but those very “pleasures that spring from sense.” There is no particular in education, that is of more importance, so far as this world is concerned, than to teach the young how little and how simple the food that is requisite, either for health, strength, or enjoyment. Whether the Review be “capable to learn” (by personal experiment) the truth, and the very important truth, which belongs to this subject, we pretend not to say; but we do say, there is abundant evidence of the truth of the positions we have assumed.

But the reviewer seems sorely afraid of losing his wits, should fashion compel him (*how could he help it?*) to practice on the precepts of Grahamism. Poor man! what a pity his dog, his horse, and his pig can-

not talk! They are first rate eaters, we dare say; and why not first rate wits. As they do not deal in “spare viands,” the wit “begotten” by them, must, according to the reviewer’s logic, be great and generous.

If we were to lecture on this subject, we would say to the poor and to the rich, eat, if you can get it, what you can relish, as much as you need, and no more. It is wicked to waste in any way; it is doubly wicked to gormandize: in this, you wrong yourself and cheat others. To the poor, we say, squander nothing to-day: save every thing you can, to educate your children, to get yourselves comfortably situated, and that you may have to give to him that needeth. To the rich, we would say, live comfortably *simple*; for health, for example, and as good stewards of the Giver of all things.

I have been amazed at the great *sensibility* manifested by our men of *sense*, or rather, our sensual men, in regard to any attempts to abate the rage for the pleasures of sense, to which men are so desperately prone. They seem to feel as if their peculiar privileges, or “institutions,” were invaded. It can hardly be, I suppose, that they are moved solely by pure pity for the Grahamites. They seem to forget, that others have as good right to enjoy themselves in the exercise of abstinence—nay, even in

“Spare part which oft with God doth diet,”

as Milton expresseth it—as the critics have in their sensual pursuits. And then there is so little danger that men will relinquish the enjoyments of the palate for those of the mind. Yet we have reason to believe the latter infinitely superior. Did any of these men of the palate, equal in enjoyment—on earth we mean—the abstinent Wesley? If there are fanatical Grahamites, they are not very dangerous. These critics, therefore, will do well to save their powder, and turn their batteries on other objects of more certainly deleterious character; and we are assured, they need not travel far to find them.

E.

—♦—

An old proverb says, the Jews ruin themselves at their passover, the Moors at their marriages, the Christians at their lawsuits.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

It may not be generally known, that the papers which have appeared in the *North American Review*, entitled "Fifty Years of the History of Ohio," "Progress of French Discovery in the Mississippi Valley," and "The Valley of the Ohio," are from the pen of Mr. JAMES H. PERKINS, of Cincinnati. Mr. P. is most indefatigable in his historical researches; and, without intending to be invidious, we may remark, that his labors have contributed more than those of any other individual among us, to the purifying of our early history, by the separation of its fable from its fact. He has gone to the fountain-head, and drawn thence, with a highly commendable industry, and a zeal for the attainment of truth which does him much honor, great part of the materials which he is now elaborating, and combining with others, and publishing, for the entertainment and instruction of the reading public. Mr. PERKINS's talents are as versatile as his perseverance is great; his aims are high, his tastes cultivated, his ambition to be useful; he has now fully commenced a literary career, and we regard the time as near at hand, when he will rank among the best and most popular writers of our country. Our only objection to him, is one of verbal carelessness; and from this he will probably never escape, as he considers the wrappage of thought of but trifling moment, while the idea is whole, perspicuous and healthy. Mr. P., besides being a regular correspondent of the *North American*, writes for the *New-York Review*, is one of the editors of the *Western Messenger*, and contributes occasionally to the pages of the *Hesperian*.

The paper on the "Progress of French Discovery in the Mississippi Valley," from which we promised last month to make extracts for our present number, we subjoin almost entire. The narrative itself is very concise, and the chain of events too closely connected, one part with another, to admit of frequent breaks without in a great degree destroying the interest of the whole. The small portions which we have

omitted are of a critical character, and will not be missed in the account of the chronological succession of events. The article is in the form of a review of the "Life of Father Marquette," by JARED SPARKS; and the commendation bestowed upon this distinguished historian, at the outset, we freely adopt:—"We need say nothing here," writes the reviewer, "of the services which Mr. SPARKS has rendered to American history. His Lives of Ledyard and Morris and Washington; his editions of the writings of Washington and Franklin, and of the Diplomatic Correspondence; and his collection of American Biographies, which has now reached the tenth volume, are all known through this country and in Europe. He has done more than any other one man to preserve for posterity the undoubted records of our early history; and we trust a long life may be granted him, wherein to pursue his labors; for, with the advance already gained in a knowledge of the details of past times, his labors are becoming every year more and more valuable."

HISTORY OF FRENCH DISCOVERY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

THE advantages of water communication were never more perfectly shown, than in the rapid progress of the French in Canada, when first settled. During the years in which John Eliot was preaching to the savages of Natick and Concord, the Jesuits were lifting their voices upon the furthest shores of Lake Superior; while a journey from Boston to the Connecticut was still a journey through the heart of the wilderness, Allouez and Dablon had borne the cross through that very "Mellioki" (Milwaukie) region, to which our speculators have just reached.*

* In the library of Harvard College is a map, published in Paris by N. Sanson d'Abbeville, in the year 1656, in which are given portions of Lakes Superior and Michigan; the southern part of the map is the north of Florida, as discovered by Fernando de Soto, and as it is drawn in the map accompanying the History of his adventures by Garcilaso de la Vega.

With strong hearts those old monks went through their labors; sleeping, in mid-winter, under the bark of trees for blankets, and seasoning their only food, "Indian corn, grinded small," with "little frogs, gathered in the meadows." * They were very different men from "the apostle" of the Puritans; but, to all appearance, were as pure, and as true, and as loving; the Miamis were "so greedy to hear Father Allouez, when he taught them," says Marquette, "that they gave him little rest, even in the night."

Among those who were foremost in courage and kindness, was Father Marquette; a modest, quiet man, who went forward into unknown countries, not as a discoverer, but as God's messenger; who thought all his sufferings and labor fruitful, because among "the Illinois of Perouacca," he was able to baptize one dying child; and who took such a hold of the hearts of those wild men, through the inspiration of love, that for years after his death, when the storms of Lake Michigan swept over the Indian's frail canoe, he called upon the name of Marquette, and the wind ceased and the waves were still. †

In the year 1671, this Jesuit missionary led a party of Hurons to the point of land which projects from the north, at the strait between Lakes Michigan and Huron, and there founded the old settlement of Michilimackinac. ‡ Here, and along the neighboring shores, he labored with noiseless diffidence until 1673, when the Intendant-general of the colony, M. Talon, a man of great activity and enterprise, and who was upon the point of closing his career in Canada, determined that the close should be worthy of his character, and called upon Marquette to be the leader of a small party, which was to seek for that great river in the West, of which the Indians had so often spoken. § The representative of the government in this undertaking was M. Joliet, a substantial citizen of Quebec, and with them went five other Frenchmen. ||

* Hennepin, *Nouvelle Decouverte*.

† Charlevoix's *Letters*, 2d, p. 97. London Ed. 1761.

‡ *Nouvelle France*, Vol. VI. p. 21. Paris Ed. 1744.

§ Charlevoix's *History of Canada*, (*Nouvelle France*), Vol. II, p. 239.

|| *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 248.

¶ Marquette's Journal, Vol. I. p. 8. In this place he says, I told them that he (Joliet), "estoit envoye de la part de Monsieur, notre Gouverneur, pour decouvrir des nouveaux pays, et moy de la part de Dieu, pour les eclairer des lumieres du Saint Evangile."

Upon the 13th of May, 1673, this little band of seven left Michilimackinac in two bark canoes, with a small store of Indian corn and jerked meat, wherewith to keep soul and body in company, bound they knew not whither.

The first nation they visited, one with which our reverend Father had been long acquainted, being told of their venturesome plan, begged them to desist. There were Indians, they said, on that great river, who would cut off their heads without the least cause; warriors who would sieze them; monsters who would swallow them, canoes and all; even a demon, who shut the way, and buried in the waters, that boiled about him, all who dared draw nigh; and, if these dangers were passed, there were heats there that would infallibly kill them. "I thanked them for their good advice," says Marquette, "but I told them that I could not follow it; since the salvation of souls was at stake, for which I should be overjoyed to give my life."

Passing through Green Bay, from the mud of which, says our voyager, rise "mischievous vapors, which cause the most grand and perpetual thunders that I have ever heard," they entered Fox river, and toiling over stones which cut their feet, as they dragged their canoes through its strong rapids, reached a village where lived in union the Miamis, Mascoutens, and "Kikabeux" (Kickapoos). Here Allouez had preached, and behold! in the midst of the town, a cross, (*une belle croix*,) on which hung skins, and belts, and bows, and arrows, which "these good people had offered to the great Manitou, to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter, and had given them an abundant chase."

Beyond this point no Frenchman had gone; here was the bound of discovery, and much did the savages wonder at the hardihood of these seven men, who, alone, in two bark canoes, were thus fearlessly passing into unknown dangers.

On the 10th of June, they left this wondering and well-wishing crowd, and, with two guides to lead them through the lakes and marshes of that region, started for the river, which, as they heard, rose but about three leagues distant, and fell into the Mississippi. Without ill-luck these guides conducted them to the portage, and helped them to carry their canoes across it; then,

returning, left them "alone amid that unknown country, in the hand of God."

With prayers to the mother of Jesus they strengthened their souls, and then committed themselves, in all hope, to the current of the westward-flowing river, the "Mescousin" (Wisconsin); a sand-barred stream, hard to navigate, but full of islands covered with vines, and bordered by meadows, and groves, and pleasant slopes. Down this they floated with open eyes, until, upon the 17th of June, they entered the Mississippi, "with a joy," says Marquette, "that I cannot express."

Quietly floating down the great river, they remarked the deer, the buffaloes, the swans,—"wingless, for they lose their feathers in that country,"—the great fish, one of which had nearly knocked their canoe into atoms, and other creatures of air, earth, and water, but no men. At last, however, upon the 21st of June, they discovered upon the banks of the river the foot-prints of some fellow-mortals, and a little path leading into a pleasant meadow. Leaving the canoes in charge of their followers, Joliet and Father Marquette boldly advanced upon this path toward, as they supposed, an Indian village. Nor were they mistaken; for they soon came to a little town, toward which, recommending themselves to God's care, they went so nigh as to hear the savages talking. Having made their presence known by a loud cry, they were graciously received by an embassy of four old men, who presented them the pipe of peace, and told them, that this was a village of the "Illinois." The voyagers were then conducted into the town, where all received them as friends, and treated them to a great smoking. After much complimenting and present-making, a grand feast was given to the Europeans, consisting of four courses. The first was of hominy, the second of fish, the third of a dog, which the Frenchmen declined, and the whole concluded with roast buffalo. After the feast they were marched through the town with great ceremony and much speech-making; and, having spent the night, pleasantly and quietly, amid the Indians, they returned to their canoes with an escort of six hundred people. The Illinois, Marquette, like all the early travelers, describes as remarkably handsome, well-mannered, and kindly, even somewhat effeminate. The reverend Father tells us, that

they used guns, and were much feared by the people of the South and West, where they made many prisoners, whom they sold as slaves.

Leaving the Illinois, the adventurers passed the rocks upon which were painted those monsters of whose existence they had heard on Lake Michigan, and soon found themselves at the mouth of the Pekitanoni, or Missouri of our day; the character of which is well described; muddy, rushing, and noisy. "Through this," says Marquette, "I hope to reach the Gulf of California, and thence the East Indies." This hope was based upon certain rumors among the natives, which represented the Pekitanoni as passing by a meadow, five or six days' journey from its mouth, on the opposite side of which meadow was a stream running westward, which led, beyond doubt, to the South Sea. "If God give me health," says our Jesuit, "I do not despair of one day making the discovery." Leaving the Missouri, they passed the demon, that had been portrayed to them, which was indeed a dangerous rock in the river, and came to the Ouabouskigou, or Ohio, a stream which makes but a small figure in Father Marquette's map, being but a trifling water-course compared to the Illinois. From the Ohio, our voyagers passed with safety, except from the mosquitoes, into the neighborhood of the "Akamsca," or Arkansas. Here they were attacked by a crowd of warriors, and had nearly lost their lives; but Marquette resolutely presented the peace-pipe, until some of the old men of the attacking party were softened, and saved them from harm. "God touched their hearts," says the pious narrator.

The next day the Frenchmen went on to "Akamsca," where they were received most kindly, and feasted on corn and dog till they could eat no more. These Indians cooked in and eat from earthen ware, and were amiable and unceremonious, each man helping himself from the dish and passing it to his neighbor.

From this point Joliet and our writer determined to return to the North, as dangers increased toward the sea, and no doubt could exist as to the point where the Mississippi emptied, to ascertain which point was the great object of their expedition. Accordingly, on the 17th of July, our voyagers left Akamsca; retraced their path, with much labor, to the Illinois, through which they

soon reached the lake; and "nowhere," says Marquette, "did we see such grounds, meadows, woods, buffaloes, stags, deer, wildcats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrots, and even beavers," as on the Illinois river.

In September the party, without loss or injury, reached Green Bay, and reported their discovery; one of the most important of that age, but of which we have now no record left except the narrative of Marquette, Joliet (as we learn from an abstract of his account, given in Hennepin's second volume, London, 1698,) having lost all his papers while returning to Quebec, by the upsetting of his canoe. Marquette's unpretending account, we have in a collection of voyages by Thevenot, printed in Paris in 1681.* Its general correctness is unquestionable; and, as no European had claimed to have made any such discovery at the time this volume was published, but the persons therein named, we may consider the account as genuine.

Afterwards Marquette returned to the Illinois, by their request, and ministered to them until 1675. On the 18th of May, in that year, as he was passing with his boatmen up Lake Michigan, he proposed to land at the mouth of a little stream running from the peninsula, and perform mass. Leaving his men with the canoe, he went a little way apart to pray, they waiting for him. As much time passed, and he did not return, they called to mind, that he had said something of his death being at hand, and anxiously went to seek him. They found him dead; where he had been praying, he had died. The canoe-men dug a grave near the mouth of the stream, and buried him in the sand. Here his body was liable to be exposed by a rise of water; and would have been so, had not the river retired, and left the missionary's grave in peace. Charlevoix, who visited the spot some fifty years afterward, found that the waters had forced a passage at the most difficult point; had cut through a bluff, rather than cross the lowland where that grave was. The river is called Marquette.†

While the simple-hearted and true Marquette was pursuing his labors of love in the West, two men, differing widely from him, and each other, were preparing to follow in his footsteps, and perfect the discoveries so well begun by him and his shadowy compeer, the Sieur Joliet. These were Robert de la Salle and Louis Hennepin.

La Salle was a native of Normandy, and was brought up, as we learn from Charlevoix,‡ among the Jesuits; but, having lost, by some unknown cause, his patrimony, and being of a stirring and energetic disposition, he left his home, to seek fortune among the cold and dark regions of Canada. This was about the year 1670. Here he mused long upon the pet project of those ages, a short-cut to China and the East; and,—gaining his daily bread, we know not how,—was busily planning an expedition up the great lakes, and so across the continent to the Pacific, when Marquette returned from the Mississippi. At once the hot mind of La Salle received from his and his companion's narrations, the idea that, by following the Great river northward, or by turning up some of the streams which joined it from the westward, his aim might be certainly and easily gained. Instantly he went towards his object. He applied to Frontenac, then Governor-general of Canada, laid before him an outline of his views, dim but gigantic, and, as a first step, proposed to rebuild of stone, and with improved fortifications, Fort Frontenac upon Lake Ontario, a post to which he knew the Governor felt all the affection due to a namesake. Frontenac entered warmly into his views. He saw, that, in La Salle's suggestion, which was to connect Canada with the Gulf of Mexico by a chain of forts upon the vast navigable lakes and rivers which bind that country so wonderfully together, lay the germ of a plan, which might give unmeasured power to France, and unequalled glory to himself, under whose administration he fondly hoped all would be realized. He advised La Salle, therefore, to go to the King of France, to make known his project, and

* This work is now very rare.

† Charlevoix's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 96. *New France*, Vol. VI. p. 20.—Marquette spells the name of the great western river, 'Mississippi'; Hennepin made it 'Meschasipi'; others have written 'Meschasabe,' etc.. etc.—There is great confusion in all the Indian

oral names; we have 'Kikabeaux,' 'Kikapous,' 'Quickapous,' 'Outtoanets,' 'Outnovas,' 'Miamiis,' 'Oumamis,' and so of nearly all the nations. Our 'Sioux,' Charlevoix tells us, is the last syllable of 'Nadouessious,' which is written, by Hennepin, 'Nadousion' and 'Nadouessious,' in his 'Louisiana,' and 'Nadouessans' in his 'Nouvelle Decouverte.'

‡ Charlevoix's *New France*, Paris Edition of 1774, Vol. II. p. 263.

for the royal patronage and protection; and, to forward his suit, gave him letters to Seignelay, who had succeeded his father, the great Colbert, as minister of marine.

With a breast full of hope and bright dreams, the penniless adventurer sought his monarch; his plan was approved by the minister, to whom he presented Frontenac's letter; La Salle was made a Chevalier; was invested with the seignory of Fort Catarocouy or Frontenac, upon condition he would rebuild it; and received from all the first noblemen and princes assurances of their good-will and aid. His mission having sped so well, on the 14th of July, 1678, La Salle, with his lieutenant, Tonti, an Italian, and thirty men, sailed from Rochelle for Quebec, where they arrived upon the 15th of September; and, after a few days' stay, proceeded to Fort Frontenac.*

Here was quietly working, in no quiet spirit, the rival and co-laborer of La Salle, Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan friar, of the Recollet variety; a man full of ambition to be a great discoverer; daring, hardy, energetic, vain, and self-exaggerating, almost to madness; and, it is feared, more anxious to advance his own holy and unholy ends than the truth. He had in Europe lurked behind doors, he tells us, that he might hear sailors spin their yarns touching foreign lands; and he profited, it would seem, by their instructions. He came to Canada, some three years before La Salle returned from his visit to the court, and had to a certain extent prepared himself, by journeyings among the Iroquois, for bolder travels into the wilderness. Having been appointed by his religious superiors to accompany the expedition which was about to start for the extreme west under La Salle, Hennepin was in readiness for him at Fort Frontenac, where he arrived, probably, some time in October, 1678.†

* Charlevoix's *New France*, Vol. II. p. 264, 266. What La Salle was about from the close of 1673, when Joliet returned, till July, 1678, Charlevoix tells us only in the most general terms.

† Hennepin's *New Discovery*, Utrecht Edition of 1797, p. 70.—Charlevoix's *New France*, Vol. II. p. 266.

It may be as well here, once for all, to give the names of the lakes and rivers as they appear in the early travels.

Lake Ontario, was also Lake Frontenac.

Lake Erie, was Erike, Erige, or Erie, from a nation of Eries destroyed by the Iroquois; they lived where the State of Ohio now is (Charlevoix's *New France*, Vol. II. p. 62; it was also Lake of Conti.

Lake Huron, was Karegnondi in early times (*Map of 1656*;) and also, Lake of Orleans.

The Chevalier's first step was to send forward men to prepare the minds of the Indians along the lakes for his coming, and to soften their hearts by well-chosen gifts and words; and also, to pick up peltries, in which, under the king's patent, he had the almost, if not entirely exclusive right to trade in those quarters. For, it must be understood, that our hero, having had nothing in the outset, was forced to look throughout to his own good management, in order to raise funds wherewith to carry on his operations; a thing not always done with ease; indeed, few mortals seem to have been more dunned than he; and, at one time, Hennepin tells us, his property was actually under execution.‡ He therefore began operations by sending forward a party to collect skins, from which he might realize enough to cover his winter's expenses, which promised to be somewhat heavy. First, Fort Catarocouy was to be altered and repaired; then Lake Ontario was to be crossed; a new fort was to be built upon Lake Erie, and a bark of unexampled magnitude for those seas established thereon, to carry forward the trade which he hoped to set on foot; and some twenty or forty men to be kept alive and hammering, while all these things were doing; for all which purposes he had we know not what funds, but unhappily small ones at the best. However, La Salle was a man with a large heart in his bosom; he had drawn for himself a grand outline,—the discovery, conquest, fortification, possession, and commercial union, of that immense country which lies along the greatest lakes and rivers of the world, from Ontario to Superior, from the falls of Niagara to the Gulf of Mexico; and small obstacles were to him none at all.

Cheerfully he sent forward his pioneers, therefore, to seek for him beaver skins and

Lake Michigan, was Lake of Puans (*Map of 1656*;) also, of the Illinois, or Illinese, or Ilinouacks; also, Lake Mischigonong, and Lake of the Dauphin.

Lake Superior was Lake *Supérieur*, meaning the Upper, not the Larger lake,—also, Lake of Conde.

Green Bay, was Baie des Puans.

Illinois river, in Hennepin's *Louisiana*, and Joutel's *Journal*, is River Seignelay; and the Mississippi River, in those works, is River Colbert; and was by La Salle called River St. Louis.

Ohio river was Ouabouskigou, Ouabachi, Ouabache, Oyo, Ouye, Belle Riviere.

Missouri river, was Pekitanoni, Riviere des Osages, and Massourites; and by Coxe is called Yellow River.

‡ *New Discovery*, p. 102. We follow Hennepin, whose early *Journal* has not been disputed; it is the same in his *Louisiana* and his *New Discovery*.

other valuables; and, upon the 18th of November, 1678, embarked with his followers in a little vessel of ten tons, to cross Lake Ontario. This, says one of his chroniclers, was the first ship that ever sailed upon that fresh water sea. The wind was strong and contrary, and four weeks nearly were passed in beating up the little distance between Kingston and Niagara. Having forced their brigantine as far toward the Falls as was possible, our travelers landed; built some magazines with difficulty, for at times the ground was frozen so hard that they could drive their stakes, or posts, into it only by first pouring upon it boiling water; and then made acquaintance with the Iroquois of the village of Niagara, upon Lake Erie. Not far from this village, La Salle founded a second fort; upon which he set his men to work; but, finding the Iroquois jealous, he gave it up for a time, and merely erected temporary fortifications for his magazines; and then, leaving orders for a new ship to be built, he returned to Fort Frontenac, to forward stores, cables, and anchors for his forthcoming vessel.

Through the hard and cold winter days, the lake lying before them "like a plain paved with fine polished marble," some of his men hewed and hammered upon the *Griffin*, as the great bark was to be named, while others gathered furs and skins, or sued for the good-will of the bloody savages amid whom they were quartered: and all went merrily until the 20th of January, 1679. On that day, the Chevalier arrived from below; not with all his goods, however, for his misfortunes had commenced. The vessel in which his valuables had been embarked was wrecked through the bad management of the pilots; and, though the more important part of her freight was saved, much of her provision went to the bottom, which caused the carpenters, who were working upon somewhat thin diet, to groan and even grumble. And, worse than this, those who were jealous of La Salle's monopoly, and apparent good luck, had stirred up the Iroquois, some of whom, feigning drunkenness, attacked the blacksmith of the expedition, and would have killed him, had not he, Nicol-Jarvie-like, caught a red-hot bar from the fire, and put them to flight. But Hunger and Hate had a strong soul to deal with in our Chevalier; he pushed every thing forward, while Father Hennepin did his share by preaching,

and all seemed on the road to success. During the winter, also, a very nice lot of furs was scraped together, with which, early in the spring of 1679, the commander returned to Fort Frontenac to get another outfit; while Tonti was sent forward to scour the lake coasts; muster together the men who had been sent before, collect skins, and see all that was to be seen. In thus coming and going, buying and trading, the summer of this year slipped away, and it was the seventh of August before the *Griffin* was ready to sail. Then, with *Tedums*, and the discharge of arquebuses, she began her voyage up Lake Erie, while the Iroquois looked on in horror and amazement, which they hastened to communicate to the Dutch at "Nouvelle Jorck."*

Over Lake Erie, through the strait beyond, across St. Clair, and into Huron, the voyagers passed most happily. In Huron, they were troubled by storms, dreadful as those upon the ocean, and were at last forced to take refuge in the road of Michillimackinac. This was upon the 28th of August. At this place, which is described as one "of prodigious fertility," La Salle remained till the middle of September, founded a fort there, and sent men therefrom in various directions to spy out the state of the land. He then fell down to Green Bay, the "*Baie des Puans*," of the French; and, finding there a large quantity of skins and furs collected for him, he determined to load the *Griffin* therewith, and send her back to Niagara, and so stop the mouths of some of his many creditors, who were becoming noisy. This was done with all promptness; and, upon the 18th of September, she was despatched under the charge of a pilot, supposed to be competent and trustworthy, while the Norman himself, with fourteen men, proceeded down Lake Michigan, paddling along its shores in the most leisurely manner; Tonti, meanwhile, having been sent to hunt up stragglers, with whom he was to form the main body at the bottom of the lake.

From the 19th of September till the 1st of November, the time was consumed by La Salle in his voyage down the sea in question. On the day last named, he arrived at the mouth of the river of the *Miamis*; a spot, the position of which, is thus clearly described by one claiming to have

* Hennepin.

been there; "This country," says he, meaning that of the *Miamis*, "is bounded to the east by Virginia and Florida, and on the other side by the Iroquois and Illinois."* At the mouth of this stream, La Salle built the fort of the *Miamis*.

What river this "of the *Miamis*" was, has been a little questioned. Butler, in his "History of Kentucky," having no original account before him, pronounces it the Fox river of Green Bay,—an obvious mistake;† Peck says, it is supposed to have been the Chicago;‡ and, upon a first view of Hennepin's map, one would think it the Calumet, which runs into Lake Michigan from the southwest. A little examination, however, makes it clear that it was the St. Joseph's. Hennepin describes it as coming from the southeast, (the English translation makes it southwest, perhaps that the text and map may correspond,) and says the Illinois rises a short distance, not from its source, but from its main stream; and to this the map corresponds exactly. Now, no stream from Lake Michigan has a branch of the Illinois rising near its main current, except the St. Joseph's, near which the *Kaukakee* rises; whence we conclude, that the *Miamis* river was the former, and the Illinois the latter stream. To render this the more certain, we have the maps of Joutel, La Hontan, Coxe, and some anonymous English ones of that time, all of which represent the *Miamis* river in the place occupied by the St. Joseph's; and that of Charlevoix, made in 1744, which gives us the Fort of the *Miamis*, on the river "St. Joseph's;" which we must regard as decisive.

We have, then, La Salle and his little band driving palisades near the mouth of the St. Joseph's of Lake Michigan, upon the 1st of November, 1679. They were sounding the entrance of the river, too, to learn its bars and shoals, that they might warn therefrom their long-delayed *Griffin*, which ought now to be near at hand; and scouring parties were abroad in the forest for game, and for information touching the country, and their further course. And game was indeed wanting, for nothing could be had but bear's flesh, very fat and oily,

for the bears had been feeding upon grapes till they were full; and this, being too rank for digestion, made the men dyspeptic and desponding. Winter began to moan in the woods, too; and the *Griffin* was still missing; "why?" men asked, and the answers which suggested themselves were far from comforting. The Iroquois might have sacked her, or creditors seized her; or her timbers, hard wrought as they had been, might have found a hard bed upon some rocky shore. Nevertheless, La Salle, nothing fearing, stuck up bear-skins upon long poles on all the shallows; and Father Hennepin preached perseverance, courage, and hope; and, by and by, Tonti dropped in to their relief, not with news of the missing ship, nor even with all the missing people, but with a canoe-full of good dry venison, most relishing to oil-deluged stomachs.

It was clear to La Salle, that he was in an awkward position; his vessel gone, no one knew how nor whither, and winter close upon him. If the rivers froze before he could get to the south, ruin and starvation were like to be his fireside comforters. So he made up his mind at once to push on without waiting for the *Griffin*.

On the 3d of December, therefore, having mustered all his men, he placed a garrison of ten in his Fort of the *Miamis*, and with the remainder, thirty working men and three monks, started again upon his "great voyage and glorious undertaking."§

By a short portage they passed to the Illinois, and "fell down the said river by easie journeys, the better to observe that country." This country consisted, in the main, of quaking bogs, where with great difficulty could a man find footing; all which answers to that about the *Kaukakee*. Through this swamp our adventurers floated on leisurely; sometimes in great straits for food, and, about the last of December, reached a village of the Illinois Indians containing some five hundred cabins, but, at that moment, no inhabitants. The Sieur La Salle, being in great want of bread-stuffs, took advantage of this absence of the Indians to help himself to a sufficiency of maize, of which large quantities were found hidden in holes under the huts or wigwams. This village

* An Account of M. De La Salle's Last Expedition and Discoveries. New-York Historical Collections, Vol. II. p. 233.

† History of Kentucky, Introduction, 2d edition, p. xviii.

‡ Gazetteer of Illinois, p. 103.

§ Charlevoix, *New France*, (Vol. II. p. 269,) tells us, that La Salle returned from the fort of the *Miamis* to Fort Frontenac; but Hennepin, and the journal published as Tonti's, agree that he went on, and tell a more consistent story than the historian.

was, as near as we can judge, not far from the spot marked on our maps as Rock Fort, in La Salle county, Illinois. The corn being got aboard, the voyagers betook themselves to the stream again, and toward evening on the 4th of January, 1780, fell into a lake, which must have been the lake of Peoria, where they caught 'some excellent fish,' wherewith to season their corn. While the prospect of a good supper was filling all minds, unluckily bands of savages appeared, one on each bank of the river, and they found their evening meal was likely to be a stomach full of fighting, instead of fried fish. But, as it soon seemed, the Indians were as much and disagreeably surprised as the whites; and, when all were waiting the onset, "contented themselves," as we are told, "to ask us who we were; being naturally inclined to peace." The Frenchmen having answered this appropriate question in a satisfactory manner, the Illinois received them, "not as savages use to do, but as men well-bred and civilized." Indeed, they brought out for the new comers, "beef and stag, and all sorts of venison and fowls," which politeness the Europeans, (in a most typical manner,) repaid by bumpers of brandy, and discharges of fire-arms; and the feast lasted three whole days, the white and red men fraternizing and embracing in a manner most entirely French, so that, says the writer from whom we quote, "we discovered in the Illinois a great humanity, and a good disposition to civil society." * This tribe, if we may credit the early writers, had really something very French in them; they were "flatterers, complaisant, cunning, and dexterous." Hunting was their great delight, and their habits were effeminate and dissolute; yet they knew the character of their conduct, and paid a kind of homage to virtue by preserving appearances.

In the midst of this nation, La Salle determined to build another fort, for he found that already some of the neighboring tribes were trying to disturb the good feeling which existed; and, moreover, some of his own men were disposed to complain. A spot upon rising ground, near the river, was accordingly chosen about the middle of January, and the fort of *Crevecœur* (Broken Heart) commenced: which doleful name

was expressive of the very natural anxiety and sorrow, which the pretty certain loss of his *Griffin*, and his consequent impoverishment (for there were no insurance offices then,) the danger of hostility on the part of the Indians, and of mutiny on the part of his own men, might well cause him.

Nor were his fears by any means groundless. In the first place, his discontented followers, and afterwards emissaries from the Mascoutens, tried to persuade the Illinois that he was a friend of the Iroquois, their most deadly enemies, and that he was among them for the purpose of enslaving them. But La Salle was an honest and fearless man, and, as soon as coldness and jealousy appeared on the part of his hosts, he went to them boldly and asked the cause, and by his frank statements preserved their good feeling and good will. His disappointed enemies, then, or at some other time, for it is not very clear when, † tried poison; and, but for "a dose of good treacle," La Salle might have ended his days in his Fort *Crevecœur*.

Meanwhile the winter wore away, and the prairies were getting to look green again; but our discoverer heard no good news, received no reinforcement; his property was gone, his men were fast leaving him, and he had little left but his own strong heart. The second year of his hopes, and toils, and failures was half gone, and he further from his object than ever; but still he had that strong heart, and it was more than men and money. He saw that he must go back to Canada, raise new means, and enlist new men; but he did not dream, therefore, of relinquishing his projects. On the contrary, he determined that, while he was on his return, a small party should go down to the Mississippi and explore that stream toward its sources; and that Tonti, with the few men that remained, should strengthen and extend his relations among the Indians.

For the leaders of the Mississippi exploring party, which was to consist of eight, he chose M. Dacan and Father Louis Hennepin; and, having furnished them with all the necessary articles, started them upon their voyage on the last day of February, 1680.

* *Last Discoveries of La Salle*, published with Tonti's name. See post as to authority.

† Charlevoix says, it was at the close of 1679; Hennepin, that they did not reach the Illinois, till January 4th, 1680. We have no means of deciding, but follow Hennepin, who is particular as to date, and was present.

Once more, we turn to that not undeserving person, our Chevalier; who remained, when Dacan was sent away, at Fort Crevecoeur. Here, to what end we know not, he stayed till the following November, as though he had been a man of fortune and leisure; and then started for Canada again, leaving Tonti and his men among the Illinois. Upon his way up the river, he was struck by the advantages of a high rock upon the bank, and at once determined to have a fort there. He accordingly laid one out, and sending the plan to Tonti by some stragglers, desired him to complete it. This the lieutenant tried to do; but had scarce struck spade into the earth, when those he had left at Fort Crevecoeur revolted, and he was forced to return thither at once, or all would be lost; so the new fort on the hill remained unfinished. This new fort was afterwards called Fort St. Louis, and was the place under Tonti's command when La Salle returned to France. It was, as far as we can judge, at the spot called in our day, Rock Fort, La Salle county, Illinois.

The truth was, these French among the Indians led too easy a life altogether, and became too much attached to it to be willing to make new forts or defend old ones; so that our lieutenant found himself left with seven or eight men. This was at the close of 1680; and with this diminutive garrison, to which a stray Frenchman, or a spoiled Indian, now and then joined himself, Tonti worried along till September, 1681,* when, to his surprise and horror, there came in sight a large body of Iroquois warriors, irritated, not wearied, by their long journey across the wilderness. Of the various doings with these savages, the self-constituted M. Tonti gives a full account, while Charlevoix only tells us, that the Italian tried to act as a mediator between the Iroquois and Illinois, for whom, and not for the French, the visit seems to have been intended, but tried to little purpose, the New York savages being very unappeasable. The end of the matter, however, by all accounts, was, that Tonti found himself under the necessity of abandoning the Illinois, and quietly creeping back to Canada with five men. This was in the middle of September, 1681; and in October he reached Lake Michigan, upon

the shores of which he remained through the winter.

La Salle, meanwhile, had returned to Canada, as we have said; there he busied himself in his old way, raising recruits, gathering funds, and building vessels wherewith to carry on the trade upon which he must live; and, in the spring of 1682, we find him once more upon the Illinois, manning Crevecoeur, finishing Fort St. Louis, and in one way or another killing time until August, when once more he must back to Fort Frontenac, and muster all his forces for his second voyage.

This second voyage commenced upon the Illinois river, in January, 1683;† but, as there was much ice to impede our voyagers, it was the 2d of February when they reached the Mississippi, and the 9th of April when they came to its mouth; that is, it took them twice as long to go down the Mississippi as it did Hennepin (on paper) to go and come again. Of this passage Charlevoix gives us no details; but the professed Tonti is more generous, and displays for our entertainment and edification, the banks of the Illinois river, "covered over with pomegranate-trees, orange-trees, and lemon-trees;" the "Chicacha" Indians, with "faces flat like plates, which is reckoned among them for a stroke of beauty"; the "crocodiles" which come "into the world but like a chicken, being hatched of an egg"; the Indian women of the Tacucas, to one of whom he gave a pair of "cizars," who in return squeezed his hand so hard as to give him reason to think, that those women "might easily be tamed by us, and taught the politer arts of conversation"; and, also, the pearl-oysters of the Natchez, the shells of which "you may see on a fair day open themselves to receive the dew of heaven; which dew breeds the first seeds of the pearl within the shells."

It is grievous to think, that all these details must be put aside as not legitimate,

* Charlevoix says 1680, but La Salle did not go back till November, 1680.

† The Introduction to Joutel's *Journal* (p. xx.) tells us, that even then, in 1714, the second voyage of La Salle was variously represented as in 1682 and 1683, and Charlevoix writes it as in 1682; but, by examining his dates, it is made evident that he dropped a year; and the *Journal* of Tonti, in the main facts of which, whoever wrote it, we have great confidence, makes 1683 the year; we therefore adopt that. In our 99th number, (p. 417,) it was stated, on Charlevoix's authority, that La Salle reached the Mississippi in 1682.—This we may here correct; and also a misprint in our 94th number, p. 64, where the year of this discovery is printed 1681.

even if true; and nothing he left us of La Salle's second voyage but the barren date of his arrival at the seashore, and the yet more unsatisfactory statement, that he returned to Quebec some time in 1683, (it is by no means clear when, for Charlevoix has his dates tangled,) and that afterwards he embarked for France on the 9th of November, 1683, as we learn from the Baron Hontan. To these husks is plain history unhappily confined.*

One other and very familiar thing we find on record; trouble in Canada; the Governor and the intendant quarrelling, and both recalled; the Indians threatening; and a new Governor appointed, M. de la Barre, who began his administration by accusing La Salle of being a rogue, a rioter, a foment-er of discord, and a general nuisance in the colony.†

But La Salle had, fortunately, a most able advocate in France, for he was there in person; and the whole nation being stirred by the story of the new discoveries, of which Hennepin had published his first account some months before La Salle's return, our hero found ears open to drink in his words, and imaginations warmed to make the most of them. The minister, Seignelay, desired to see the adventurer, and he soon won his way to whatever heart that man had; for it could not have required much talk with La Salle to have been satisfied of his sincerity, enthusiasm, energy, and bravery. The tales of the new Governor fell dead, therefore, and the King listened to the prayer of his subject, that a fleet might be sent to take possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, and so that great country of which he told them be secured to France. The King listened; and soon the town of Rochelle was busy

with the stir of artisans, ship-riggers, adventurers, soldiers, sailors, and all that varied crowd which in those days looked into the dim West for a land where wealth and life were to be had for the seeking.

Of this third voyage of La Salle, let us be thankful that we have a full and true history. We no longer follow the fame and not truth-loving Hennepin, the ghost of a Tonti, or the somewhat inaccurate and second-hand Charlevoix. We have now as our guide and comforter the worthy Monsieur Joutel, a commander and actor in that same expedition; a man of accuracy and unquestioned truth, and whose volume, as translated into English, and published in London by A. Bell, at the "Cross Keys and Bible," Cornhill, in 1714, now lies before us.

On the 24th of July, 1684, twenty-four vessels sailed from Rochelle for America, four of which were for the discovery and settlement of the famed Louisiana. These four carried two hundred and eighty persons, including the crews; there were soldiers, artificers, and volunteers, and also "some young women." There is no doubt that this brave fleet started full of light hearts, and vast, vague hopes; but, alas! it had scarce started when discord began; for La Salle and the commander of the fleet, M. de Beujeau, were well fitted to quarrel one with the other, but never to work together. In truth, our hero seems to have been nowise amiable, for he was overbearing, harsh, and probably selfish to the full extent to be looked for in a man of worldly ambition. However, in one of the causes of quarrel which arose during the passage, he acted, if not with policy, certainly with boldness and humanity. It was when they came to the Tropic of Cancer, where, in those times, it was customary to baptize all green hands, as is still sometimes done under the Equator. On this occasion, the sailors of La Salle's little squadron promised themselves rare sport and much plunder, grog, and other good things, the forfeit paid by those who do not wish a seasoning; but all these expectations were stopped, and hope turned into hate, by the express and emphatic statement on the part of La Salle, that no man under his command should be ducked, whereupon the commander of the fleet was forced to forbid the ceremony.

With such beginnings of bickering and dissatisfaction, the Atlantic was slowly

* Charlevoix's dates stand thus; The summer of 1679 was spent in preparing to get off the *Griffin*; she was finished in August; on the 28th of February, 1680, Dacan left Crevecoeur; La Salle stayed there till November (1680 of course); not long after came the Iroquois, and Tonti was forced away, September 11th, 1680 (Tonti's narrative says 1681); a year passes, and in February, 1682, the Mississippi is reached; on the 15th of May, (1682), La Salle falls sick coming up the Mississippi, and does not reach Quebec till the spring of 1683, and embarks some months after. But Tonti's account (so called) is clearer; a year is passed in Crevecoeur after La Salle leaves it; the Mississippi is reached in 1683; in May, 1683, La Salle falls sick, and in September of that year reaches Michillimackinac, and in a month or more sails for France; to bring him out right Charlevoix has to keep him sick a year.

† Charlevoix's *New France*, Vol. II. p. 286.

crossed, and, upon the 20th of September, the island of St. Domingo was reached. Here certain arrangements were to be made with the colonial authorities; but, as they were away, it became necessary to stop there for a time. And a sad time it was. The fever seized the new-comers; the ships were crowded with sick: La Salle himself was brought to the verge of the grave; and, when he recovered, the first news that greeted him, was that one of his four vessels, the one wherein he had embarked his stores and implements, had been taken by the Spaniards. The sick man had to bestir himself thereupon to procure new supplies; and, while he was doing so, his enemies were also bestirring themselves to seduce his men from him, so that what with death and desertion, he was like to have a small crew at the last. But energy did much; and, on the 25th of November, the first of the remaining vessels, she that was "to carry the light," sailed for the coast of America. In her went La Salle, and our writer, Joutel.

For a whole month were our disconsolate sailors sailing, and sounding, and stopping to take in water and shoot alligators, and drifting in utter uncertainty, until, on the 28th of December, the mainland was fairly discovered. But "there being," as Joutel says, "no man among them who had any knowledge of that bay," it was not strange, that they went feeling and trembling like one that in the dark seeks for a door; and so, feeling and stumbling, and ever fearful of knocking their noses by venturing too near the wall, they went past the very Mississippi door which they sought; and in a most useless and melancholy manner, quarrelling and bickering, wore away the whole month of January, 1685. At last, La Salle, out of patience, determined to land some of his men, and go along the shore toward the point where he believed the mouth of the Mississippi to be, and our friend Joutel was appointed one of the commanders of this exploring party. They started on the 4th of February, and travelled eastward, (for it was clear that they had passed the door,) during three days, when they came to a great river which they could not cross, having no boats. Here they made fire-signals, and, on the 13th, two of the vessels came in sight; the mouth of the river, or entrance of the bay, for such it proved to be, was forthwith sound-

ed, and the barks sent in to be under shelter. But, sad to say, La Salle's old fortune was at work here again; for the vessel which bore his provisions and most valuable stores, was run upon a shoal by the grossest neglect, or, as Joutel thinks, with malice prepense; and, soon after, the wind coming in strong from the sea, she fell to pieces in the night, and the bay was full of casks and packages, which could not be saved, or were worthless when drawn from the salt water. From this untimely fate our poor adventurer rescued but a small half of his second stock of indispensables.

Who can help pitying this unlucky La Salle? Full of genius, he plans one of the grandest of modern operations,—the union of Canada with the Gulf of Mexico. Full of energy, dogged perseverance, undaunted courage, he tries to execute his plan; at every step he meets some difficulty; his own men, his follow-countrymen, the Iroquois, the very elements throw blocks in his way, and he falls again and again. But from each fall he rises with new strength. Having nothing at the outset, he builds vessels, and raises and equips men; when the vessels are lost, he builds others; when the men desert, he musters new recruits: and so, during four long years, battles with Fortune unweariedly, and at length makes known the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to the mouth. And now, when it would seem that his future might be easier, and his fortune milder, again all things conspire against him; two outfits are lost before his enterprise is under way; one company of followers has mostly deserted him, and now another threatens to do likewise. But was it indeed Fortune that forever heaped evil on his head? Not wholly; we see enough of La Salle, dim as his features are to us, to see that loveliness was no trait of his. He bound none to him by the only indissoluble cord, affection. Men stood aloof, or worked with, not for him; from fear, or selfish ambition, never (unless somewhat in Tonti's case) from that personal reverence and love, which bound men to Washington; and of his misfortunes, a large proportion came from the ill-will of his enemies.

But leaving such thoughts, let us look at our friend the Chevalier's condition in the middle of March, 1685. Beaujeu, with his ship, is gone, leaving his comrades in the marshy wilderness, with not much of joy

to look forward to. They had guns and powder and shot; eight cannon, too, "but not one bullet," that is, cannon-ball, the naval gentlemen having refused to give them any. And here are our lonely settlers, building a fort upon the shores of the Bay of St. Louis, as they called it, known to us as the Bay of St. Bernard. They build from the wreck of their ship, we cannot think with light hearts; every plank and timber tells of past ill luck, and, as they look forward, there is vision of irritated savages (for there had been warring already), of long search for the *Hidden river*,* of toils and dangers in its ascent when reached. No wonder, that "during that time several men deserted." So strong was the fever for desertion, that, of some who stole away and were retaken, it was found necessary to execute one, while the others were condemned "to serve the King ten years in that country"; a mode of punishment which may be termed nominal, it being a sort of forced enlistment on the part of our Chevalier.

And now La Salle prepares to issue from his nearly completed fort, to look round and see where he is. He has still a good force, some hundred and fifty people; and, by prompt and determined action, much may be done between this last of March and next autumn. In the first place, the river falling into the Bay of St. Louis is examed, and a new fort commenced in that neighborhood, where seed is planted also; for the men begin to tire of meat and fish, with spare allowance of bread, and no vegetables. But the old luck is at work still. The seed will not sprout; men desert; the fort goes forward miserably slow; and at last, three months and more gone to no purpose, Joutel and his men, who are still hewing timber at the first fort, are sent for, and told to bring their timber with them in a float. The float or raft was begun "with immense labor," says the wearied historian, but all to no purpose, for the weather was so adverse, that it had to be all taken apart again and buried in the sand. Empty-handed, therefore, Joutel sought his superior, the effects being left at a post by the way. And he came to a scene of desolation; men sick, and no houses to put them in; all the looked-for crop blasted; and not a ray of comfort from any quarter.

"Well," said La Salle, "we must now muster all hands, and build ourselves a large

lodgment.'" But there was no timber within a league; and not a cart nor a bullock to be had, for the buffaloes, though abundant, were ill-broken to such labor. If done, this dragging must be done by men; so, over the long grass and weeds of the prairie-plain, they dragged some sticks, with vast suffering. Afterwards the carriage of a gun was tried; but it would not do; "the ablest men were quite spent." Indeed, heaving and hauling over that damp plain, and under that July sun, might have tried the constitution of the best of Africans; and of the poor Frenchmen thirty died, worn out. The carpenter was lost; and, worse still, La Salle, wearied, worried, disappointed, lost his temper and insulted the men. So closed July; our Chevalier turned carpenter, marking out the tenons and mortises of what timber he could get, and growing daily more cross. In March we thought much might be done before autumn, and now autumn stands but one month removed from us, and not even a house built yet.

And August soon passed too, not without results, however; for the timber that had been buried below was got up, and a second house built, "all covered with planks and bullock's hides over them."

And now once more was La Salle ready to seek the Mississippi. First, he thought he would try with the last of the four barks with which he left France; the bark *La Belle*, "a little frigate, carrying six guns," which the King had given our Chevalier to be his navy. But, after having put all his clothes and valuables on board of her, he determined to try with twenty men to reach his object by land. This was in December, 1685. From this expedition he did not return until March, 1686, when he came to his fort again, ragged, hatless, and worn down, with six or seven followers at his heels, his travels having been all in vain. It was not very encouraging; but, says Joutel, "we thought only of making ourselves as merry as we could." The next day came the rest of the party, who had been sent to find the little frigate, which should have been in the bay. They came mournfully, for the little frigate could not be found, and she had all La Salle's best effects on board.

The bark was gone; but our hero's heart was still beating in his bosom, a little cracked and shaken, but strong and iron-bound still. So, borrowing some changes of linen

* So the Spaniards called the Mississippi.

from Joutel, toward the latter end of April he again set forth, he and twenty men, each with his pack, "to look for his river," as our writer aptly terms it. Some days after his departure, the bark *La Belle* came to light again; for she was not lost, but only ashore. Deserted by her forlorn and diminished crew, however, she seems to have been suffered to break up and go to pieces in her own way, for we hear no more of the little frigate.

And now, for a time, things went on pretty smoothly. There was even a marriage at the fort; and "Monsieur le Marquis de la Sablonière" wished to act as groom in a second, but Joutel absolutely refused. By and by, however, the men, seeing that La Salle did not return, "began to mutter." There were even proposals afloat to make way with our friend Joutel, and start upon a new enterprise; the leader in which half-formed plan was one *Sieur Duhaut*, an unsafe man, and inimical to La Salle, who had, probably, maltreated him somewhat. Joutel, however, learned the state of matters, and put a stop to all such proceedings. Knowing idleness to be a root of countless evils, he made his men work and dance as long as there was vigor enough in them to keep their limbs in motion; and in such manner the summer passed away, until in August La Salle returned. He had been among the Indians in the north of Mexico, and also toward the Mississippi, had traded with them, and brought home five horses; but, of the twenty men he had taken with him, only eight returned, some having fallen sick, some having died, and others deserted. He had not found "his river," though he had been so far in that direction; but he came back full of spirits, "which," says our writer, "revived the lowest ebb of hope." He was all ready, too, to start again at once, to seek the Mississippi, and go onward to Canada, and thence to France, to get new recruits and supplies; but "it was determined to let the great heat pass before that enterprise was taken in hand." And the heats passed, but with them our hero's health, so that the proposed journey was delayed from time to time until the 12th of January, 1687.

On that day started the last company of La Salle's adventurers, seventeen in number. Among them went the discontented *Duhaut*; and all took their "leaves with so much tenderness and sorrow as if they had

all presaged that they should never see each other more." They went northwest along the bank of the river on which their fort stood, until they came to where the streams running toward the coast were fordable, and then turned eastward, as in that direction they hoped to find the Mississippi. From the 12th of January till the 15th of March, did they thus journey across that southern country, crossing "curious meadows," through which ran "several little brooks of very clear and good water," which, with the tall trees, all of a size, and planted as if by a line, "afforded a most delightful landscape." They met many Indians too, with whom La Salle established relations of peace and friendship. Game was abundant, "plenty of fowl, and particularly of turkeys," was there, which was "an ease to their sufferings"; and so they still toiled on in shoes of green bullocks' hide, which, dried by the sun, pinched cruelly, until, following the tracks of the buffaloes, who chose by instinct the best ways, they had come to a pleasanter country than they had yet passed through, and were far toward the long-sought Father of Waters.

On the 15th of March, La Salle recognising the spot where they then were as one through which he had passed in his former journey, and near which he had hidden some beans and Indian wheat, ordered the *Sieurs Duhaut*, *Hiens*, *Liotot* the surgeon, and some others, to go and seek them. This they did, but found that the food was all spoiled, so they turned toward the camp again. While coming campward they chanced upon two bullocks, which were killed by one of La Salle's hunters, who was with them. So they sent the commander word that they had killed some meat, and that, if he would have the flesh dried, he might send horses to carry it to the place where he lay; and, meanwhile, they cut up the bullocks, and took out the marrow-bones, and laid them aside for their own choice eating, as was usual to do. When La Salle heard of the meat that had been taken, he sent his nephew and chief confidant, *M. Moranget*, with one *De Male*, and his own footman, giving them orders to send all that was fit to the camp at once. *M. Moranget*, when he came to where *Duhaut* and the rest were, and found that they had laid by for themselves the marrow-bones, became angry, took from them their choice pieces, threatened them, and spoke harsh words. This treatment

touched these men, already not well pleased, to the quick; and, when it was night, they took counsel together how they might best have their revenge. The end of such counselling, where anger is foremost, and the wilderness is all about one, needs scarce to be told; "we will have their blood, all that are of that party shall die," said the malcontents. So, when M. Moranget and the rest had supped and fallen asleep, Liotot the surgeon took an axe, and with few strokes killed them all; all that were of La Salle's party, even his poor Indian hunter, because he was faithful; and, lest De Male might not be with them (for him they did not kill), they forced him to stab M. Moranget, who had not died by the first blow of Liotot's axe, and then threw them out for the carrion-birds to feast on.

This murder was done upon the 17th of March. And at once the murderers would have killed La Salle, but he and his men were on the other side of a river, and the water for two days was so high they could not cross; so they sat, eating of their bullocks, and meditating what they had done and must yet do. There was, beyond doubt, less sweetness in those marrow-bones which they had won so dearly, than they had hoped for.

La Salle on his part was growing anxious too; his nephew so long absent, what meant it? and he went about asking if Duhaut had not been a malcontent; but none said, Yes. Doubtless there was something in La Salle's heart, which told him his followers had cause to be his foes. It was now the 20th of the month, and he could not forbear sitting out to seek his lost relative. Leaving Joutel in command, therefore, he started with a Franciscan monk and one Indian. Coming near the hut which the murderers had put up, though still on the opposite side of the river, he saw carrion-birds hovering near, and, to call attention if any were there, fired a shot. There were keen and watching ears and eyes there; the gun told them to be quick, for their prey was in the net; so, at once, Duhaut and another crossed the river, and, while the first hid himself among the tall weeds, the latter showed himself to La Salle at a good distance off. Going instantly to meet him, the fated man passed near to the spot where Duhaut lay hid. The traitor lay still till he came opposite; then raising his piece, shot his commander through the brain, "so that

he dropped down dead on the spot, without speaking one word."

Thus fell La Salle, on the threshold of success. No man had more strongly all the elements that would have borne him safe through, if we except that element which insures affection. "He had a capacity and talent," says Joutel, one of his staunchest friends, "to make his enterprise successful; his constancy, and courage, and extraordinary knowledge in arts and sciences, which rendered him fit for any thing, together with an indefatigable body, which made him surmount all difficulties, would have procured a glorious issue to his undertaking, had not all those excellent qualities been counterbalanced by too haughty a behaviour, which sometimes made him insupportable, and by a rigidity toward those that were under his command, which at last drew on him an implacable hatred, and was the occasion of his death."

La Salle died, as far as we can judge, upon a branch of Trinity river.*

And now, the leader being killed, his followers toiled on mournfully, and in fear, each of the others,—Duhaut assuming the command,—until May. Then there arose a difference among them as to their future course; and, by and by, things coming to extremities, some of La Salle's murderers turned upon the others, and Duhaut and Liotot were killed by their comrades. So blood is still washed out by blood, and there is ever a stain behind. This done, the now dominant party determined to remain among the Indians, with whom they then were, and where they found some who had been with La Salle in his former expedition, and had deserted. These were living among the savages, painted, and shaved, and naked, with great store of aquaws and scalps. But our good Monsieur Joutel was not of this way of thinking; he and some others still wished to find the Great River and get to Canada. At last, all consenting, he did, with six others, leave the main body, and take up his march for the Illinois, where he hoped to find Tonti, who should have been all this while at Fort St. Louis. This was in May, 1687.

With great labor this little band forced their heavy-laden horses over the fat soil, in which they often stuck fast; and, daring

* Map in Charlevoix, Vol. III., where the spot is marked.

countless dangers, at length, upon the 24th of July, reached the Arkansas, where they found a post containing a few Frenchmen, who had been placed there by Tonti. Here they stayed a little while, and then went forward again, until, upon the 14th of September, they reached Fort St. Louis, upon the Illinois. At this post, Joutel remained until the following March,—that of 1688,—when he set off for Quebec, which city he reached in the last of July, just four years having passed since he sailed from Rochelle.*

Thus ended La Salle's third and last voyage, producing no permanent settlement; for the Spaniards came, dismantled the fort upon the Bay of St. Louis, and carried away its garrison, and the Frenchmen who had been left elsewhere in the southwest, intermingled with the Indians, until all trace of them was lost.

And so ended our adventurer's endeavors, in defeat. Yet he had not worked and suffered in vain. He had thrown open to France and the world an immense and most valuable country; had established several permanent forts, and laid the foundation of more than one settlement there. Peoria, Kaskaskia, Cahokia, to this day, are monuments of La Salle's labors; for, though he founded neither of them, (unless Peoria was built upon the site of Fort Crevecoeur,) it was by those whom he brought into the West, that these places were peopled and civilized. He was, if not the discoverer, the first settler of the Mississippi Valley, and as such deserves to be known and honored.

And now, having buried the gentle Marquette and stout Sieur La Salle, what little interest there may have been in our sketch of western travel in old times is passed away. For, dim as have been the features of these our adventurers, those that succeed them are ghosts indeed; and our interest in a tale is ever in proportion to the flesh and blood that walk and speak in it; whence novels chain our attention more than history, though there is no doubt, that the events of the true ever surpass in wonder those of the fictitious story.

* We have followed throughout Joutel alone; Charlevoix vouches for him, (*New France*, Vol. III. 56.) Hennepin gives a second-hand account, drawn from the monks of his order who were with La Salle, which in most points agrees with Joutel's. That given in the *Journal* under Tonti's name is wholly different, and is also professedly second-hand from the Cavalier.

We have now, among our foremost personages in this shadowy band, the genuine Tonti. Tonti, left by La Salle when he sailed for France, after reaching the Gulf of Mexico, in 1683, remained as commander of that Rock Fort of St. Louis, which he had begun in 1680, and which he now finished. Here he stayed, swaying absolutely the Indian tribes, and acting as viceroy over the unknown and uncounted Frenchmen who were beginning to wander through that beautiful country, making discoveries of which we have no records left. In 1685, looking to meet La Salle, he went down to the mouth of the Mississippi; of which going we have a full account in his apocryphal *Relation*, and an undoubted proof in a letter from him to La Salle, dated April 20th, 1685, written at the village of the Quinipissas, and mourning that they had not met at the mouth of the Mississippi, as had been expected.† Alas! at the very moment that the faithful Tonti was writing his regrets, his friend and commander was looking, with heavy heart, at his men as they toiled together, building, from the wreck of his vessel, the fated fort upon the Bay of St. Louis!

Finding no signs of his old comrade, Tonti turns northward again, and reaching his fort on the Illinois, finds work to do; for the Iroquois, long threatening, were now in the battle-field, backed by the English, and Tonti, with his western-wild allies, was forced to march and fight. Engaged in this business, he appears to us at intervals in the pages of Charlevoix; in the fall of 1687 we have him with Joutel, at Fort St. Louis; in April, 1689, he suddenly appears to us at Crevecoeur, revealed by the Baron La Hontan; and again, early in 1700, D'Iberville is visited by him at the mouth of the Mississippi. After that we see him no more, and the *Biographie Universelle* tells us, that, though he remained many years in Louisiana, he finally was not there; but of his death or departure thence, no one knows. So vaguely lives and dies the Chevalier Tonti, an Italian by birth, and an old soldier. He had lost his hand by a grenade, at some famous siege of those times, and was, upon the whole, noted in his generation.

Next in sequence, we have a glimpse of the abovenamed Baron La Hontan, discoverer of the Long river, and, as that dis-

† Given in Charlevoix, Vol. III. 383.

covery proves, drawer of a somewhat long bow. By his volumes, published a *la Haye*, in 1706, we learn, that he too warred against the Iroquois in 1687 and 1688; and having gone so far westward as the Lake of the Illinois, thought he would contribute his mite to the discoveries of those times. So, with a sufficient escort, he crossed, by Marquette's old rout, Fox river and the Wisconsin, to the Mississippi; and, turning up that stream, sailed thereon till he came to the mouth of a river, called *Long river*, coming from the west. This river emptied itself (as appears by his map) nearly where the St. Peter's does in our day. Upon this stream, one of immense size, our Baron sailed for eighty and odd days, meeting the most extensive and civilized Indian nations of which we have any account, that is to say, in those regions; and, after his eighty and odd days' sailing, he got less than half-way to the head of this great river, which was, indeed, not less than two thousand miles long, and, as he learned from the red men, who drew him a map of its course above his stopping-point, led to a lake, whence another river led to the South Sea; so that at last the great problem of those days was solved, and the wealth of China and the East thrown open by the Baron de la Hontan.* And why, we might ask the Baron, did you not go and bathe in that South Sea, instead of floating down the Long river again, and paddling up the comparatively inconsiderable Missouri? Probably this question was asked in those days, for we find the Baron's story much doubted and denied, though he was not, like La Salle, an adventurer, but a man in authority, Governor of Newfoundland in after days, and well known at home and abroad. Poor Baron, he was, and is well known; but it is as the foolish inventor of a lie, which, lifting him for the moment above his level, made his fall to earth again, deadly. And so he passes. †

* *Voyages de la Hontan*, Vol. I. p. 194.

† See the Preface to Schoolcraft's *Travels*, and Long's *Journey up the St. Peter's*. These men knew the whole ground over which La Hontan says he went; and yet we have at times thought that the Baron may have entered the St. Peter's when filled with the back waters of the Mississippi, and heard from the Indians of the connexion by it and the red River with Lake Winnipeg, and the communication between that lake and Hudson's Bay, by Nelson river, and, looking westward all the while, turned Hudson's Bay into the

And now our sketch becomes dimmer than ever. "La Salle's death," says Charlevoix, in one place, "dispersed the French who had gathered upon the Illinois;" but, in another, he speaks of Tonti and twenty Canadians, as established among the Illinois three years after the Chevalier's fate was known there. ‡ This, however, is clear, that about 1700 or 1705, the Reverend Father Gravier began a mission among the Illinois, at the spot, as the historian of New France says, where Fort St. Louis had been; or, as we should suppose from the letter of Father Gabriel Marest, dated at Cascasquia, November 9th, 1712, somewhere in the neighborhood of that settlement. § At any rate, Gravier, and Marest his fellow-laborer, succeeded in gathering a little flock of converted Indians about them, and laid the corner-stone of that permanent French settlement in Illinois, the remains of which astonish the traveller at this day. In 1750, as we are told by one of the missionaries, Vivier, then laboring "aux Illinois," there were in that country five French villages, containing one hundred and forty families, and three villages of colonized natives, numbering not less than six hundred. ||

An attempt was also made to build up a settlement at the point where the Ohio and Mississippi join, at all times a favorite spot among planners of towns, and at this moment, if we mistake not, in the process of being made into a town. The first who tried this spot, was the Sieur Juchereau, a Canadian gentleman, assisted by Father Mermet, who was to christianize the Mascoutens, of whom a large flock was soon gathered.** But these savages were less docile, pliable, and French, than the Illinois, and with superstitious ardor placed all faith in their magicians or jugglers. Our worthy Father Mermet thought his first step should be to corner and confound these pseudo-priests; so, in the presence of the assembled colony, he opened an argument with one of them, one whose god was the buffalo. With cunning questions the wise European puzzled his antagonist, and forced

South Sea.—See map in Long's *Second Expedition up the St. Peter's*, and La Hontan's maps.

‡ *New France*, Vol. III. pp. 395, 393.

§ *Lettres Edifiantes*, (original edition,) Vol. XI.

|| *Id.* Vol. XXVIII. p. 36.

** Charlevoix, Vol. III. p. 393.—*Lettres Edifiantes* (selected). Paris Edition of 1809, Vol. VII. p. 127.

him, at length, to own publicly and directly, that it was not the beast, buffalo, to which he bowed, but that spirit which had charge of the beast, and which was unseen, unknown; nay, still further, the unwise juggler was led to acknowledge, that the spirit of the buffalo was worshipful because it was good, and that this was known by the excellency of its charge, the beast in question. "Ah ha!" said the wily schoolman, "now I have you; for if the excellency of the animal signifies that of its spirit, and therefore is worshipful, then must you own that the spirit of man, who is better than any other animal, is better than any other spirit; and therefore you must worship God." Nothing could be more logical, and no logical "must" more imperative. But the poor wild men laughed at demonstration, and went on worshipping the buffalo; for he, and not the God of Father Mermet, had been kind to them; *he had made the buffaloes, which had supplied them with meat and clothing!* Would not our good Father have done well to try the argument, that he and they were worshipping one Being, the Giver of good gifts?

But the attempt of our Canadian gentleman and his reverend assistant failed. Sickness came, and, as the savages were ready to believe the white man's God *stronger* than theirs, they (very likely at the suggestion of Father Mermet himself) looked on the epidemic as the effect of his wrath, kindled by their conduct. So, after trying without success to kill his minister, our missionary, and then to appease him by a procession and prayers, they at last deserted the low and sickly land, and took to their woods and free life again.

Of the date of these doings we find no mention; but from Vivier's letter, already quoted, it is clear, that, previous to 1750, no settlement existed upon the Ohio or any of its branches, as he enumerates all then in being. The cause of this is not clear, as Hennepin was aware of the existence of "a great river, called Hoio, which passes through the country of the Iroquois," in 1673 or 1674. Indeed, we are told the rout from the Lakes by that great river had been explored in 1676;* and in Hennepin's volume of 1698 is a short journal, professing to be that sent by La Salle to Count Frontenac, in 1683, which mentions

the Maumee and Wabash as the most direct road from Canada to the Mississippi. And yet, though we hear of journeying by this way, there is no record of any attempt at a settlement above the mouth of the Ohio before 1750.†

In thus running over the progress of things in Illinois, we have far outrun all dates and times, and must turn back and make known to our readers the doings of the successor of La Salle in the attempt to find the mouth of the Mississippi, Monsieur D'Iberville.

This officer, who, from 1694 to 1697, distinguished himself not a little by battles and conquests among the icebergs of the "Baye d'Udson," or Hudson's Bay;‡ having, in the year last named, returned to France, propose to the minister to try, what had been given up since La Salle's sad fate, the discovery and settlement of Louisiana by sea. The Count of Pontchartrain, who was then at the head of marine affairs, was led to take an interest in the proposition; and, upon the 17th of October, 1698, D'Iberville took his leave of France, handsomely equipped for his expedition, and with two good ships to forward him in his attempt.§

Of this D'Iberville we have no very clear notion, except that he was a man of judgment, self-possession, and prompt action. Gabriel Marest presents him to us in the "Baye d'Udson," his ships crowded and almost crushed by the ice, and his brother, a young, bright boy of nineteen, his favorite brother, just killed by a chance shot from the English fort which they were besieging;—and there the commander stands on the icy deck, the cold October wind singing in the shrouds, and his dead brother waiting till their lives are secured before he can receive Christian burial,—there he stands, "moved exceedingly," says the missionary, —but giving his orders with a calm face, full tone, and clear mind. "He put his trust on God," says Father Gabriel, "and God consoled him from that day; the same tide brought both his vessels out of danger, and bore them to the spot where they were wanted."||

† The details of this subject may be presented by us in another paper.

‡ *New France*, Vol. III. pp. 215, 299.—*Lettres Édi-
fiantes*, Vol. X. p. 280.

§ *New France*, Vol. III. p. 377.

|| *Lettres Édi-
fiantes*, Vol. X. p. 300.

Such was the man who, upon the 31st of January, 1699, let go his anchor in the Bay of Mobile. Having looked about him at this spot, he went thence to seek the great river called by the savages, says Charlevoix, "Malbouchia," and by the Spaniards, "la Palissade," from the great number of trees about its mouth. Searching carefully, upon the 2nd of March, our commander found and entered the Hidden river, whose mouth had been so long and unsuccessfully sought. As soon as this was done, one of the vessels returned to France to carry thither the news of D'Iberville's success, while he turned his prow up the Father of Waters. Slowly ascending the vast stream, he found himself puzzled by the little resemblance which it bore to that described by Tonti and by Hennepin. So great were the discrepancies, that he had begun to doubt if he were not upon the wrong river, when an Indian chief sent to him Tonti's letter to La Salle, on which, through fourteen years, those wild men had been looking with wonder and awe. Assured by this that he had indeed reached the desired spot, and wearied probably by his tedious sail thus far, he returned to the Bay of Biloxi, between the Mississippi and the Mobile waters, built a fort in that neighborhood, and, having manned it in a suitable manner, returned to France himself.*

While he was gone, in the month of September, 1699, the lieutenant of his fort, M. De Bienville, went round to explore the mouths of the Mississippi, and take soundings. Engaged in this business, he had rowed up the main entrance some twenty-five leagues, when, unexpectedly, and to his no little chagrin, a British corvette came in sight, a vessel carrying twelve cannon, slowly creeping up the swift current. M. Bienville, nothing daunted, though he had but his leads and lines to do battle with, spoke up, and said, that, if this vessel did not leave the river without delay, he had force enough at hand to make her repent it. All which had its effect; the Britons about ship and stood to sea again, growling as they went, and saying, that they had discovered that country fifty years before, that they had a better right to it than the French, and would soon make them know it. This was the first meeting of those rival nations in the Mississippi valley, which, from that

day, was a bone of contention between them till the conclusion of the old French war. Nor did the matter rest long with this visit from the corvette. Englishmen began to creep over the mountains from Carolina, and, trading with the Chicachas, or Chickasaws of our day, stirred them up to acts of enmity against the French.

When D'Iberville came back from France, in January, 1700, and heard of these things, he determined to take possession of the country anew, and to build a fort upon the banks of the Mississippi itself. So, with due form, the vast valley of the West was again sworn in to Louis, as the whole continent through to the South Sea had been previously sworn in by the English to the Charleses and Jameses; and, what was more effectual, a little fort was built, and four pieces of cannon placed therein. But even this was not much to the purpose; for it soon disappeared, and the marshes about the mouth of the Great River were again, as they had ever been, and long must be, uninhabited by men.

Resuming our sketch of French endeavors, we have next to record the project of our friend D'Iberville to found a city among the Natchez, which nation he visited in 1700,—a city to be named, in honor of the Countess of Pontchartrain, *Rosalie*. Indeed, he did pretend to lay the corner-stone of such a place, though it was not till 1714 that the fort called *Rosalie* was founded, where the city of Natchez is standing at this day.

Having thus built a fort at the mouth of the Great river, and began a settlement upon a choice spot above, D'Iberville once more sought Europe, having, before he left, ordered M. Le Sueur to go up the Mississippi in search of a copper mine, which that personage had previously got a clue to, upon a branch of the St. Peter's river;† which order was fulfilled, and much metal obtained, though at the cost of great suffering. Mining was always a Jack-a-lantern with the first settlers of America, and our French friends were no wiser than their neighbors. The products of the soil were, indeed, scarce thought valuable on a large scale, it being supposed that the wealth of Louisiana consisted in its pearl-fishery, its

† Charlevoix, Vol. IV. pp. 162, 164. In Long's *Second Expedition*, p. 318, may be seen a detailed account of Le Sueur's proceedings, taken from a manuscript statement of them.

* *New France*, Vol. III. p. 360, of seq.

mines, and the wool of its wild cattle.* In 1701 the commander came again, and began a new establishment upon the river Maubile, one which superseded that at Biloxi, which thus far had been the chief fort in that southern colony. After this, things went on but slowly until 1708; D'Iberville died on one of his voyages between the mother country and her sickly daughter, and after his death little was done. In 1708, however, M. D'Artagnette came from France as commissary of Louisiana, and, being a man of spirit and energy, did more for it than had been done before. But it still lingered; and, under the impression that a private man of property might do more for it than the Government could, the King, upon the 14th of September, 1712, granted to Crozat, a man of great wealth, the monopoly of Louisiana for fifteen years, and the absolute ownership of whatever mines he might chance to be opened.

Crozat relied mainly upon two things for success in his speculation; the one, the discovery of mines; the other, a lucrative trade with New Mexico. In regard to the first, after many years' labor, he was entirely disappointed; and met with no better success in his attempt to open a trade with the Spaniards, although he sent to them both by sea and land. * * *

In the year 1717, was formed Law's famous West India Company, who sent out settlers in 1717 and 1718, in one of which years New Orleans was laid out.† This company was to have had a monopoly of the commerce of the Mississippi for twenty-five years; but, at the end of fourteen, they were very glad to resign to the King in their turn. During these years, the history of Louisiana is mostly a detail of quarrels with Spaniards, English, Choctaws, and Natchez; all which we have not room to write here, even if we had the inclination. It may be found in the work of Du Pratz, who was an eminent man in the colony, from 1718 to 1784, or in the pages of Charlevoix. Passing by the battles and conspiracies of these times, and of the next nineteen years, we leave our imperfect sketch at the middle of the century, as then began a new era, the struggle of the French and British for the region beyond the Alleghanies.

In 1749, there were no other French settlements in the West, than those upon the Illinois, already referred to; that at New Orleans, including its various dependences, where, according to Vivier, were twelve hundred persons; and some small posts among the Arkansas and Alibamons.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY T. A. ARTHUR.

DEATH's gentle sister hath thee now,
Enfolded in her arms, sweet child;
Her voice hath smoothed thy merry brow,
And hush'd thy laughter wild.

(Dear Sleep! Thou lovest every one—
The babe that knoweth thought nor care,
The strong man when his task is done,
The mourner bent in prayer.)

An hour or two about the room,
Thy busy little feet were heard;
Thy cheek and voice—the rose-leaf's bloom,
And music of a bird.

Then wearily thy head was laid,
In seeming thought, upon a chair,
When Sleep came by, the gentle maid,
And found thee resting there.

Her viewless arms she round thee twined.
Thy dear head pillowed on her breast,
And now, in slumber sweet resigned,
Thy form is laid to rest.

Emblem of trust and innocence!
On thee we look with moistened eyes,
While calmly from the things of sense,
Our better feelings rise.

A THOUGHT.

A PICTURE, though with most exactness made,
Is nothing but the shadow of a shade.
For even our living bodies, though they seem
To others more, or more in our esteem,
Are but the shadow of that Real Being,
Which doth extend beyond the fleshly seeing,
And cannot be discerned until we rise
Immortal objects for immortal eyes.

Portland Transcript.

* Charlevoix, Vol. III. p. 389.

† Charlevoix, Vol. IV. p. 186, says, 1717; Du Pratz says, 1718.

ELIZA WILKINSON.

For a brief notice of the lively and interesting "Letters of Eliza Wilkinson," written during the invasion of South Carolina by the British, in the Revolutionary War, we refer the reader to one of our BUDGET pages. The extract there promised, is here given. The date of the two letters which we copy, is, "Younge's Island, July, 1781."

AN AMERICAN LADY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WELL, I have been to town, and seen all my friends and quarrelled with my enemies. I went on board the prison ship, too, and drank coffee with the prisoners; the dear fellows were in high spirits, and expecting to be speedily exchanged; indeed, they were so before I left town. I saw the last vessel sail, and a number of ladies with them of our acquaintance, who have sailed from their native land. The day that the last vessel sailed, some British officers came to the house where I staid. I was sitting very melancholy, and did not alter my position on their entrance. They sat for some time; at length they broke silence with—"You seem melancholy, Madam!" "I am so, Sir; I am thinking how suddenly I am deprived of my friends, and left almost alone in the midst of"—

"Do not say enemies, Madam," (interrupting me,)—"there is not one in this garrison but would protect and serve you to the utmost of his power, as well as those whose absence you lament."

"I have no further business in this garrison, Sir; those on whose account I came down are now gone, and I shall very shortly return to the country; or you may send me off, too—will you?"

"No, no, Madam; I will enter a *caveat* against that; I am determined to convert you."

"That you never shall, for I am determined not to be converted by you."

"Why, then, you shall convert me."

"I shall not attempt it, Sir"—and I turned about, and spoke to a lady by me. Some time after I was asked to play the guitar—"I cannot play, I am very dull."

"How long do you intend to continue so, Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"Until my countrymen return, Sir!"

"Return as what, Madam!—prisoners or subjects?"

"As conquerors! Sir."

He affected a laugh. "You will never see that, Madam."

"I live in hopes, Sir, of seeing the thirteen stripes hoisted, once more hoisted, on the bastions of this garrison."

"Do not hope so; but come, give us a tune on the guitar."

"I can play nothing but rebel songs."

"Well, let us have one of them."

"Not to-day—I cannot play—I will not play; besides, I suppose I should be put into the *Provost* for such a *heinous crime*."

"Not for the world, Madam; you never should be put there."

"Aye, aye, so you say; but I see no respect shown;" and, saying this, I went into the chamber, and he down stairs.

I have often wondered, since, I was not packed off too, for I was very saucy, and never disguised my sentiments.

One day Kitty and I were going to take a walk on the Bay to get something we wanted. Just as we had got our hats on, up ran one of the billets into the dining-room, where we were,—

"Your servant, ladies,"—

"Your servant, Sir."

"Going out, ladies?"

"Only to take a little walk."

He immediately turned about, and ran down stairs, I guessed for what.

"Kitty, Kitty, let us hurry off, child; he is gone for his hat and sword as sure as you are alive, and means to accompany us." We immediately caught up our silk gowns to keep them from rustling, and flew down stairs as light as we could, to avoid being heard. Out of the street door we went, and I believe ran near two hundred yards, and then walked very fast. Looking behind, we saw him at some distance, walking at a great rate. We hurried down another street, and went in a half-run until we came to Bedon's alley, and, turning that, we walked on leisurely to rest ourselves. It was near an hour after, being in a store in Broad street, that we saw him pass, in company with five or six other officers, with one of whom he was hooking arms. Kitty spied him out, and pointing to him and looking at me, we ran behind the door to hide ourselves; but he got a glimpse of us before we could do so, and quitting his companions, came immediately into the store, and seemed quite transported to find us. Foolish fellow! I could not help

pitying him for his good-nature, and behaving *mighty civil* to him. Had he been one of your impudent, blustering red-coats, who think nothing bad enough they can say of the *rebels*, I should have discarded him that moment, and driven him from my presence; but he accosted us so smilingly, and with such an air of diffidence, that I could not find in my heart one spark of ill-nature towards him; so I smiled too, and away we walked. He offered me his hand, or arm rather, to lean on.

"Excuse me, Sir," said I; "I will support myself, if you please."

"No, Madam, the pavements are very uneven—you may get a fall; do accept my arm."

"Pardon me, I cannot."

"Come, you do not know what your condescension may do—I will turn rebel!"

"Will you?" said I, laughing—"turn rebel first, and then offer your arm."

We stopped in another store, where were several British officers; after asking for articles which I wanted, I saw a broad roll of ribbon, which appeared to be of black and white stripes.

"Go," said I to the officer that was with us, "and reckon the stripes of that ribbin; see if they are *thirteen!*" (with an emphasis I spoke the word—and he went too!).

"Yes, they are thirteen, upon my word, Madam."

"Do hand it me." He did so; I took it, and found that it was narrow black ribbin, carefully wound round a broad white. I returned it to its place on the shelf.

"Madam," said the merchant, "you can buy the black and white, too, and tack them in stripes."

"By no means, Sir; I would not have them *slightly tacked*, but *firmly united*." The above-mentioned officers sat on the counter kicking their heels;—how they gaped at me when I said this! but the merchant laughed heartily. * * *

Yes, joyful indeed! Cornwallis—the mighty British hero—the man of might and his boasted army, are conquered, subdued, by the glorious Washington! Ten thousand blessings on the name,—may Heaven always crown his endeavors with the like success:—but that is not all the "joyful news!" my dear; General Greene with his army are crossing Santee river, and we shall shortly have him here among us: and then how happy we shall be, surrounded by

friends, and saying and doing what we please without fear of punishment. Our *red and green birds*, who have been, for some time past, flying about the country, and insolently perching themselves upon our houses, will be all caged up in Charlestown:—that is the beauty of it!—Oh, how they will flutter about, and beat their plumes in mere fright!—Do you not think it a little spiteful to laugh at them? I cannot help it; I must, I will; and I have even ventured to laugh at some to their faces, out of a little *sweet revenge*—I will tell you all how it was. Mrs. Fabian has been staying with us for some time. Having been from home longer than she expected, she proposed taking a ride to see how matters had gone on in her absence, and I offered my attendance; so the next morning we attempted to go. We had gone a little beyond my brother Frank's, merrily talking and laughing, and lo! to our great consternation we beheld six dragoons galloping towards us. They commanded us to "halt," but Mrs. F. not knowing what she said, commanded the servant to "drive on." He was preparing to obey her, giving the horse a lash, when the cry of "halt" was repeated; and immediately we saw what almost deprived us of sense, motion, nay, life itself,—an army of red and green coats, both horse and foot! "Lord help us, Mrs. Fabian." "What shall we do, Mrs. Wilkinson?"—we both cried at once, grasping each other's hand, and never were poor creatures in a more mortal fright. They came up; the officers politely bowed, and asked us where we were going, from whence we came?—and we had the same questions to answer to each commanding officer of the different companies as they passed us: which, before we had half done, I recovered my reason and sauciness at once, and gave them a look which said, "You are impertinently curious; what is it to you from whence we came or whither we go. The last company turned us back. Col. Allen, who commanded the whole, was with them; he himself took our reins, and turned the chaise, politely asking our leave, and telling us we had best be at home at such a time. "Sir, you will not have our horses taken from us?"

"By no means, Madam."

And we did so "sir" and "madam" each other. We rode along in state,—a grand escort!—till we came in sight of the house;

when Col. Allen, a considerate, clever fellow, though among the red-coats, ordered the men to halt, and would not let one of them approach the house till he rode up, helped us out of the chaise, and begged mother to have her poultry, and whatever else she valued, locked up, that they might be secured from the soldiery, and put a sentry over the kitchen, etc. etc. He then went over to my brother's, where he, and the greater part of his men, quartered, about a mile from mother's; but before he went, he called a Capt. Sanford, and commended us and our's to his care and protection; at the same time saying to us, "Ladies, do not be under any apprehension; I leave you to the care of Capt. Sanford, one of the *best-bred men in Europe*."

Sanford seemed inclined to worship him for the compliment; he made a very profound congee, and then entered the house to take charge of us; but first went and smarted himself up so fine and so trim;—his head combed and powdered with elegance: he came strutting in, and took a seat by me, and seemed desirous of beginning a conversation, but at a loss for a subject. At last, after stroking down his ruffles and fingering his cravat or stock, he began: "This is a very pleasant situation, Miss;" I was nothing but Miss for some time; "Yes, sir; the prospect is agreeable, but the situation I think solitary." "I do not know, I admire it much, though it seems rather sequestered. Do you spend all the year here, or some part of it in Charlestown?"

"I used to spend the sickly months, which are our autumns, in Charlestown, but this year I have resided wholly in the country."

"But why so, Miss? you ought to be down now, there is nothing going forward but concerts, assemblies, and other polite amusements, which ladies generally admire."

"I have had invitations to share in them, but have declined, as I would rather be where I am, than in Charlestown just now." We had a great deal of chit-chat, but were interrupted by a little girl of mine, who came to tell me that the soldiers had cut my homespun out of the loom, and were bundling it up. "Why, Capt. Sanford," said I, "you command a gang of them. Pray make them deliver the cloth. Your countrymen will not let us have negro cloth from town, for fear the *rebels* should be supplied;

so we are obliged to weave." He and another officer ran out. I went to the piazza, and ordered one of the servants to go immediately and bring the cloth in the house, and have it locked up. She did so, and the officers who went in quest of it, followed. At the same time a hog came running across the yard on three legs; some of the soldiers were in pursuit of him; they had cut off the other leg. "Capt. Sanford," said I, "every thing here was left in your protection." Then putting on a very grave look, I called to my boy, and ordered him to drive up the hogs, and carry them up stairs into my chamber, pigs and all; saying I would protect them myself. The sentry, who was at the house door, laughed; Capt. Sanford smiled, yet affected to be in a passion, and, drawing his sword, ran out after the soldiers. They had killed two or three of the hogs, but he threatened them if they killed another; so they became more orderly; then leaving him, I went into the chamber where Mrs. Fabian and her daughter were, and there I staid for some time. He walked about the hall, and seemed very restless; and mother going out, he inquired who I was, and seemed very much taken with me, and had the assurance to beg mother's interest in his favor. At last he begged I would come out, and oblige them with my company; I sent him word I was otherwise engaged, and could not come.

At supper, when saying how long they had been about our neighborhood, some of the officers expressed their surprise that they had not been attacked by the *rebels*. "Aye," said Sanford, "I wonder at it. We have been at Willtown, Pon Pon, etc., etc., driving off cattle and provisions, and they cannot afford to prevent our doing so. Pray, Madam," to me, "can you tell me what it is owing to? Whether from the want of courage or conduct?"

"From neither, Sir; but as they can take *whole armies*, they don't think it worth their while to attack a detachment."

"May be," says one, whose name was Rollinson, "they have sent an express to Congress to know whether they must fight us, and are waiting for his return before they do so."

"Very likely" and "may be so" was re-echoed, and then a hearty laugh crowned the witty speech; Rollinson laughing louder than the rest at his own sagacity. A deal of *small chat* ensued, some highly ridicu-

lous; but I have recited enough, and shall only tell you, that after we were tired out with the several topics of conversation, they introduced that of the King, Queen, and royal family. How the King bowed to one of them, the Queen smiled at them while they were on guard somewhere near the royal palace; and that the royal family were, most of them, near-sighted, as the King himself was. I have repented that I did not say he must have been *very* near-sighted, or he could not have begun this war: for any one who could see at a distance, must have seen the evils which have ensued. We retired to our chambers, and they shall have the credit they deserved for behaving exceedingly well the whole night. We heard not the least noise or riot after we left them, though they had a cask of rum, which they had brought with them. In the hall they kept a profound silence; and we enjoyed undisturbed repose. They moved early in the morning. Sanford opened the staircase door, and called to me, "God bless you, Mrs. Wilkinson, I wish you every happiness; but do not think you shall stay on this island long. I intend to get an order, and will come and carry you off." After blessing me again, away he went. Wishing you the blessing he wished me, I bid you farewell. And so I conclude.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a sort of sanctity that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feelings with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of divinity is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—pure and unsullied by contact with a heartless world.—We tremble lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children—feel and repeat to their own hearts, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Ay, which among the wisest of us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child.—Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the wordliness, and the degeneracy of his own.

Anon.

EMPIRE OF MAHOMMEDANISM.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—*Campbell.*

THERE is a species of enthusiasm dwelling in active and imaginative minds, which leads them into the frequent mistake of imputing vast consequences to the minor events in a drama of which our limited vision can see but a little part; because they know, both by nature and revelation, that the drama must end in an inevitable and sublime catastrophe, to which they are anxiously looking forward. We see the road or stream interrupted by a sudden turn or abrupt precipice, and for a moment believe we have come to its end. This mistake is, however, soon corrected, and we find that with a little variety in the foliage and the forms, what has been still continues to be.

We would not commit this error in reference to the late events connected with the Turkish Empire; but it must be admitted, they are not unimportant details in a series of movements which manifestly tend to the complete overthrow at no very distant period, of one of the most extensive, corrupting, and complete delusions, under which human nature ever labored. The signs of its coming destruction, even under the severe and every-day calculations of the political economist, cannot be mistaken. They are plainly written in the commercial, as well as the moral laws of the world. It may be interesting to review, for a moment, the past and present aspects of *Mahommedanism*.

After three centuries of contest, aided by power, ancient prejudices, persecutions, and the dark terror of superstition, mere Paganism was found insufficient to resist the simple TRUTH of Christianity. It broke down and seemed incapable of defending its earthen ramparts against the waves of the new religion. In the fourth century, Christianity was solemnly adopted at Constantinople, and made the prevalent religion of the many provinces and people which still remained under the dominion of the Emperors. No mere Pagan conquerors, however brilliant, zealous or successful, could probably have raised an enduring barrier between the Christian church and its further triumphs over Pagan nations.

At this period arose a *delusion* which united some of the most powerful and acknowledged truths with some of the most tempting and false corruptions of human nature;

the more dangerous and delusive because the more agreeable, consonant, and in some respects reasonable to the animal desires and erring intellect of humanity. The truth was embraced, and the corruption, unsuspected, with it. This was the *rampart* which, in the course of Providence, was raised up between the church and the tottering kingdoms of Paganism.

In the sixth century, but a little more than a century after Christianity had been firmly established in the Roman Empire of the East, the *False Prophet* of Arabia arose, and like the natural phenomenon of a second or false Sun, threw a broad and magnificent, yet lurid light, over a large portion of the human race. Born of a high family, yet poor; uneducated, yet of the highest intelligence; ardent and voluptuous, yet living in the sobriety of an anchorite; passionately fond of women, and allowed polygamy by law, yet living for twenty-four years the faithful husband of one wife; unable to read, yet filled with the knowledge of the glowing poetry of Arabia; fond of contemplation, yet most energetic in action; the son and grandson of the priest of idolatry, yet seeking God, neither in idols, nor images, nor emblems, but after the solitary contemplations of many years, announcing him as one Eternal Spirit, omnipresent and beneficent; in person the handsomest of his tribe; in intellect most powerful, in tongue most eloquent—**MAHOMET** stood forth, himself one of the most remarkable men whom history has ever recorded. To Paganism, he might fairly be considered a reformer; but to TRUTH, a corrupter, and to Christianity, emphatically "the False Prophet."

The SAVIOR had said to his disciples, that in after times "false prophets would come, who, if possible, would deceive the very elect." But if this referred merely to the circumstances attendant on the destruction of Jerusalem it could not be so with the passages in the Revelation of St. John, who speaks of "the False Prophet," as one of the beings from whose mouth the "unclean spirits" came, which spirits are defined as "the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world." The object of their going was to gather them to the last great battle on earth, prior to the destruction of the great enemies of Christianity, and its complete prevalence throughout the world. "The False Prophet" was one of these great

enemies. The illusion to the empire of Mahommedanism seems to be made very direct by the Sixth Angel's pouring "his vial on the great river Euphrates," after which "the unclean spirits" went forth. The Euphrates, it is well known, is the very centre of the Mahommedan power. To the north, at its head, lay Turkey; at the east, Persia; at the west, Arabia, Syria and Egypt. This is the land of Mahommedanism,—where its delusions held undisputed empire, and whence, if Mahomet be supposed the "False Prophet," its "unclean spirit" would go forth. It did go; and it literally gathered "the kings of the earth" to the battle.

Mahomet, armed with the high qualifications of the poet, orator, statesman and warrior; pleasant in person, sober in life, and announcing, with much falsehood, vast truths, went forth to a rapid conquest over the feeble nations who possessed none of the fiery energy and glowing eloquence of the Arabian Reformer.

He first proselytes his own family; he appoints the vizier of his empire when he had yet only twenty followers: he assails idolatry in its own temple; he stands a siege in his own house; doomed to death, he flies from Mecca to Medina, and commences his military kingdom. The Arabs went over to his banner, Mecca surrendered, and Arabia became his. If the rapid conquests of Mahomet himself were surprising, those of his successors were not less so. His two successors, Abubeker and Omar, in twelve years, attached Persia and the Roman Empire of the East. In this time they subjugated, Syria, Persia, Egypt; they reduced thirty-six thousand cities, towns, and castles; destroyed four thousand temples, and built fourteen hundred mosques, dedicated to Mahommed.

They conquered all of known Africa; as Moors they descended upon Spain, and established the magnificent court of Cordova. "The victorious standard of the crescent was raised on the cold mountains of Tartary, and the burning sands of Ethiopia." On Mount Lebanon, and by the waters of Babylon; under the pyramids of Egypt, and to Mozambique and Madagascar, the standard-sheet of Mahommed was unfurled.

Under the auspices of the Abassides, and in Bagdad on the Tigris, they were destined to sustain the cause of civilization. While Europe had not emerged from the shades of barbarism, the court of the Arabian princes

was glowing with the glory of art and refinement, eloquence, poetry and science.

Mahomet had taught a weak and effeminate people the great arts of *thinking and acting*. The effect was like fire to their intellects. They studied medicine; they communicated, if they did not originate algebra; they cultivated a taste for song and romance. Much of this stream of literary taste and cultivated refinement flowed out upon Europe and stimulated, if it did not create, the revival of learning.

Such, in a short space of time, was the progress and the vast results of Mahomedanism. Of this empire, the Turkish dominion was but a part. The Turks were originally a Tartar tribe, which first appeared in history as independent, under their chief Othman, who assumed the title of *Sultan*. They commenced their career from the Euphrates towards the Danube. They took possession of Syria, Egypt, Servia, Greece, Cyprus, Rhodes, and finally, in 1453, Mahomet the third took Constantinople, and established the 'Sultinate on the throne of Justinian. Henceforward the Turk "encamped in Europe." They attacked Venice; they besiege Vienna: but when, in 1683, the siege of Vienna was raised by Sobieski of Poland, the power of the crescent waned, and its conquests ceased. Ever after, it maintained doubtful conflicts with Austria and Russia. Its great province Egypt was overrun by Napoleon, and Constantinople itself spared only because he looked to other objects.

In a recent day, it has been saved from destruction by the Russians, only by tribute and compromise. Greece was wrested from it to make a province of the Allied powers. Its great vassal, Egypt, defied its authority; and, finally, its army has been destroyed by that vassal, on the banks of the Euphrates, in the very centre of the Mahomedan domain. Constantinople stands only through fear of France and England;—in one word, the Turkish Empire has ceased to exist as a power, or a dominion. Any present formation of its government must be regarded as a mere *patching up*, for purposes of temporary compromise. Weak, divided, effeminate, and corrupt, the Turkish realm is now a mere carcass for the eagles to prey upon. And they are already gathered for their prey. Russia, with her vast Tartar population, and her ambitious monarchs, has long looked with eager eyes upon the decaying Empire

of Mahomet. The northern legions have already approached Constantinople, and were stopped by fear of the fleets of England, and the armies of France. The latter powers must, to check the advancing force of Russia, either take possession of the Turkish capital, or place it, by common consent, in the hands of a third party, who should hold it, like the weak King of Greece, for their benefit. Should the throne of the Ottomans be given, by compromise, to the Pacha of Egypt, it would seem to unite the Turkish empire, but in reality, would neither change its position or its weakness. The *principle* by which it rose, is dead; and it stands paralyzed and tottering, ready to yield up its life to the active attacks of Christianity. The day is assuredly not very distant, when, from political causes, if from no other, the banner of Christianity will wave, as in days of old, over the towers and temples of Byzantium, Damascus, and Jerusalem. Let us recur, for one moment, to the principles upon which Mahomedanism rose, in its rapid career, and the means by which it is now as rapidly falling.

The change which Mahomet effected in the government of nations, was not greater than that which he affected in the *minds of the people*. From sloth and weakness, he aroused them to the one grand idea of *gaining the joys of Paradise by the conquest of earth; and defying the dangers of death, by the assurance of an unalterable decree of Fate, which human action could not change*.

To such a creed was added the spoils of victory; for while Mahomet and Omar sought nothing for themselves, they stinted no one in the plunder of the enemy, or the pensions of Government; while to all there was added the prophecy of complete success, and the claim to direct, by the authority of inspiration, the prayers of the people. Musselmén, then, were moved by one passion and one thought, the triumph of ISLAMISM. "The sword," said Mahomet, "is the key of heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God—a night passed under arms in his behalf, will be of more avail hereafter, to the faithful, than two months of fasting and of prayer. To whomsoever falls in battle, his sins shall be forgiven: at the day of judgment, his wounds will shine with the splendor of vermilion; they will emit the fragrance of musk and of ambergris; and the wings of angels and of cher-

ubims shall be the substitutes for the limbs he may have lost." Such was the spirit which Mahomet poured into his people, and with undoubting faith they marched on to secure both the spoils of earth and the joys of heaven.

To the energy of *faith*, was joined the fortitude of *Fatalism*. These principles kindled the zeal and nerved the power of the Mahommedan; till his faith in after ages was cooled by defeat, and his fatalism had, by its own acts, cut him off from the means of improvement.

In the very principles of Mahommedan success, were contained the seeds of ultimate destruction.

The principle of *conquest by arms*, carries with it, necessarily, that of *despotism* and *slavery*. Accordingly, the Government of Turkey has presented nothing but unmitigated despotism on one hand, and the prevalence of domestic slavery on the other. These things of themselves, enervate the people, corrupt the Government, and destroys all the elastic energy of the free mind.

But the Mahommedan asserted another principle, which, persisted in, must ultimately destroy any dominion.

"There is but one law, and that law forbids all communication with infidels." This principle *isolated* them from all the improvements made in the civilization of mankind, while they themselves being the mere creatures in their faith of *Destiny*, would of course make none. History has recorded the effects of this. While the Turk stood upon the level with the rest of Europe, in arts and arms, his faith enabled him to conquer, but when he fell behind others in the art and discipline of war, he ceased to progress, and rapidly fell into decay.

The *Reformation* effected these improvements for the Christian; but left the Turk on the level of the dark ages. The *Destiny* of the Janizary had to yield to the science of tactics, and the power of artillery. Under the walls of Vienna, *Sobieski* turned back the ranks of the Musselman; and the crescent continued to wane before the skill of Eugene. Since then, Turkey has continued an independent nation rather by permission than by power.

If we look for a moment at the map of the world, we find the dominions of the Turk lying in the very center of ancient civilization, and occupying in every point of

view, the most important position which any government could hold. It commands the Euphrates, a great highway, the possession of which by England, would save two thirds, or *ten thousand* miles of the voyage to India, and would bring India, and the Indian ocean in contact with England, her arts and her institutions. It commands the junction of the Mediterranean and the Black sea. It dwells upon the Holy Land, where is Jerusalem, and Mount Lebanon, and the tombs of the prophets. It occupies all the seats of ancient glory, where commerce, and art, and power once put forth their splendor; now known only by the most melancholy of ruins. Over this most important, once lovely, and still interesting land, the Turk has reigned, at times, in brilliant display, but always in solitary isolation; a rampart between the Christian and the Pagan.

That rampart is, plainly, about to be removed. The tottering wall cannot support itself. Commerce undermines it: power assails it: ambition has determined on its destruction; and the signs of the times indicate that a new conflict is, at no distant period, to arise on the plains of the ancient world, and in the heart of the olden empires. "The False Prophet" will soon cease to hold his flaming sword between Christianity and Paganism. Truth must again come in direct conflict with falsehood; and may it not be, that from America westward, and from Europe eastward, the streams of the new civilization will meet in the early garden of the world, to water, to reclaim, and restore it to more than its original beauty?

WOMAN'S VOICE.

How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and mellifluous tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe; but the angel voice of woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure which the mind had never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.

THE MORAVIANS.

ONE of the last numbers of the Basle "Missions—Magazine," which the late Dr. Blumhardt edited, contains in the biography of the eminent servant of God, David Zeisberger, a succinct account of the earliest missionary labors in the territory now composing the State of Ohio. Few, probably, at this time bear in mind how the Christian missionary from a venerable Episcopal church, (the United Brethren's, or Moravian,) consecrated this land to the service of Christ a good while before the settlers from New England came to take possession of it for purposes of temporal gain or convenience.

The first Christian missionary that attempted a settlement in Ohio appears to have built a hut on the river Muskingum in the year 1762, and to have come to settle on the same spot in the year following. His name was Post, and he was a member of the Moravian church. We find no account, among the materials at hand, of the result of his mission; only there appears an earnest desire among the Indian chiefs on that river, for missionaries to settle with them, which manifested itself by repeated messages to invite into their midst the missionary Zeisberger, then engaged in his self-denying labors on the Beaver. In 1772, Zeisberger set out with five families of converted natives, and took possession of a tract of land for a Christian settlement to which he gave the name of Schonbrunn (Fair-spring.) Considerable accessions from the Moravian missionary settlements farther east soon required an additional settlement, which was formed on the river Muskingum likewise, and called Gnadenhutten (tabernacles of grace.) In the year 1776 it became practicable to establish a third, which was called Lichtenau (meadow of light.) Civilization, upon the exemplary plan of missionary labors pursued by the Moravian church, followed close upon the diffusion of Christian light; and thus, more than sixty years ago, there were in the territory comprised by this State three Christian communities, exhibiting, to the astonishment and delight of the heathen, the blessings flowing from the Saviour's rule over the souls and bodies of men.

The contest between Great Britain and her Colonies, unfortunately, put a stop to the course of prosperity which had so far attended the Christian missionary's labors.

The people under his influence determined upon observing strict neutrality in the war which had broken out; but with this intention those tribes were ill satisfied who were eager to seize the opportunity for bloodshed. The Christian Indians were constantly interfered with, and had for some time to concentrate themselves, for greater security, at Lichtenau, till their prospects for the undisturbed prosecution of their peaceful course seemed to brighten up, and they could return to the other stations, to which a new one even, by the name of Salem, was added in the midst of those troublous times. But in the year 1787 a hostile force of Indians, accompanied by an emissary from the British Governor at Detroit, invaded the settlements, brought the missionaries together, with very cruel treatment, as prisoners to the camp, and did not release them till a promise was given that both missionaries and their converts would remove from their settlements, which the enemy had by this time set on fire, to the wilderness on the Sandusky river. Four weeks' journey under great sufferings brought them to the place assigned for their new settlement; and in the cold weather of October they had to begin clearing away the forest, in order to procure shelter. The missionaries had to proceed to Detroit for trial; but instead of accusations against them, it was found that their bitterest enemies had to testify to the blamelessness of their walk, and they were discharged with the most honorable testimony to the usefulness of their labors, and with demonstrations of sympathy and good will on the part of the white inhabitants of Detroit.

The urgent want of food for the large number of persons who had been forcibly removed from the Muskingum to the Sandusky, obliged a numerous party of them to return to their former settlements in order to fetch from thence some of the store of corn which they had been obliged to leave behind. While engaged in this urgent service, an armed force of white settlers from the southern bank of the Ohio, came upon them, and with the most deliberate cruelty massacred ninety of these defenceless wanderers. A hammer was the instrument with which these white savages broke the skulls of the Christian Indians, who made no attempt at defence, after having allowed them a short time to prepare for death by prayer and mutually asking pardon of each other for any

offences of which they might have been guilty. A few only escaped from the field of blood to bring the sad news to their brethren on the Sandusky river.

Their residence on that river was not to be a permanent one; the chief on whose territory they had been staying, ordered their removal, and they formed a settlement on the banks of the St. Clair in Michigan. But here also they met with opposition; and when they learned that the American Government, in forming a treaty with the Indian tribes, had recognized the former Christian settlement on the Muskingum as the property of the mission, they readily made up their minds to move back to the scene of their former success and happiness. They set out in 1785: but when they landed on the south borders of Lake Erie, they learned that the country was in too unsettled a state to render it advisable for them to prosecute without delay, their journey southwards. After some stay on the rivers Cuyahoga and Huron, they removed to the opposite border of Lake Erie, and formed on the British Territory the settlement of Fairfield. Here they remained to the year 1798, when the prospects for the peaceful possession of their former habitations on the Muskingum had so far improved that they felt encouraged to remove to them, as the spot to which their affections had not ceased to cling during all their wanderings. The three stations of Schonbrun, Gnadenhutten, and Salem seem to have been settled again, and to them a fourth was added, to which Zeisberger himself removed, calling it Goshen.

This missionary had reached the advanced age of seventy-seven, when he returned with his flock to the banks of the Muskingum. Amidst the unparalleled hardships which he endured, his iron constitution remained unbroken, and his mental faculties unimpaired. He spoke a variety of the Indian dialects with fluency, and had early been adopted into the family of a Delaware chief, which added to the many bonds of love by which the Indians felt united with him. The glistening of the old man's eye, while he talked with the sons of the forest on the various scenes of his eventful life, in which he shared dangers and privations with them and their fathers, made him almost the idol of their affections, while the sound judgment which always characterized his counsel and the unblemished probity of his character, insured to him irresistible influence,

As far as the year 1807, he enjoyed his eye-sight so well as to write letters, the last of which seems to have been one of thankful acknowledgment for favors received, to the late Mr. Latrobe, Secretary of the London Association in aid of the Moravian missions. Some time before his death, he became blind. In the October of 1808 he felt his days were drawing to a close; his beloved converts gathered round his dying-bed, singing hymns which he himself probably had composed in their native language; and amidst their sweet psalmody his spirit was released to hear more harmonious sounds above.

The late Dr. Blumhardt, in closing his account of Zeisberger's life, addresses an affecting wish to any of his pupils from the Basle Seminary, now laboring in Western America, that they would not, without emotions suitable to the consecrated spot, pass over the sod which covers the earthly remains of this sainted herald of salvation. We fear it will be difficult to fix upon the precise spot where the missionary settlements stood; but there are materials at Gambier from which some information may be drawn, and we cannot but wish the localities may be as nearly as possible ascertained before the rapidly progressing settlement of the Muskingum country, with its attendant changes, shall obliterate all recollection. Persons at Zanesville and at Marietta, where some venerable men are yet living, whose labors in the early settlement of the State must have brought them into contact with the Moravian missionaries, would render a gratifying service, to some friends of missionary reminiscences, by collecting information connected with those settlements, and giving them publicity.—*Gambier Observer.*

MEMORY.—It is strange—perhaps the strangest of all the mind's intricacies—the sudden, the instantaneous manner in which memory, by a single signal, casts wide the doors of one of those dark storehouses in which long-passed events have been shut up for years. That signal, be it a look, a tone, an odor, a single sentence, is the cabalistic word of the Arabian tale, at the potent magic of which the door of the cave of the robber, Forgetfulness, is cast suddenly wide, and all the treasures that he had concealed displayed.

James,

THE DEATH OF DA VINCI.

THE morning sun was breaking bright over the woods of Fontainebleau; the dew-drops were glittering on the pendant branches, as if each trembling bough were jeweled like the tiara of a monarch; and the matin-song of the little birds was sounding merrily in the greenwood; but brighter far, shone the eyes of the fair maidens of France, and sweeter sang the minstrels who were assembled in the glades of the forest. Francis, the 'King of Gentlemen,' was holding high festival at Fontainebleau, with the noblest and brightest of his court.

Certes, it was a noble and a stirring sight to view the gallant array of warriors and princes, of spearmen and arbalisters, with their banners and their pennons, waving and flashing their many-colored hues to the full blaze of the morning. All, of every degree, from the proud noble in his furred gown and golden chain, to the shouting peasant with his thrump cap and leathern jerkin, were thronging round their sovereign. Here rode the portly citizen on his slow-pacing steed—there ambled the court maiden on her playful jennet, jingling the Milan bells of her hooded merlin in the ear of the citizen's horse, to the no small discomfiture of his rider. Here stood the veteran cavalier, stiff and straight as the old elm against which he leant, casting a wrathful glance on the wayward caracoling of the lady's palfrey—and there the bashful country damsel, half smiling, half pouting, at the plumed gallant, who, bending from his pawing Arabian, is whispering the newest romaunt of the troubadours in her ear. The beautiful, the brave, were gathering round their king.

Beneath a splendid canopy, erected in the court of the palace, stood Francis, his bright joyous eye glancing with pleasure on the gay scene around him—not so much distinguished by the richness of his habit, as by the beauty of his person and graceful deportment, which so justly gained him the title of *Le Roi des Gentilhommes*. He was surrounded by those whose names rank high in the annals of chivalry—Bonnivet, Fleurs, Bolange; and there stood Bayard, the good knight, '*Sans peur et sans reproche*.'

But there is a sudden silence amongst the multitude—the shouts of the peasants and the clangor of the trumpets are hushed—the laughing maiden has stilled the bells of her falcon, and the gallant has turned his

palfrey from the side of his blushing companion. And for what? To gaze on an aged man, whose feeble form is hardly supported in his saddle by the men-at-arms, who are leading his sure-paced mule through the throng. He descends, and his trembling steps are guided to where the youthful monarch is standing, encircled by chivalry and beauty. He bends his knee and bows his gray hairs before the throne; it is but for an instant; the hand of Francis has raised him from his suppliant posture, and he stands on the right hand of the king. 'There is no coronet upon his brow, the silver locks which wave around his temples are its only covering; there are neither chains nor jewels on his breast—the flowing beard, white as the driven snow, which descends over his dark robe are its only ornament; yet every eye is turned upon him, peer and peasant are pressing forward to look upon that aged form—the name of Da Vinci is whispered among the courtiers—it is carried from mouth to mouth; the cry rises louder and louder, and the shout of "Live Francis! the patron of learning," is joined with "Honor to Da Vinci, *le sage chevalier*! Honor to the noble Italian! may his stay be long at the court he has at length visited!" It was indeed Da Vinci, the venerable Leonardo, who had left his ungrateful country, to visit the court of one who never failed to respect wisdom and virtue—Da Vinci, the man who united the most wonderful talents with a pure and guileless heart—the accomplished gentleman, the skillful knight, the mathematician, the poet, the artificer, the musician, and the painter. Such was the man who stood, like one of the patriarchs of old, stern and simple in his attire, amid the gay and glittering throng. * * *

The scene is changed; it is no longer the busy splendid assemblage of warriors and courtiers without the walls of Fontainebleau—it is the solemn stillness of the chamber of death! The dark fretted roof of one of the chambers of the palace spreads its carved work above, in lieu of the clear and cloudless canopy of heaven; and the faint glimmer of a single lamp falls on two figures, the sole inmates of the apartment. The one is Da Vinci; he is dying, but still glorious even in death, like the last bright flash of an expiring flame before it sinks in the socket. Leonardo has raised himself in his bed—his face is pale, but his eye is still bright, his countenance still calm and serene!

There is a slight quiver on his lips, as if he would have spoken—it passes away, and his head drooping gently on his bosom, he sinks back in the arms of the person who kneels beside the couch. It is the monarch of France who supports the dying man, on whose bosom Da Vinci has breathed his last sigh.

Thus died the learned, the good Da Vinci, the wonder of his age—of whom it might be justly said—"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

LORD VERISOPHT.

AN EXTRACT FROM NICHOLAS NICKELBY.

* * * THEY dined together sumptuously. The wine flowed freely, as indeed it had done all day. Sir Mulberry drank to recompense himself for his recent abstinence, the young lord to drown his indignation, and the remainder of the party because the wine was of the best and they had nothing to pay. It was nearly midnight when they rushed out, wild, burning with wine, their blood boiling, and their brains on fire, to the gaming-table.

Here they encountered another party, mad like themselves. The excitement of play, hot rooms, and glaring lights, was not calculated to allay the fever of the time. In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the morrow, in the savage intoxication of the moment? More wine was called for, glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalding mouths were cracked with thirst. Down poured the wine like oil on blazing fire. And still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height—glasses were dashed on the floor by hands that could not carry them to lips; oaths were shouted out by lips which could scarcely form the words to vent them in; drunken losers cursed and roared; some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads, and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sung, some tore the cards and raved. Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the throat, struggled into the middle of the room.

A dozen voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept

themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the combatants, and, forcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.

"Let me go!" cried Sir Mulberry, in a thick hoarse voice; "he struck me! Do you hear? I say, he struck me. Have I a friend here? Who is this? Westwood. Do you hear me say he struck me?"

"I hear, I hear," replied one of those who held him. "Come away for to-night."

"I will not, by G——," he replied, fiercely. "A dozen men about us saw the blow."

"To-morrow will be ample time," said the friend.

"It will not be ample time!" cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. "To-night—at once—here!" His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clenching his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

"What is this, my lord?" said one of those who surrounded him. "Have blows passed?"

"One blow has," was the panting reply. "I struck him—I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say with him, let this quarrel be adjusted now. Captain Adams," said the young lord, looking hurriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed, "let me speak with you, I beg."

The person addressed stepped forward, and, taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterwards by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or to call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew, noisily discussing what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honor, who lived upon their winnings, remarked to each other as they went out, that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile, the two seconds, as they

may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name, and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honor themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honor of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself up.

"Very," returned the Captain; a blow has been struck, and there is but one course, of course."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the Captain. "The original cause of dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied certain terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long recrimination upon a great many sore subjects, charges, and counter-charges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic; Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heat of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is no more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strong feeling to have it over: do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the Captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river side?"

The Captain saw no objection.

"Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr. Westwood.

To this the Captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road, each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the Captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my rooms for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab, for your's perhaps might be recognized."

What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot, close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time misspent, and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

"Shivering?" said the Captain. "You are cold."

"Rather."

"It does strike cool, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we're off."

They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the Captain's lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the open road without hindrance or molestation.

Fields, trees, gardens, hedges, every thing looked very beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them before, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all, strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind, but as he looked about

him he had less anger; and though all old delusions relative to his worthless late companion were now cleared away, he rather wished he had never known him than thought of its having come to this.

The past night, the day before, and many other days and nights beside, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune in which he could recognize scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stunning and bewildering sound like rushing water. But his companion rallied him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act of smoking, but, on reflection, he remembered when and where he had taken the cigar.

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm trees, which, meeting far above their heads, formed a long green perspective of gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin in the open sky.

After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and, taking a track across a little meadow, passed Ham House and came into some fields beyond. In one of these they stopped. The ground was measured, some usual forms gone through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face towards his young adversary for the first time. He was very pale—his eyes were blood-shot, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled—all, most probably, the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but violent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his opponent steadfastly for a few moments, and then, taking the weapon which was tendered to him, bent his eyes upon that, and looked up no more until the word was given, when he instantly fired.

The two shots were fired as nearly as

possible at the same instant. In that instant, the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

"He's gone," cried Westwood, who, with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it.

"His blood be on his own head," said Sir Mulberry. "He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me."

"Captain Adams," cried Westwood hastily, "I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately: push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and do n't remain here; the living before the dead—good bye."

With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hurried him away. Captain Adams, only pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped off in the same direction, to concert measures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts, and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him, but for whom, and others like him, he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and, amidst it all, and pressing down the grass, whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

E N V Y .

It is easier to pardon the faults than the virtues of our friends; because the first excite in us self-complacency, always agreeable; and the second, a sense of humiliation, which makes us dislike the inflictor.

FALLS OF THE ST. MARY.

MR. J. A. HARRIS, editor of the *Cleveland Herald*, recently made an excursion to the *Sault St. Marie*, of which he gives a long and very interesting account in his paper of the thirteenth July. We had marked the whole for publication in the *Hesperian*, but find ourselves compelled by the great length of the paper on "Early Western History," to discard all but that portion which relates particularly to the *Sault*. Mr. H.'s descriptions of the great Northern Lakes, are rich and glowing.

* * * "The voyage from Lake Huron to the *Sault*, (pronounced *Sou*), fifty-four miles, is alone worth the expense of the entire excursion. Nature is here seen in her primitive attire, and seems in sportive mood to have united the wild, the grand, the beautiful and the picturesque in a single panorama of lakes, rivers, islands, rocks, evergreens, mountains and vales. Lake Huron, as you approach Pointe de Tour, is thickly studded with islands of various size and shape, and on entering West Strait, Drummonds island stretches away on the right. This island was fortified by the British after the fall of St. Joseph, is now American ground, and a valuable position in aid of the fur trade. St. Joseph island, just above Drummonds, contains an area of about fifty-seven thousand acres of land, and was occupied by the British in 1795. Col. Croghan destroyed the village of St. Joseph, and the mouldering ruins appear distinctly as you pass up the channel. The old British fort occupied a commanding military position some fifty feet above the level of the lake. The view of that portion of the island denuded of timber is fine, and more than one of our party expressed a wish to make it a summer home, so invitingly it rises from the clear waters into an atmosphere healthful and serene. Muddy Lake, through which we passed in running up the island, is misnamed entirely; its depths being as pure and transparent as the blue heaven above them. The transparency of the water among the thousand islands scattered between Huron and the *Sault*, excites the admiration of every one.—You look into the glassy deep, and the fleckered clouds are seen far down mirrored in all their beauty, while the boat seems floating midway between them, so perfect is the illusion. The place called Sailor's Encampment, from the

circumstance, that a party of boatmen from Lake Superior, were here obliged to spend a winter by sudden frost, is one of surpassing loveliness. Rocky isles, all mossy and green with low shrubbery, rise from the waters around, and no less than seven channels, like broad bands of silver, shoot out in various directions from this point. The Indians have a few lodges on one of the most central islands, and their light canoes were seen darting like arrows upon the rolling wavelets the *Lexington* left for many yards in her wake. The notes of our band echoed from island to island, and gently died away among the hills, rising in majesty on the horizon. The sky was clouded, and a dreamy haziness seemed to settle on the hill tops, diffusing a softened coloring of azure, luxurious as Indian summer, over wilds and waters. A fairy land truly, but as we floated through Lake George and entered the mountain defile where the *St. Mary* has torn a passage to swell the volume of the lower lakes, from the vast fountain of Superior, the solitary, the rugged, the magnificent prevailed. In comparative silence we passed through this high temple of creative power, until a symphony to the eternal anthem of Niagara fell on the ear, and the sparkling waters of the *Sault* were described in the perspective, tossing foam-wreaths to heaven.

What the French call a *sault*, (leap,) we term a *fall*, and the descent of waters here is about twenty-seven feet in three-quarters of a mile. Above the falls, the river from the ocean-lake flows with a deep, strong current for about fifteen miles, until it meets the ledge of rocks over which it rushes in such fury that the tumult continues for some distance below. The river is not far from a mile in width at the falls, so that a sheet of leaping foam, about a mile each way, is spread before you. Mrs. Jameson describes the "effect as exactly that of the ocean breaking on a rocky shore: not so terrific, nor on so large a scale, as the rapids of Niagara, but quite as beautiful—quite as animated." Lanman says "at this place nature assumes an air of unusual grandeur and sublimity. Vast fragments of rocks, consisting of granite and hornblend, lie imbedded in the stream, which, opposed to the current of the rapids, scatter its foam around the maple, the pine, the hemlock, and the elm, mingled in green forests upon its banks. The canoes of the Indians engaged in fishing, which are seen

playing around the foot of the falls; and the distant mountains of Lake Superior, which stand like mighty battlements on the horizon, impress the scenery with a character of solitary grandeur."

A band of the great Chippewa tribe, scattered from Montreal along the boundary waters, for some three thousand miles, toward the north-west, reside at the Sault. During the warm months they follow fishing as chief business, and in winter take enough through the ice for subsistence. They push their bark canoes with great dexterity into the turbulent flood, and fearlessly scoop out the silver white-fish from the midst of the cataract. The canoe is managed by an Indian standing erect in the bow and another in the stern; the one in the bow having a net fastened to the end of a light pole deposited on the edge of the canoe. When his keen sight detects a school of fish resting in an eddy among the rocks, the paddle or setting pole is dropped, and the net is struck swiftly down upon them. Not unfrequently more than one fish is brought up at a dip, and from one to three hundred are taken by two fishermen in a day. These are sold fresh to the packers—eighty white-fish of common size making a barrel. Some forty barrels are taken daily at the Sault at this season of the year. The fish caught now are only of medium size—the largest and best being the spring and fall run. The fish trade is fast becoming an important item in Lake commerce, and Superior is an exhaustless fish pond. Fishing establishments are now in operation at various points on that Lake, and we heard it stated at the Sault that the great Fur Company monopoly has secured five thousand barrels already this season. Herring, pike, pickerel, trout, muskellunge and other varieties abound plentifully in Lake Superior. When Michigan completes her contemplated ship canal around the falls—by the way a very feasible project—and Yankee enterprise finds free access to the Father of the Northwestern waters, the present monopoly of the fisheries enjoyed by the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company will be broken up, and the white canvass will be spread on every wave, bearing to eastern marts riches not yet appropriated and scarcely conceived of. Michigan commenced the work last spring, but the contractor was driven off by the U. S. Troops stationed at the Sault. The Government had some

years previous dug a small mill-race across the portage and erected a saw-mill, which the proposed canal would interfere with—hence the interruption of the work. The difficulty has since been settled, and the Government no longer objects to the construction of the important work by the State.

A word more of fishing and the Sault white-fish. Fresh caught and well served up, they are a dainty luxury no epicure tires of. Residents of the falls find them upon the table every day for years, and yet know not satiety. On the British side of the falls, portions of the river are separated from the grand leap by small islands, and the cut-off waters bound forward over a rocky bed greatly like a New England mountain brook. Here the speckled trout disports, and some of our party were sufficient disciples of Walton to stand for hours waist deep in the torrent, angling for the shy yet delicious finny tribe. Some had only "glorious nibbles," while others, more skilful, drew out "long strings;" and one veteran of the hook and line soon crammed all his pockets to bursting with "little fishes!" Glorious sport to take them, and then what eating to the hungry angler!

Below the falls, the river spreads out into a lovely bay, on the British side sprinkled with the store-houses of the Hudson's Bay Company, some neat dwellings, and scattering Indian lodges. On the American side, directly at the lower point of the falls, the old Indian village is located, and bark cabins and lodges, teeming with red men, still give an air of wildness to the spot. The shore of the little bay before the village is lined with canoes, carefully taken from the water when not in use. Just below, the American town rises gently from the water—a medley of lodges, bark cabins, log buildings and a few well-built residences. From the suburbs, Fort Brady looks down upon the river, and the white barracks, around a green grass plat, convey a feeling of health, neatness and comfort to the mind, rarely met with in more accessible stockades. Adjacent to the fort, the Johnsons have an elegant seat, pretty as can be found on the romantic Hudson.

Most of the Sault Indians are members of the Baptist, Methodist or Catholic societies, and the Sabbath was very generally observed by them as a day of rest. Not a fishing barque was seen in the rapids, and

such is the influence of the reigning Chief, that a violation of his command, in this respect, would be visited by a breaking up of the canoe of the offender by the whole band. The Rev. Mr. Bingham officiates in English at the Baptist Mission school room, a half-breed interpreter following him in the Chippewa tongue. Half breeds, mainly French-Canadians, form a large proportion of the population at the Sault, and the French and Indian languages are principally spoken.

THE MOTHER.

WOMAN holds in her hands the destiny of the world. The coming generation will be mentally and morally what it is made by the mothers of this day. It is our wives who fashion the minds and morals of our children. It is our daughters who will hereafter fashion the minds and morals of those who inherit our governments and homes. Of what momentous concern to us, then, is every thing which adds to the moral and intellectual wealth of our mothers and daughters.

Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters to Mothers," a work now before us, is rich in good things. It is a most valuable contribution to the instructive literature of the land. The talented authoress has clothed her truths with a devotional dress, which lends them a charm that belongs not to the mere exhibitions of intellect. The letters are addressed directly to mothers; the style assumed is rather that of a friend than an adviser; plain and unpretending; and well designed to engage the attention of the most superficial reader. "My friend," commence the Letters, "if in becoming a mother you have reached the climax of your happiness, you have also taken a high place in the scale of being. No longer will you now live for self; no longer be noteless and unrecorded, passing away without name or memorial among the people; It can no more be reproachfully said of you, that 'you lend all your graces to the grave, and keep no copy.' 'My cousin Mary of Scotland, hath a fair son born unto her, and I am but a dead tree,' said Queen Elizabeth, while the scowl of discontent darkened her brow. In bequeathing you your own likeness to the world, you will naturally be anxious to array it in that beauty of virtue, which fades not at the

touch of time. What a scope for your exertions, to render your representative an honor to its parentage, and a blessing to its country." And then proceeds the gifted lady-writer to advise with her co-matrons of the Republic as to the means best adapted to secure the great end just asserted to be paramount and controlling in the heart of the mother. The work should be generally read. We close our notice by giving a number of random quotations, over each of which we have taken the liberty to place a title.—*Springfield Republic*.

THE MOTHER AN INSTRUCTOR.

In ancient times, the theory that the mother was designated by nature as an instructor, was sometimes admitted and illustrated. The philosopher Aristippus was the pupil of maternal precepts. Revered for his wisdom, he delighted in the appellation of Metrodidactos, the "taught of his mother."

"We are indebted," says Quintilian, "for the eloquence of the Gracchi, to their mother, Cornelia," who, though qualified to give public lectures in philosophy at Rome, did not forget to be the faithful teacher in private, of those, whom she so justly styled "her jewels." St. Jerome also bears similar testimony. "The eloquence of the Gracchi derived its perfection from the mother's elegance and purity of language."

"A good mother," says the eloquent L'Aime Martin, "will seize upon her child's heart, as her special field of activity. To be capable of this, is the great end of female education. I have shown that no universal agent of civilization exists, but through mothers. Nature has placed in their hands, our infancy and youth."

As the termites patiently carry grains of sand, till their citadel astonishes the eye, as the coral insect toils beneath the waters, till reef joins reef, and islands spring up with golden fruitage and perennial verdure, so let the mother, "sitting down or walking by the way," in the nursery, the parlor, even from the death-bed, labor to impress on her offspring that goodness, purity, and piety, which shall render them acceptable to society, to their country, and to their God.

"Teach me to pray, instruct me in religion!" said a young prince to his tutor. "You are not yet old enough." "Ah yes! I have been in the burying-ground. I have

measured the graves. There are some there which are shorter than I."

Mother, if there is, in your church-yard, one grave shorter than your child, hasten to instruct him in religion.

With many of our most illustrious characters, the obedience of early years was strongly enforced. We know it was so in the case of Washington. Other examples might be easily adduced. Those who have most wisely ruled others, have usually tested, by their own experience, the nature of subordination, at its proper season. Fabius Maximus, whose invincible wisdom tamed the fierce spirits of Rome, was so distinguished by submission to his superiors, as to be derided by the insubordinate, and called in his boyhood, "the little sheep."

Let mothers mingle their teachings, with smiles, and the dialect of love. It is surprising how soon an infant learns to read the countenance, how it deciphers the charm of a cheerful spirit, how it longs to be loved. "Do you love me well?" the musician Mozart asked in his infancy, of all the servants of his father, as one after the other, they passed him, in their various employments. And if any of them, to tease him, answered "no," he covered his baby-face, and wept.

A little deaf and dumb boy, selected for his favorite, among many sisters, her who possessed the most beaming and radiant countenance. In the eloquent idiom of that peculiar class of persons, he said, "you are the goddess of laughings, of greatest smiles, of smallest smiles; so, I love you best of all."

To love children, is the dictate of our nature. "Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God, and every little child," was the simple, yet sublime sentiment of Richter.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A **FLOURISHING** nation is living evidence of the wisdom, sagacity, and statesmanship of Benjamin Franklin. But the nicest points of domestic economy did not escape his attention; for these he justly regarded as the main foundation of national economy. The letter, which we to-day submit to the ladies, was sent from Paris to his daughter, a married woman with a family, who, while her father at Paris retained all his republi-

can simplicity of character and manners, was beginning to be like most ladies, a little too ambitious of *fashion*. "I was charmed," he says, "with the account you give me of her industry—the table-cloths of your own spinning, etc.; but your sending for long black pins, and lace, and feathers, dissolved the charm, and disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning, I see, is laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball. You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that, of all dear things, idleness is the dearest in the world, except mischief. When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods, "a pair of gloves seven dollars, a yard of gauze twenty-four dollars, and that it required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way," I expected you would conclude by telling me that every woman, as well as yourself, had grown frugal and industrious; and I could scarce believe my eyes in reading on, "that there was never so much dressing and pleasure going forward;" and that you yourself wanted feathers and black pins from France—to appear, as I suppose, in the mode. This leads me to imagine that perhaps it is not so much the goods that are grown dear, as that the money is grown cheap, as everything else will do when excessively plenty; and that people are still nearly as easy in their circumstances, as when a pair of gloves might be had for half a crown."

And now Franklin's elevated patriotism comes into action. The war in which America was engaged, he thought a *just* and *necessary* war. He says, "to support the war may make our frugality necessary; and as I am always preaching this doctrine, I cannot in conscience or in decency, encourage the contrary by my example, in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful, and omit the rest; for, as you say you should have great pleasure in wearing everything I send you, and showing it as your father's, I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear cambric ruffles, and take care not to mend the holes, will they come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear daughter, may be had in America from every cock's tail. If you happen to see General Washington, assure him of my great and sincere respect, and write often, my dear child."

Be it remembered that this *thinking* and this *writing* is that of a man, laying, in *frugality*, the stable foundation of a mighty empire. He bids women abridge or give up their lace and feathers, that there might be funds for *war*—for a struggle which conquered independence and freedom to their posterity; but many causes dictate the same virtue to women, in all places and in all seasons.

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

THE rich and varied resources presented by this territory—its claims to the attention of the enterprising speculator and adventurous emigrant are not generally known. The press published in Wisconsin is nevertheless active and industrious in procuring and publishing every information in relation to its soil, climate, geographical features, population &c.; but as those papers are but little read out of the territory, their intelligence is by no means extensively circulated. The Madison Inquirer contains an interesting article on the natural wealth of Wisconsin. Than this, says that journal, no section of the country is favored with a more perfect or happy combination of natural advantages—healthfulness of climate—richness of soil—abundance of water-power—unequalled mineral resources—innumerable springs of the purest water—her interior irrigated by numerous streams, many of them navigable, or susceptible of easily being made so. These are advantages indeed, and if commonly known, and properly appreciated, they cannot fail to secure to Wisconsin a rapid influx of population, by which her ample germs of opulence will be adequately cultivated and developed.

The following extract from a letter written by a gentleman of the northern part of Wisconsin, to a citizen of New York, dated October 25th, 1838, throws considerable light on this subject, and will be perused with interest by all who are interested in these new communities, which have solately sprung up from amidst the desert and the wilderness, and which are attaining such rapid and extraordinary growth:

“Wisconsin is situated between the latitudes of 41 deg. 40 min. 49 deg. north; and is bounded on the east by Lake Michigan, and on the west by the Mississippi river. It is well watered in the interior, by the numerous springs, and by large rivers,

which are navigable; and is most eligibly situated for commerce. It has a variety of soils, all of which are warm and fertile; and in every part of the country limestone is abundant. It possesses a salubrity of climate which is unequalled in the west. I am enabled, from a residence within it of eighteen years, to assure you that it is perfectly healthy. It is not known that a case of ague and fever ever originated in it.

“Its timber and prairie are interspersed so that farms can be obtained with a due proportion of each. There are now more than one hundred townships of six miles square, or 2,304,000 acres, in the Green Bay land district, which are offered for sale by Government, at one dollar and twenty-five cents the acre, no part of which has been purchased by individuals. So good an opportunity to make a selection has never been offered to farmers and mechanics, who wish to obtain cheap and comfortable homes, without competition to price; and almost every part of this tract is accessible to boats by Green Bay and the Fox river.

“There are now twenty-five thousand inhabitants in Wisconsin, and it contains more than eight thousand square miles,

“Roads are being constructed in various directions through the country, at the expense of the United States, and, it is understood, it is also about to open a free steamboat navigation from Green Bay to the Mississippi, by the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. For these works of internal improvement, the people pay no taxes; and they are only taxed about one mill on the dollar for all the expenses of their government. In this respect the people of Wisconsin are differently situated from those of other western states, whose taxes are high for the support of their government and for their improvements.

“It may also be important to foreigners to know that, by the laws of Wisconsin, *aliens* can hold and convey real estate, the same as native born citizens, which cannot be done in most of the states.

“The farmers of Wisconsin raise wheat, rye, oats, barley, corn and potatoes. Thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and forty bushels of corn, with common cultivation, are not unusual crops. The potatoes are superior to any in the United States,

“The general face of the country is undulating without mountains, and is covered with grass. For the purpose of grazing it is not surpassed.”—*N. O. Bulletin.*

HONOR TO WOMAN.

NAY, hear me out, dear nephew. I am not blaming you, but I would have you remember, that though dear Lady Mallory may be a year or two older than yourself, and though you have been accustomed for years to treat her almost as an elder sister, yet she is still most beautiful, young, and deeply interesting; and what is still more to the purpose, Ralph, she is evidently of an affectionate, warm, and sensible heart. Now, Ralph, in the good world in which we live, I am sorry to say that men who consider themselves persons of high honor seem to place their dealings with woman beyond that code of laws by which they regulate their dealings with other men. The man who would think himself disgraced, and would be so in his own eyes forever, if he were to tell a lie, to break a promise or a vow—to cheat or deceive, in the most trifling particular—to mislead, by any false showing whatsoever another man—scruples not but too often, to mislead, to deceive, to break his promise, to violate his oath to a woman, to cheat her out of that which is her noblest possession—peace of mind and tranquility of heart—to trifle with her affections, to insult, to dishonor, to betray. Even after he has done so, he is received in society, courted, flattered, liked, and the acts which should stamp him with eternal infamy are regarded almost in the same class with some gallant feats performed in the chase—some act of skilful policy, or manly daring. There are some, however, who differ from the creed, and who abhor such conduct. I own myself one, Ralph. I look upon it that the man who behaves ill to a woman, and yet would not do so to a man, only shows himself to be at heart a coward, for the only cause which enables, permits, or justifies any such act is, that woman cannot protect or avenge herself. She is trusted, Ralph, by God and by her weakness to man's honor; and if we prize our honor—if we hold it really dear as a true and veritable principle for the guidance of our conduct, and not merely as a fantastic and relative notion to be formed upon the opinion of others—we should be far more scrupulous, delicate, thoughtful, in all our acts and feelings toward woman than even towards man. We know that every gentleman has his sword by his side to redress himself if we do him wrong; but we know that

a woman has no redress but silence, sorrow and endurance. Do not look grieved, my dear Ralph, for Heaven forbid that I should ever insinuate such a charge against you, that you could knowingly behave ill, or would ever break a vow, or willingly fail in any promise to a woman? I know you too well, Ralph—your mother was my sister—it is impossible. But sometimes men of the very best principles and inclinations do not consider sufficiently that the structure of a woman's heart and feelings is as fine, as delicate, as easily affected and injured as her corporeal frame. We may unintentionally raise thoughts and expectations which may be disappointed, for the gratification of a few hours in pleasant society; we may teach a woman to believe that we seek to make that society our own forever. From that belief may grow up feelings deeper, stronger, more enduring; and then when disappointment comes, sorrow takes possession of the heart where joy once dwelt; shame at having aided to deceive itself, gives an additional pang to the agony of being deceived, and an age of regret, and mortification, and cold chagrin, very often succeeds from such causes, and such causes alone, to a youth of joy and thoughtless happiness. Many a man, Ralph, has, I firmly believe, killed an amiable and kind-hearted woman, or if not, has killed her happiness, which is worse, without breaking one vow, without failing in one promise, except those vague and worthless promises conveyed by the manner, and the tone, and the demeanor, which often win more upon a woman than all the vows that ever were breathed at the feet of beauty. Many a boy, that would not kill a butterfly, destroys the painted insect while catching it merely to admire its beauty; and I think, Ralph, that we should not only be as careful and as tenderly thoughtful in our general demeanor towards woman as we are in our vows, our promises, and our actions towards men—but far more so, inasmuch as by the contrary we risk more terrible injury to a more delicate being, and may injure our own honor by doing wrong to those who cannot right themselves.—*James's Gentleman of the Old School.*

LIFE would be as insupportable without the prospect of death as it would be without sleep.

PORTRAIT OF MISS LANDON.

AN article in a late number of a London periodical, supposed to be from the pen of Mrs. Hall, the authoress, gives the following portraiture of the late lamented Improvisatrice:

"I can see her now—her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but what phrenologists would call a well developed head; her forehead lofty, and full, and open, although the hair grew low upon it; the eyebrows perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, or flashing, as they might be—gray, well-formed and beautifully set—the lashes long and black, the under ones turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing; her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retrousee*;) the nostril well defined, slightly curved, but capable of a scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to; it would be difficult to describe her mouth, it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projecting a little beyond the upper; her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small and even, and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical; her ears were of peculiar beauty, and all who understand the beauty of the human head know that the ear is either pleasing to look upon, or much the contrary; her's were very small, and of a delicate hue, and her hands and feet even smaller than her sylph-like figure would have led one to expect. She would have been of perfect symmetry were it not that her shoulders were rather high. Her movements, when not excited by animated conversation, were graceful and lady-like, but when excited, they become sudden and almost abrupt. When she was in the first blush of her fame, Pickersgill made her the subject of one of his most perfect pictures—as a picture, but I never thought it like: it was too womanly, too self-confident for L. E. L. And one of her greatest charms as a woman was the deference she paid to the opinions of others, and the sweet modesty with which she urged her own. She would defend a position with admirable wit and

tack, but always with good temper and a playful sweetness that was quite her own, never suffering her opponent to feel any bitterness or self-reproach if she gained a victory. It was almost impossible to believe the slight, bounding girl—bounding like a fawn to meet those she loved, those of high minds and unspotted reputation, who knew all her fitful life, and who mourn over her early grave, as though they had lost a sister or a child; it was almost impossible to fancy her the poet of so many gems of poetry, or the author of such bitter bitterness as steals out in her novels; but, after ten minutes conversation, a person of ordinary observation would be convinced that, like the lily floating on the bosom of our own beautiful Thames, though the blossom was on the surface, the roots were firmly fixed in the depths below. When she was known, the only wonder was that one of such solid and varied information, cultivated so many graces, and was so anxious—perhaps too anxious—to please those who sought her society, for fashion's sake, without being able to appreciate her as she deserved. Though often light of heart, she was never light of mind: upon the latter the weight of knowledge, the heaviness that grows with the knowledge of human nature, rested and remained. She was not hopeful either: if she did express a hope she generally checked herself immediately, and her bright smile was usually the herald of a sigh; she had enough of fame, but fame never filled a woman's heart—and wherever she could find domestic affections, she wound her very soul about them."

FASHION:

FASHION constantly begins and ends in the two things it abhors most, singularity and vulgarity. It is the perpetual setting up and then disowning a certain standard of taste, elegance, and refinement, which has no other foundation or authority than that it is the prevailing distraction of the moment; which was yesterday ridiculous from its being new, and to-morrow will be odious from its being common. It is one of the slightest and most insignificant of all things. It cannot be lasting, for it depends on the constant change and shifting of its own harlequin disguise; it could not depend on the breath of caprice; it must be superficial, to

produce its immediate effect on the gaping crowd; and frivolous to admit of its being assumed at pleasure, by the numbers of those who affect, by being in the fashion, to be distinguished from the rest of the world. It is not anything of itself, nor the sign of anything, but the folly and vanity of those who rely upon it as their greatest pride and ornament. It takes firmest hold of weak, flimsy, and narrow minds; of those whose emptiness conceives of nothing excellent but what is thought so by others, and whose self-conceit makes them willing to confine the opinion of all excellence to themselves, and those like them. That which is true or beautiful in itself, is not the less so for standing alone. That which is good for anything, is the better for being widely diffused. But fashion is the abortive issue of vain ostentation and exclusive egotism, it is haughty, trifling, affected, servile, despotic, mean, and ambitious, precise and fantastical, all in a breath—tied to no rule, and bound to conform to every whim of the minute.

William Hazlitt.

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Our Father land! and would'st thou know
Why we should call it Father land?
It is that Adam here below
Was made of earth by Nature's hand:
And he, our father, made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on ev'ry hand;
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country 'Father land.'

At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird all day—
And, may-be, 't was for want of thought:
But Nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds:
She gave him lovely Eve—because,
If he'd a wife, they must have words.

And so, the native land I hold
By male decent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus, we see, on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung:
We call our country *Father land*,
We call our language *Mother tongue*.

THE HISTORY OF HUMAN LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become more bright. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon-day sun, the friends that started with us are disappeared. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckon us on. The scenes are more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go: the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervor of the noon-day. Still we press onward: the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of Hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them, we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time overtakes us: the dark and terrible night-time of death, and weary and heavy-laden we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures for himself for the [distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Charlton.*

ILLUSTRATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

If we suppose the earth to be represented by a globe a foot in diameter, the distance of the sun from the earth will be about two miles; the diameter of the sun, on the same supposition, will be something above one hundred feet, and consequently his bulk such as might be made up of two hemispheres, each about the size of the dome of St. Paul's. The moon will be thirty feet from us, and her diameter three inches, about that of a cricket-ball. Thus the sun would much more than occupy all the space within the moon's orbit. On the same scale, Jupiter would be above ten miles from the sun and Uranus forty. We see then, how thinly scattered through space are the heavenly bodies. The fixed stars would be at unknown distance, but, probably, if all distances were thus diminished, no star would be nearer to such a one-foot earth than the moon now is to us. On such a terrestrial globe, the highest mountains would be about one-eightieth part of an inch high, and consequently only just distinguishable. We may imagine, therefore, how imperceptibly would be the largest animals. The whole organized covering of such a globe would be quite undiscoverable by the eye, except perhaps by the color, like the bloom on a plum. In order to restore this earth and its inhabitants to their true dimensions, we must magnify them forty millions of times; and to preserve the proportions we must increase equally the distances of the sun and of the stars from us. They seem thus to pass off into infinity; yet each of them thus removed has its system of mechanic and perhaps organic processes going on upon its surface. But the arrangements of organic life which we can see with the naked eye are few compared with those the microscope detects. We know that we may magnify objects thousands of times, and still discover fresh complexities of structure; if we suppose, therefore, that we increase every particle of matter in our universe in such a proportion, in length, breadth, and thickness, we may conceive that we tend thus to bring before our apprehension a true estimate of the quantity of organized adaptations which are ready to testify the extent of the Creator's power.—*Whewell's Bridge-water Treatise.*

FAMILY PRAYER.

In binding a family together in peace and love, there is no human influence like that of domestic prayer. Uniting them in a common object, it unites their sympathies and their desires. Raising their hearts to heaven, it brings them altogether in the presence of God. The family altar is an asylum to which they repair from the care and toils of life. Reminding them of the rest reserved in heaven, it unites them in efforts of faith and obedience for its attainment. Earth has no holier spot than a house thus sanctified by prayer; where the voice of supplication and thanksgiving consecrates every day, where the word of God is devoutly read, and young and old unite to show forth all his praise. It may be humble; but it is holy, and therefore heavenly. Poverty may be there, and sorrow; but its inmates are rich in faith and joyous in the Holy Ghost. Sickness and death may enter it; but they will come as angels of peace and mercy, and the spirits whom they release from the imprisonment of the flesh shall be united, free and happy, to worship forever, as earth did not permit them, a family in heaven.

THE ANGEL AND HIS GUIDE.

A YOUNG angel being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courtier's spirit assigned him as a guide; they arrived over the sea Martinico, in the midst of a long day, and in sight of an obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the cloud of smoke he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs or dead bodies, or dying, the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air, and the quantity of pain, misery and destruction of the crew, who were yet alike were, with so much eagerness, dealing around to one another, he turned angrily to his guide and said, "you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!" "No," said the guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this manner; they have more sense, and more of what men call humanity."—*Dr. Franklin,*

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

LAKEY'S APPENDIX.

"APPENDIX to Delafield's Antiquities of America. By JAMES LAKEY, M. D., of Cincinnati."—We here give the promised notice of Dr. LAKEY's essay upon "the causes of the superiority of man in the northern hemisphere." The work to which this interesting discourse is appended, asserted, and we think went far to prove, that Peru was peopled from Mexico, and the North. But, says the traveler, there is a difference in their manners, character, and even language. Dr. Lakey explains the reason of this difference. He assumes, that the same people undergo astonishing changes by removing from one climate to another; and that very small geographical distances, in process of time, may produce radical alterations in the mind, health, stature, and, in fact, in all the physical, mental, and social qualities and conditions of a people. In his estimation, however, it does not appear to be entirely the result of an alteration in latitude or in longitude, but is, in a great degree, the effect of a local cause; and he expresses this belief in these few words: "that the cause of this difference is to be found in the *exhalations from the earth*, and they vary either in quantity or quality on every square mile of land." We can here only sketch a little of the substance and tenor of the argument, directing the inquiring reader to the work itself. It runs thus: Heat, while it invigorates and enlarges all vegetable productions, operates, in every way, to degenerate the capabilities of man. The largest and fiercest animals, the elephant and camelopard, the lion and the tiger, flourish in tropical regions; but the creature homo sinks in condition, loses humanity and courage, health, beauty, morality, and dignity, under the influence of a vertical sun. There was never a powerful and permanent nation wholly within the burning zone. The South American states do not form an exception; they rather confirm, than contradict, this view. Ignorance, weakness, instability, and barbarity, mark their course. On the southern half of America, Buenos Ayres,

Chili, and Patagonia, are situated without the torrid and within the temperate zone; on the north-west of Mexico, as it was prior to 1834, the United States, and some of British North America, belong to the list of temperate countries. Look at the condition and prospects of the people living between the tropics, on the western continent.

Where is La Plata? "In this delicious climate, and on this luxuriant soil, the people degenerate into demi-savages,—ignorant, indolent, and miserable; they live in mud cottages, and gaming is their predominant passion."—*Flinch's Geography*, Vol. II, p. 163. Most of the leading men who freed Buenos Ayres from the dominion of Spain, were foreigners. The commander who defeated the English on the Plata, in 1805-7, was a *Frenchman*; and nearly all the officers, engineers, and planners of battles, were Europeans; and, though independent for thirty years, they have even degenerated from the *Spanish* character, producing none of the fruits of liberty. Pass over the Atlantic, to South Africa, and examine the state of civilization there. But, before doing so, it should be understood, that other reasons are insisted upon, besides the mere location within, or about the tropics, for the supposed deterioration of the human system.

The whole southern hemisphere is conceived to be possessed of this enervating influence; and two causes are suggested to account for this fact: 1st. the *shortness of the southern summer*, and the *obliquity of the sun's rays*; 2d. the disproportionate mass of water in that hemisphere. Take a globe, or map of the world, and how much land do you observe south of capricorn, compared with that north of cancer? The disparity is almost as great in contrasting the different sides of the equator. On the south, in the language of our author, "the parent sun lights a waste of waters, producing enormous masses of organic life beneath the waves; but, during his march over the circle, sees little on the land, except naked and houseless savages, with civilized men in different stages of degeneracy."

Although the mean *annual* heat of the northern hemisphere is *greater* than that of the south, and the *summer* about eight days longer, yet, in *intensity* of the sun's rays, the south greatly exceeds the north. The solid land, extending in the eastern continent but little below the equator, and in the western not more than one-fourth lying south of that line, that portion of the south, capable of habitation, is placed almost entirely within the hot latitudes—consequently the abodes of man, south of the equator, are in comparison with the north, visited by *extreme* heat. The sun, through all this region, including Oceanica and the Southern Islands, during its visit to that hemisphere, takes a position more nearly approaching the zenith than it does in the civilized and inhabited districts of the north. In our winter, corresponding to their summer, this luminary is nearer the earth by about *one-third*, an approach, from which results an increase of intensity of heat, of about *one-fifteenth*, and an acceleration of motion in the earth, which causes it to pass through the space between the autumnal and the vernal equinox, about eight days sooner, than from the vernal to the autumnal. Add to the above relation, the *effect* of the sun's rays, when they become more nearly perpendicular, and we shall have the increase of heat, experienced by the tropical regions of the south. This difference, added to the influence of immeasurable fields of tepid water, will produce a visible result; and that cause, operating through the progress of ages, would necessarily bring about prodigious consequences.

We can now merely glance at the proofs cited to show the progress of degradation caused by a change of situation, from a northern to a southern latitude. In the seventeenth century, the Dutch founded Cape Town, at the southern extremity of Africa; and were afterwards joined by some Huguenots from France. About the same period, New-Netherlands, now New-York, was also settled by Dutch emigrants of a like character, and their descendants are among us. Of the posterity of the Cape Town settlers, we have, in the Encyclopedia of Geography, the following description: "the boor resigns himself to the most supine indolence, devolving the whole labor upon his slaves. He draws, from his farm, neither wine, fruit, or vegetables; nor does he make his herds yield milk, or better. The pipe never quits his mouth, but to take his *sopri*, or glass of brandy. The daughters sit

round with their hands folded, more like articles of furniture, than living beings. A teacher is usually employed, but he is obliged to employ himself in the most menial offices." Egypt, Carthage, Mauritania, and most of Northern Africa, have, at different and remote periods, been the seat of commerce, science, valor, and political importance. The southern portion, never. The southern Negroes, it is said, have never tamed the horse, or the elephant; while the northern have caravans of camels, and troops of cavalry. Australia, New Zealand, New Holland, and Van Dieman's Land, have an original population, debased far below the most wretched instances of northern barbarity. Cannibalism is confined to these regions, where stupidity seems to seize upon intellects once wild and strong, indolence upon a body heretofore active, and cruelty predominates over sympathy. Dr. Goos says of the New Hollanders, they have "no aptitude to learn;" and the kindness of government and the missionaries, for nearly fifty years, has had "little, or no effect upon them." In New Zealand, according to Hassel, the natives "cannot fish, or make the rudest canoes." The Esquimaux, and the Laplander, are sufficiently degraded; but the islanders of the Pacific are represented as existing in still greater debasement.

We have thus given only a meager and rapid expose of the contents of Dr. LAKEY's paper. Its connexion with the book, to which it is attached, does not strike us as very intimate; and, at page 123, the point of the main work which this was intended to strengthen, is considered by Dr. L. as proven beyond doubt, by Mr. DELAFIELD's previous evidence. It contains many original thoughts, and is written in a concise, though hurried manner. The impression we obtain from the author, is, that barbarism is common to both hemispheres, in about equal degrees. But that the northern savage is competent to great designs, capable of generous emotions, disposed to prosecute war, possessed of mental force and personal fortitude, far beyond his brother of the south: That below the equator, we do not find, nor have reason to hope for, men of enlarged views, persevering habits, social tenderness, or general talent—cruelty, imbecility, and indulgence, having reduced the southern races to the verge of the animal creation. If these are well-founded truths, the subject presents a vast scope for reflection; and, to

the fortunate nations of the north, matter of congratulation also.

COLMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

COMMEND us, whose tastes are somewhat refined, and whose eyes are not of the strongest, to the publications of Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN, No. VIII. Astor House, Broadway, New-York! Here we have upon our table, at one time, "Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland," "Undine, a Miniature Romance," "The Bride of Fort Edward, a Dramatic Story," and "Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the invasion and possession of Charleston, S. C., by the British in the Revolutionary war, arranged from the original manuscripts by Caroline Gilman;" and such an array of neat binding, handsome paper, and exquisite typography, has not met our sight before, since the days of Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN, publisher, XLI John street, New-York. Ah! George was a rare genius, in the getting up of books; and Samuel, we do verily believe, is in every sense worthy to wear the "imperial purple" which graced his shoulders, or, discarding the ancient and adopting the modern classic, "to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor." Certainly, since "Dearborn's edition of Byron," the "Republic of Letters," etc., there has been nothing more exquisite, in the way of typography, than "Colman's Libraries," of Romance and the Drama.

"Phantasmion," "Undine," and the other new publications named above, are on sale at JAMES's Bookstore, Pearl street, where our friends may always find a counter-end covered with works rare and beautiful, in all the departments of art, literature, and science.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

WE have before us the first and second numbers of the "Library of Romance," published by GEORGE COLMAN, New-York, and edited by GRENVILLE MELLEN. These compose three very beautiful duodecimo volumes, the first and second of which contain "Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland," a production attributed to the daughter of COLERIDGE, and the second "Undine," a miniature romance from the German of FOUQUE.

We like this "Romance" notion of Mr. COLMAN, and, pretty well, we like Mr. COLMAN's editor. Nathless we must be permitted to say,

that we think Mr. GRENVILLE MELLEN's "Introduction" to "Phantasmion" rather a crazy and impertinent affair. Against this, however, may fairly be set, as *contra*, Mr. M.'s "General Preface to the Library," which accompanies "Undine," and is altogether a good and sensible matter. Of this "Library" we propose to say something next month, when we shall have read "Undine." In the mean time we may remark, that we have been so unfortunate in perusing "Phantasmion," as not to strike upon that vein of exquisite fascination, which seems to have bewitched half the editors in the Union. It is a work of genius, unquestionably, and a most readable production for August, when the thermometer stands at 90°, and one can doze half the time, and by so doing only enter more deeply into the spirit of the action, which is throughout of a sphere not terrene, and essentially slumbrous and dreamy. But that it is such a masterpiece in imaginative writing, as it has been represented, is somewhat beyond our faith.

DRAMATIC STORY.

"THE Bride of Fort Edward. A Dramatic Story. 1 vol. 12 mo." New-York: Samuel Colman.—A dramatic story, in six parts, founded on an incident of the Revolution, and presenting anew the sad history of JANET McREA, with variations from the true account of her life and death which add nothing to its interest, and the introduction of persons and scenes which have no business where they are made to appear. Such, as well as we can characterize it in a few words, is the book before us. It is, nevertheless, an interesting production, and one of no inconsiderable merit. Its author evidently has genius and taste; genius, however, without a great deal of judgment, and taste which has been but little cultivated. It assumes, in prose, with only two or three passages in verse, the dramatic form of presenting incident and developing story. Aside from this, it has very few characteristics of the drama, and is not to be judged as a *play*, or a *dramatic poem*.

The author, in the preface, says:—"I am extremely anxious to guard against any misconception of the *design* of this little work. I therefore take the liberty of apprising the reader beforehand, that it is *not a play*. It was not intended for the stage, and properly is not capable

of representation." This being the fact, there is a manifest want of judgment in the form chosen, which is almost precisely that in which the distinguished PETER PARLEY has achieved his immortal honors. The passages of halting blank-verse which we find interspersed here and there, could never have been thus presented by a good taste, or sanctioned by a taste which had been formed upon or improved by the study of good models. The work is a literary non-descript: yet its merits are many, and its faults, aside from those incidental to the *design*, but few. Its author, whom we judge to be young in years and inexperienced in book-making, has given abundant evidence, in the course of the story, of talents capable of adorning our literature and winning a name. In the next work from his (or her) pen, we shall expect to find something which will not be very ambitious to claim brotherhood with the "Bride of Fort Edward."

ELIZA WILKINSON.

"LETTERS of Eliza Wilkinson, during the invasion and possession of Charlestown, South Carolina, by the British, in the Revolutionary War. Arranged from the original manuscripts, by CAROLINE GILMAN." 1 vol. 12mo. New-York: Samuel Colman.—These "Letters," it strikes us, would have been better disposed of had they been moulded into a couple of magazine articles, for which they were very suitable, than they have been by publishing them in book-shape, for which they are not sufficiently extensive. This, however, is a matter between the publisher and his customers. They are most delightful reading, and present, with an interesting account of household troubles and trials during a period of war, a capital portrait of an American lady of the Revolution. "At the season of writing her letters," says Mrs. GILMAN, in her preface, "Mrs. WILKINSON was a young and beautiful widow," residing at the plantation of one of her relations, "on Yonge's Island, about thirty miles southwardly from Charlestown." She was frequently honored with the company of British officers, during the invasion of South Carolina, and appears to have puzzled and vexed them as much by the freedom with which she expressed her *rebel* opinions, as she captivated them by her youth, beauty, and vivacity. In our select miscellany, at page 314, may be found

the two closing letters of the series; and these will give our readers a pretty fair idea of the character of Mrs. WILKINSON, and the spirit of her epistles.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Of the "Literary Examiner and Western Review," published at Pittsburgh by WILLIAM W. WHITNEY, and edited by E. BURKE FISHER, we have now the first, second and third numbers, for May, June and July. We have surveyed the new-comer attentively from his first approach, measured his height and breadth with our intellectual eye, and tasked his powers to hold sweet converse in the open air and by the midnight lamp; and we now take him by the hand, as a worthy co-laborer in the literary fields of the Great West, and present him to our friends, as one for whom we have an especial regard. He is a man from the brain, as was Jupiter's daughter, and is worthy the attention of all who have attention to give to such common-sense matters as our governmental relations, the early history of Florida, our public men, the present condition and prospects of the territory of Iowa, our country's dangers and destiny, American dramatic literature, modern fictions, etc. etc. Truly, we like the new monthly. It has a good, able, and experienced editor, a good list of contributors, and a good aspect from any point of observation one may choose. With respect to its poetry, too much should not be said, just yet; but its essays, speculative and practical, are written in good style and marked by intelligence, its stories are well told and of good moral tendency, and its critical department is presided over by one who has that discrimination, judgment and independence, which, united, make the good and safe reviewer.

We sincerely hope the "Literary Examiner" may succeed. In the eighty-four large octavo pages, which it puts forth every month for five dollars per year, as great an amount of good reading matter is given, as can be procured for that sum of money, in any way of which we are aware. We regard its appearance, so soon after the establishment of the "Hesperian," as an indication that the people of the West have at length resolved to be true to their own literature, and their own literary men; and we trust that the two works may long continue to labor side by side, moved by a like spirit and characterized

by a like energy, in the good cause of developing the resources of the Mississippi Valley, and diffusing intellectual light, moral excellence, and practical knowledge, among the stirring millions of this vast region.

SIGOURNEY'S LETTERS.

"LETTERS to Mothers. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY." 1 vol. 12 mo. New-York: Harper and Brothers. Cincinnati: Alexander Flash.—This is the second edition of what is perhaps Mrs. SIGOURNEY's best production, and certainly one of the most useful books of the day. It consists, as its title indicates, of a series of letters to mothers, on the theme of their social, moral, and religious duties. Its contents are various, treating as they do of the privileges of the mother, the influence of the child on the parent, infancy, first lessons, maternal love, habit, health, economy, early culture, domestic education, idiom of character, schools, religious instruction, duty to the community, reading and thinking, example, opinion of wealth, hospitality, respect to age, happiness, adversity, loss of children, sickness and decline, death. A sincere desire to contribute to the temporal and eternal welfare of the author's countrywomen, is apparent upon every page of her present work. Her tone is earnest, her examples pertinent, her illustrations happy, and her entire argument convincing as to the truths it endeavors to enforce. Without attempting to be very original, either in her subjects or her manner of treating them, she has laid before her sex one of the most useful and interesting works that could have been given to them. It forms a manual which no woman should be without, and which every mother, especially, should hasten to procure and read. Some extracts may be found upon our 439th page, culled by one of our exchanges.

NEW WORK.

Mr. E. S. THOMAS, of Cincinnati, a venerable member of the editorial corps, is about to abandon the tripod, to devote some years to the preparation of a work of the autobiographical character. This is to be comprised in two large volumes, and to consist principally of sketches of the public men of the United States, who have figured prominently in diplomacy and legislation since the commencement of the present cen-

tury, and recollections of his own times. Mr. THOMAS's career has been a somewhat eventful one, and we doubt not that he will produce a work of very great interest. We have, indeed, seen a number of chapters of the first volume, which lead us to believe that this will certainly be the case.

WRITINGS OF BOZ:

We are indebted to the politeness of Messrs. LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, for the concluding numbers of their beautifully illustrated edition of "Oliver Twist," and the numbers as far as yet published of the uniform editions of "Nicholas Nickleby" and Mr. DICKENS "Sketches of Every Day People." It were needless to praise what almost every person of taste reads and admires, and what critics have long since ranked with the standard imaginative literature of the age. The three works herein named, may be obtained at the counter of ALEXANDER FLASH, in Cincinnati, and at that of ISAAC N. WHITING in Columbus.

CONTRIBUTORS.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know, whether the writer on "Internal Trade" has exhausted his subject, and laid aside his pen. We answer, no. He is collecting facts, which will be embodied in additional papers and presented to the public through our pages. His services are too valuable to us and too acceptable to the public to be dispensed with. We should "very much like to know" what has become of our friends "J. W. F." "E. A. D." "W. T." "O. C." "Amelia," etc. A couple of lady friends, excellent judges in such matters, beseech us to den "T. H. S." for one of his capital stories. We do so, hereby.

PAMPHLETS.

We find upon our table, just as we are about closing our Budget, a number of pamphlets which must have come to hand several weeks since, during a temporary absence from our post, and thus escaped our observation. Among them are some "Thoughts on the literary prospects of America, by J. JONES," and Dr. B. P. AYDELLOTT's "Address at the close of the session of 1838-9, of the Woodward College;" on both of which we shall endeavor to bestow some attention in our next.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,

Original and Select.

VOLUME III.

CINCINNATI.

NUMBER V.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH

IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE COLLEGE OF PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS, AT ITS LAST CONVENTION.

BY WILLIAM WOOD, M. D.

No SUBJECT is of more importance than the preservation of health, especially at a period when the system is undergoing the changes necessary for its complete development. The strength and vigor of the mind depend upon the healthy growth of the body, and hence the proudest attainments of the scholar are worse than useless if procured at the expense of his physical organization. It is also true, that if the constitution be materially impaired in childhood or youth, neither the skill of the physician, nor the care of the suffering victim, can arrest the course of premature decay. Indeed, in most cases, a prolonged life would only enable him to consume a part of the resources of society without returning any equivalent: consequently death is to be courted rather than resisted. But the evils resulting from a total disregard of the laws of animal life, do not always cease with the life of the victim of early imprudence. They may pursue his offspring even "to the third or fourth generations," when his name will cease to be known.

Notwithstanding this, there is no subject so much neglected, in our systems of education, as the preservation of health. While the student is carefully instructed in the literature of Greece and Rome, nations whose habits, laws, and institutions, present but little that is worthy of imitation, the influence of physical and moral agents, upon his physical structure, the means of preserving the healthy play of all his organs,

or, indeed, any knowledge of so complicated a machine, as the human body, or the laws by which it continues to act through a succession of years, are carefully denied him. It will therefore be the object of the present essay to call his attention to the importance of attaining an end so intimately connected with his present and future welfare.

I. In order to preserve the health of the body as well as to procure the best possible development of all its parts, both teachers and senior pupils should be acquainted with its structure, and the various laws by which it is governed.

This however is not the case. But few of either are ignorant of the laws of inanimate matter, or the forces which maintain the relative position of the different parts of the solar system, while the number that understand the anatomy of the body or the means of preserving its vigor, amidst the changing scenes of life, is indeed limited. The effects of this ignorance in the various ranks of society, cannot be estimated. Perhaps they are most apparent in the higher classes, where little except rank and wealth are concerned in the promotion of matrimonial alliances, and where the dissipated youth is consequently too frequently united to the fashionable belle, whose habits have been continually opposed to the preservation of health, or the means of securing an agreeable longevity. If either of the parties, or their immediate friends, were fully aware that the diseased lungs, the impaired

nervous system, and the disturbed intellect, would produce confirmed consumption, hypochondria, or insanity, in their offspring, they would not have urged the consummation of an alliance which must bring misery and even annihilation upon their race. It also frequently happens that the fashionable youth, not aware that physical imperfection may be transmitted to his posterity, either marries before his system is fully developed, or when he does so, he unites himself to a girl of immature years, or one whose family has been more or less afflicted with scrofula, epilepsy, or some other hereditary disease, and never discovers his mistake until his own children become the subjects of pulmonary derangement or mental imbecility. The same ignorance of the laws of animal life, renders him incompetent to select a proper physician for himself or his family. The artful pretender frequently gains his favor, to the destruction of himself or his dependents. But this evil increases as we approach the more illiterate. To such, whether rich or poor, the pretensions of a foreign ignoramus, the mummery of a stupid African, the high-toned assertions of a botanic superficial, or the absurd declarations of a designing nostrum-vender, are vastly superior to the learning and experience of a skillful and scientific physician.

These, however, are but a few of the evils resulting from a total ignorance of anatomy and physiology. The aspirant after college honors, often destroys the energy of both mind and body by protracted study, without the least knowledge of his error. Had he studied the laws of the animal economy with only half the assiduity with which he pored over the vulgar songs of ancient nations, he would have learned that distinction in life could never be obtained by study alone. The mind, like the body, requires repose, and the body, like the mind, can never be fully matured without proper exercise.

The above remarks relate to the educated, and the great mass that make up society. They apply to both students and pupils, but there are still other, and stronger reasons why the educator, as well as those who have charge of youth in the various stations of life, should be versed in the structure of the body and the laws by which its actions are regulated.

If it be true, as it unquestionably is, that man ought to be trained according to his nature and in harmony with his faculties,

how can this be done by a teacher entirely unacquainted with both? The instructor should not only know that man is composed of body and mind, but that these act and react upon each other, so as to produce pleasure or pain according to the external agents that are brought to bear upon the one or the other. He should also be fully aware that there is an education of the body as well of the mind, and that if either be neglected the student cannot act, think and feel, in the manner that will secure the greatest amount of health, or produce the most happiness. All the senses, as well as the appetites and passions, may be improved by judicious training. The skin is the most extensive organ of the body, and from its position it is subject to the influence of a variety of external agents, healthy and morbid. Its functions are complicated, and require attention to preserve it in a proper condition. The lungs, too, from the office they perform, are continually exposed to injurious impressions, from which it requires the skill of the physiologist to preserve them. The same may be said of the stomach and alimentary canal; of the heart and blood-vessels; of the brain and nervous system. But this is not all. They may not only be preserved in health, but they are capable of continued improvement by proper habits and exercise. This, however, can be effected only by a knowledge of the animal economy, by which the teacher can perceive the relation that all these organs bear to the agents which surround them, as well as their mutual dependence upon each other. The same knowledge would not only enable him to give his pupil the information that would preserve his health, during his pupilage, but it would also impress upon his mind the importance of acting in consistency with the laws of his organization, throughout his after life. It would, indeed, create a new department in our systems of education. The importance of clothing, friction, and the bath, in promoting the health and cleanliness of the skin—the effects of vicissitudes of temperature, of continued cold or heat, or of a confined and vitiated atmosphere upon the liver, lungs and circulating fluids—the result of improper food or poisonous agents upon the stomach and alimentary canal, with the various means of promoting or impairing the healthy action of the organs of motion, sensation, thought, perception, and reflection, would certainly form the

most important part of a judicious and useful education—an education that would continually elevate man, in the scale of life, until he should reach that excellence of both mind and body which he is capable of attaining. This brings us to the next proposition in our discourse.

2. If students and others would preserve their health, as well as attain the most perfect organization of both mind and body, they must exercise all their faculties—moral, mental and physical.

According to our present plans of education, this is not the case. They are framed with a special reference to the cultivation of the intellectual organs. The muscular apparatus receives no attention from the teacher. The student may spend his recess in muscular exercises, if he chooses, but as he has received no instruction, in relation to its importance, he seldom does so properly. He either confines himself to his room, or engages in something which affords but little physical exertion. But the muscular system is not alone neglected. The improvement of the social feelings and moral affections scarcely enters into a modern scheme of an elegant education. Indeed, a great deal of the literature of our colleges is entirely opposed to a healthy moral training. The student spends about one third of his time in the cultivation of a single faculty of the mind—verbal memory—for the express purpose, it would seem, of effectually corrupting his morals. The literature of Greece and Rome, as handed down to us, is little else than selfishness, injustice, murder and idolatry, incorporated, by the classic writers of that degenerate age, into a kind of martial glory which is poisonous to the feelings and morals of youth. It awakens desires, arouses passions, creates appetites, and produces habits, in the student, at variance with the principles of health and the laws of the animal economy. And yet this is the principal aliment upon which his mind has to subsist during his college course. If the same time were occupied in imparting to him a knowledge of his own nature and place in creation; the conditions upon which his physical welfare, or moral and intellectual happiness, depend; in attempting to regulate his passions, and in teaching him how to exercise his social feelings, as well as to eradicate his prejudices, there would be less destructiveness, cruelty and sensuality, in the present generation. The desires,

passions and appetites, with which the Creator has furnished man, should not be eradicated, even if it were in the power of education to do so: neither should they be improperly stimulated by a mistaken education. Destructiveness, for instance, will always be a prominent trait in the character of youth, without surrounding it with a fascinating dress. Among scholars it frequently becomes a disease. Our lunatic asylums abound with Roman heroes or Spartan leaders, all anxious to gratify a morbid propensity to commit murder or satiate revenge. The teacher should never permit the pupil who manifests a strong desire to torture animals or destroy life, to study books abounding in martial glory or bloody strife. Such a course would not only be destructive to his happiness, but it might derange his health and impair his intellectual powers.

Again: the exclusive exercise of the intellect produces disease in some of the distant organs. It is one of the chief sources of dyspepsy among scholars. Digestion, like every other function of the body, requires the influence of the nervous system. When the brain is continually engaged in thought and reflection, the stomach of course suffers. The food remains in it almost unaltered until spontaneous decomposition commences. It then becomes a foreign substance, irritating the tender coats of the parts through which it passes. The continued repetition of this course at length produces disease, which saps the foundation of the system, and destroys the physical structure—the brain as well as the rest. The stomach at length yields, but, Samson-like, it does not do so until it involves its enemies in the general ruin.

But these are only a part of the evils produced by protracted study. The brain, or a part of it, at length contracts disease in consequence of the amount of blood contained in it. The declaration of the Roman governor, although untrue in its application to the learned apostle, is founded upon observation and fact. "Much learning hath made thee mad," would unquestionably apply to many of our unfortunate maniacs. This kind of mental alienation, however, is not so much the product of "much learning," as it is the result of the continued exercise of a single intellectual faculty. If the learning were general, as it doubtless was in the case of the apostle, and all the organs of thought and reflection were prop-

erly exercised, it would augment the size of the brain, and consequently strengthen the mind, and increase, rather than disturb its healthy operations, especially if the other means for the promotion of health were not neglected. But if the mind be exclusively confined to the study of language, numbers, geometrical figures, poetry, or any thing else of an exclusive character, the continued excitement will at length produce disease in a corresponding portion of the brain, and total or partial insanity must ultimately follow.

This may be the case, however, when there is no sensible lesion in any portion of the cerebral mass. As the continued exercise of a single organ invariably augments its size and activity, it may at length obtain an undue influence in the general association. It will then usurp all the authority, appropriate every thing for its special purpose, and render the student a complete enthusiast, or even an entire monomaniac. In order to avoid this, the exercises of the pupil should be shifted from one branch of study to another. Whenever he becomes fatigued with mathematics, he should be permitted to try history, philosophy, or something else, and so of all the others.

There is still another subject so intimately connected with this, that it should not be passed without a notice. The intense excitement produced by reading works of fiction, is unfavorable to a self-balanced intellect. The present may be termed the age of novel reading, and its injurious results must continue to operate throughout the next. Works of fiction and romance excite the imagination, until a state of mind is produced at variance with the healthy play of reason and judgment. This is especially the case with females, whose nervous systems are naturally delicate. A physiologist could readily select the sentimental novel-reader from the social circle of any country. She might entertain a modern knight, with a mind similarly organized, with the incidents in *Bulwer's* last; but she would be unable to contribute any thing to the higher orders of intellectual conversation. Novels also give the readers unjust views of real life. When they come to act their parts they are disappointed, and a fretful and deranged state of mind is produced; a condition at variance with health, and opposed to social duty and domestic happiness. Works of fiction should, therefore, be excluded

from the school-room. The student should not be permitted to read them, even in his private study. It is a law in physiology, that one organ cannot absorb an undue proportion of nervous influence, without injuring all the others. The student, therefore, who occupies his imagination for hours together, is depriving his physical structure of an essential agent in its growth and welfare.

But while a single study, continued for a great length of time, disturbs the equilibrium of the intellect, a judicious exercise of the mental system is attended with the most favorable results. It has already been stated, that a proper use of the intellectual organs augmented their volume, power, and capacity. This is produced by an increased action in the capillaries of the brain. Whenever additional labor is thrown upon it, it calls upon the blood vessels for a greater amount of material to sustain it in its efforts. The demand is at once supplied, and the brain is not only furnished with enough to repair the waste, but it also receives sufficient to increase its size and power, so that it may perform all the duties reasonably required of it. This is an important principle in the animal economy, applying not only to the brain, but to every organ of which it is composed. The arms of gold beaters, the legs of dancers, and the heads of great thinkers, attest its truth.

It is also equally as true, that a want of activity diminishes the size and power of either the intellectual or locomotive organs. If the brain, therefore, is allowed to remain quiescent, or as nearly so as the vital functions will permit, the mind necessarily continues feeble, and consequently exposed to a great variety of morbid impressions. But this is not all. Every part of the animal body, endowed with life, requires the agency of the nervous system; consequently if the brain be imperfectly developed, it will be unable to fulfil its duty, and the whole or a part of the body languishes. Idiots, who almost invariably have heads far below the ordinary standard, are never well formed in other respects, nor do they live for any great length of time. Indeed it is abundantly evident, from a study of the laws of animal life, that while an undue exercise of any of the organs of the body creates disease in some part of the system, a judicious employment of the intellectual powers, moral feelings and social affections, is produc-

tive of the best results. Some of our most learned men have attained the greatest age, and continued to the close of life in the full enjoyment of all their mental powers.

3. The next subject to which your attention is directed in the preservation of the health of students, is the necessity of graduating the time occupied in mental labor according to age, sex, physical organization, etc.

This is of much importance in school and college discipline. Many pupils will bear confinement, at their books, for six or seven hours per day; while others cannot undergo more than half the labor without the most serious consequences. Young children should not be kept in school as long as their older associates. When six years of age they may be confined, without injury, two or even three hours per day, but never longer. Before this period they should never enter the school-room, except for the purposes of moral and physical training. Childhood is not the period for study; and if spent in school or other places of confinement, the laws of nature are transgressed, and disease or general debility must follow. Some of the best writers in our language could not study, even in the prime of life, more than four and a half hours per day, without impairing their health. What, therefore, must be the results of a system which compels the child, without mental discipline, and when the influence of the nervous system is necessary for the perfection of his physical structure, to remain in a crowded school-room for six hours every day?

Males, in general, will bear more confinement than females. The minds of the former do not act as quickly as those of the latter. The one appears to leap at a conclusion, while the other arrives at it by a regular process of reason and induction. The nervous system of the first is not endowed with as much mobility as that of the last, and hence the female acquires knowledge with greater facility; but she cannot undergo the same mental labor without injury.

4. The classification of pupils is a matter of much importance in the preservation of health. All, even of the same age and sex, cannot learn alike. Some can commit a given quantity, or solve a difficult problem in a short time, with but little labor, while

it appears almost impossible for others to perform the same, however untiring they may be in their efforts. To require both to remain in the same class, and to perform equal tasks in the same time, would be unreasonable. Close study impairs the constitution with great rapidity, especially towards the close of a protracted pupillage, when the whole physical system is rendered extremely irritable by previous mental excitement. In many instances, the most important organs of the body, those of digestion and assimilation, are seriously crippled. Dyspepsia is only the forerunner of a series of diseases which destroys the health, impairs the intellect, and renders the student unhappy during the remainder of his life. These evils can only be removed, even in their commencement, by a cessation of study. A journey into the country, where a change of scenery and associations will divert the mind of the sufferer from his duties in the recitation room, will be almost the only means of cure within his reach. Those, then, who are unable to keep pace with others, without producing such disastrous results, should form separate classes; their studies should be repeatedly changed; and they should not be permitted to ruin their future prospects by their efforts to perform as much, in a given time, as those more favorably organized.

It is not, however, the youth that cannot learn, that is the most frequently injured in the school-room. It is the one that makes the most rapid progress—that is devoted to the study of some particular branch of science—and that requires restraint rather than stimulation in his college career. All the anticipations of such a youth may be blighted at an early period, by permitting him to study during a regular recess, or otherwise to perform more than a reasonable amount of labor, in order to overtake a class in advance of the one in which he is placed.

It must also be recollected, that a pupil may excel in one branch of literature, while he may fail in others. He may learn a language in a short time, and still be unable to make any marked progress in mathematics, or vice versa. A single portion of the nervous system may be extremely active, while others are more or less sluggish, according to their development. It must be remembered, however, that a judicious exercise of those faculties of the mind which appear to be the most inactive, will in-

crease their powers until they shall equal the others.

5. It is a prevalent opinion, that the health of infirm children is either improved by confinement in the school-room, or that it is at least uninjured. This is an error productive of the worst of consequences. The child that is unhealthy should be removed at once to the parental home, where it should remain until its physical organization is completely repaired. I say physical organization, because when this is perfect the health will be perfect also. This, however, is almost invariably neglected. The unhealthy youth of the city or country is too frequently set apart for a profession, because he is unable to undergo the labor of the counting-room, the work-shop, or the farm. Such a course is fatal to the advancement of science, injurious to the cause of education, and destructive to the prospects of the youthful invalid. Without health of body his mind can never be properly brought out; and hence he will be unable to grapple with the robust youth, in his efforts for distinction and honor. He must, therefore, either be contented with a contemptible mediocrity; or, conscious of his inferiority, spend his life in useless regret, unable to contribute any thing to the advancement of his profession, or to the welfare of the society in which he is placed.

6. Nothing contributes more towards the preservation of health, among all ages and classes of students, than exercise in the open air. To be useful it must not be so severe as to exhaust the powers of the physical system, whilst it should be varied in such manner as to call into action all the muscles of volition. It should also be continued until the approach of fatigue, but in no instance until prostration is the result. This is better accomplished by an unrestrained indulgence in youthful sports, than by the measured step or mechanical efforts of gymnastic exercises. Boys enjoy the former, and will engage in them with activity, while the latter soon become a task, because they are prescribed by a teacher. In populous towns, where play-grounds are limited, gymnastics may be beneficial; but in country schools, and even in cities where the means of unrestrained exercise can be obtained, they should not be urged upon pupils.

It is to be regretted that girls are not allowed, in general, as much exercise as boys.

If they were permitted to pursue their own inclination, in extensive play-grounds, for a reasonable time every day, the female school would not present so many specimens of hurried breathing, short cough, flushed cheeks, and palpitation of the heart,—all of which are only the harbingers of more fatal maladies.

It would be difficult to decide what kind of exercise would be the most beneficial in the preservation of health, in schools and colleges. As already mentioned, it would vary with the location of the institution. If surrounded by large play-grounds, many of the games at ball would be both useful and interesting. The exercise is not usually severe enough to produce prostration, while the excitement of the game is sufficient to divert the mind from its previous engagements. But, let the play be what it may, the teacher should never lose sight of those employed in it. All do not require the same quantity of muscular exercise; but where they engage promiscuously in an exciting play, an ambitious rivalry is encouraged, and each is anxious to continue until the contest is decided. This may prove injurious to boys that are inclined to disease of the lungs, especially if they remain in a damp atmosphere after they cease their exertions, and before they recover from their fatigue. The skillful teacher may easily invent games which will be useful to all and at the same time injure none. He may often take part in the play with benefit both to himself and his pupils.

Manual labor schools have been projected for the purpose of rendering the necessary exercise to the student profitable, in a pecuniary point of view—thus enabling him to defray his expenses at the same time that he is improving his mind and invigorating his body; but it is questionable whether they will afford all the advantages anticipated. Exercise, to be useful, must not only extend to all the muscles of voluntary motion, but it must also so far employ the mind as to divert it from its former engagements. In many of the mechanical pursuits it is possible for a part of the muscular system to perform a great deal of labor, while the mind is completely absorbed in the study of a difficult problem, which had entirely occupied it for some time previous; for it is well known that even sleep cannot always cover with oblivion, the mental excitements of the school-room. The student will oc-

asionally solve a question in his dreams which had baffled all the efforts of the previous day. That kind of exercise, therefore, which affords no relief to the most important part of the pupil—the mind—will be of little avail in the preservation of his health. The material and immaterial parts of man are so intimately connected, that the improvement of the one will generally benefit the other; yet it is possible for either to be exhausted, nay, entirely worn out, while the other is under the most wholesome discipline. The student, for instance, might walk, or even work at a bench, until he became absolutely fatigued, and yet his mind be as fully occupied with his lessons as if in the midst of his recitations. Indeed this species of exercise might not only do no good, but be decidedly injurious, according to the temperament of the student and the times at which it was taken.

It has already been mentioned, that the various parts of the system are not only supplied with blood in proportion to the amount of labor they perform, but that the different organs contain more when in a state of activity than when at rest. In sleep it is equally distributed throughout the body, according to the size and vascularity of the various organs; but when the system is active there is a continual ebb and flow from one to the other, as the will, in part at least, determines. Thus, if the mind is intently engaged in the study of any particular subject, the brain makes greater demands upon the heart and arteries for blood than it does when inactive. The same is the case with the stomach. After it receives the proper quantity of food, there is a flow of blood into it, to enable it to perform its part in the grand scheme of animal nutrition. So also of the muscular system. When walking, playing, or laboring, the vital fluid finds its way, in increased quantities, into the extremities, or the other parts where the action is greatest. Now if the student engages habitually in intense study, immediately after his meals, the stomach may be unable to obtain the quantity of blood requisite to carry on the process of digestion, and disease is the result. The brain retains what it can control as long as it is required, and consequently the most urgent demands of the stomach will be unavailing.

But suppose the student arises from his meals, and goes to the workshop, or walks over the same grounds he has traversed an

hundred times, for the exercise he thinks highly important for the preservation of his health: what is the result? In either case he may perform a great amount of physical exertion, and still his mind be absorbed in intense thought. The brain, the stomach, and the muscles of volition, will then simultaneously demand their appropriate stimulus, but they cannot all receive it. The stomach, being less under the influence of the will, than either the brain or the muscles of the extremities, yields its claims, and the unaltered food passes onward through the remainder of the abdominal canal, irritating the parts with which it comes in contact, until it is finally ejected. The continued repetition of this course results in an entire overthrow of all the organs of animal life. As the food does not digest, the fluids of the body become impaired, and the system is no longer able to protect itself from the attacks made upon it from without. It then yields to its fate, and returns to its original elements.

The student who adopts the plan just mentioned, wonders why he is dyspeptic—why his energies are daily more and more prostrated—why he is constantly growing more and more languid! His teachers tell him to take more exercise, but this he finds only increases his complaints,—besides, he is sure he takes as much as his associates, who only *play*, while he *walks* abroad or *labors* in the workshop; and yet they are robust and healthy. It is true he takes quite as much exercise as they, but then he takes it at different times and in a different manner. It is probable that their choice is the result of accident, for but few of the best scholars, in our literary institutions, are at all acquainted with the laws of animal life; consequently they are unprepared to give their pupils the best instruction for the preservation of their health. Be the exercise what it may, no student should take it immediately after his meals, or when his mind is occupied by his daily studies. When he walks, works, or plays, he should think of the business of the moment, and not allow his mind to be occupied by the studies of the class-room.

The most proper time to take exercise is immediately before meals, and the best place is in the open air. The student who rises early, and walks rapidly over two or three miles, amusing himself with the various objects which fall under his notice, will not

only eat his breakfast with a better appetite, but he will advance much faster in his studies than those who pursue an opposite course. If he have a taste for natural history, botany, or mineralogy, he may make his tour both pleasant and useful. While he selects specimens for his cabinet or herbarium, he may find abundance of enjoyment in the study of the habits of the animals that present themselves to his notice. An hour after breakfast, which time he may spend in some innocent amusement, he is prepared to resume the labors of the day. He should spend at least two hours in the same way after dinner, and before supper he should take his accustomed ramble, or resort either to the play-ground or work-shop, for the exercise which is so essential to sound sleep and a healthy circulation of the vital fluids. He may spend a part of the evening in reviewing his lessons, but he should always retire to rest in time to get six or seven hours sleep before the following morning.

The student who pursues this course will not leave his *alma mater*, the pale and sickly shadow of what he was when he entered it. Instead of the hectic flush, the sunken eye, the trembling step, the deep sepulchral cough, the irritable temper and the feeble intellect, which so frequently accompany the student to his home, he will return in the full possession of a sound constitution and an invigorated mind, fully competent to act his part in life, whether it be upon the field, in the forum, the halls of legislation, or elsewhere.

7. The next subject we shall examine is that of the construction and ventilation of the school-room.

It has already been stated that the college, academy and schoolhouse, should be situated in open grounds, where the pupils, of either sex, could enjoy the advantage of unrestrained muscular exercise. If possible, it should also be surrounded by trees, shrubs and flower-plants. A sterile enclosure is neither so pleasant nor so healthy as one covered by vegetation. Many of the best medical writers affirm that miasmatic exhalations, so fatal to the health of all classes, in marshy districts, seldom if ever reach buildings surrounded by trees of a moderate height. This is probably true, for vegetables absorb many of the gases injurious to the health when mixed with the air inspired. Rows of trees, standing between swampy

lands or wet prairies and family dwellings, often afford ample protection from the poisonous gases continually arising from the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter. But plants and flowers not only protect the pupils of literary institutions from the effects of deleterious gases; they also afford a healthy and varied prospect, while their appearance and study are calculated to excite the better feelings of the heart, and thus elevate the mind from the study of abstract propositions to the contemplation of the beauties of nature and the perfections of nature's God.

School-rooms should always be larger in proportion to the number of their inmates, than other buildings. The ceilings should be higher, and if possible there should be an opening communicating with the atmosphere without, in the most elevated portions of the different apartments. If the rooms were spacious they would contain a larger quantity of healthy air, while the openings would permit the escape of that which was too much heated, with many of the gaseous vapors arising from the lungs and external surface of the pupils. They should also be warmed by air from furnaces underneath, or where this is impracticable, the grates or stoves should be placed much nearer the floor than they usually are. Fire-places are always preferable to stoves, and wood to coal, but as both are more expensive, the latter may be used safely with proper precaution. In all the churches, schoolhouses, or even private dwellings, that have fallen under my notice, the fire is entirely too much elevated. It should be remembered that the specific gravity of cold air is much greater than that of warm, consequently when it is admitted into heated rooms it sinks at once to the lowest level. Rarefied air also rises, so that when the fire is placed at a distance above the floor, the lower extremities are continually immersed in a cold medium, to the manifest injury of the general health. This subject has thus far escaped the notice of writers upon hygiene, but it is certainly one of much importance, not only to the welfare of the inmates of schools and colleges, but also to that of public assemblies or private families.

Seats more or less elevated, should be provided for pupils, according to their respective ages. The heads of the smaller scholars should be as nearly as possible on a level with these of the larger, for cold air

is not the only fluid that descends in the school-room. Some of the gases thrown off from the system are extremely injurious to health, and if they form a large proportion of the air inhaled, they are speedily destructive. Among these may be mentioned the carbonic acid, which, being heavier than atmospheric air, descends and forms a stratum upon the floor, more or less thick, according to the number of pupils and the length of time they are confined in the room. Small children, if placed on low seats, would therefore be exposed to the worst of consequences; while the larger scholars, from their elevated position, would remain entirely secure. This subject is also of sufficient importance to command the attention of those engaged in the education of youth.

Imperfect ventilation is too often a source of disease in crowded school-rooms, especially in the winter season, when many teachers think it advisable to keep them as close as possible in order to exclude the cold air from without; a practice which not only destroys the feeble in early life, but also implants, in the most healthy, the seeds of premature decay.

The blood, in its passage through the lungs, requires pure air for the expulsion of the poisonous matter which it accumulates in the course of the circulation. When it leaves the lungs, its color is a bright scarlet, but when it returns, it is changed into a dark *modena*, and hence it is termed black blood. The former is found in the arteries, and the latter in the veins. The red or arterial blood not only furnishes the materials for the growth of the body, but it also contains whatever is necessary to replace the worn-out particles which are continually escaping from every part of the physical system by means of the skin, lungs and mucous membranes, as well as the remainder of the organs of secretion and exhalation. On the other hand, the dark or venous blood is loaded with gases and salts, which render it poisonous to every part of the animal, except the tubes and cavities in which it is contained. Its composition must, therefore, be changed, before it can enter the arterial system, or perform any part in the grand process of animal nutrition. This can be accomplished only by an atmosphere containing the proper quantity of oxygen, and in order to provide this the lungs are continually calling for a fresh supply of pure air, for at every inflation, a part of the oxy-

gen, entering the lungs, disappears, and its place is supplied by a poisonous compound which would speedily be destructive to the general health. It is, therefore, evident that a given quantity of atmospheric air will support life only for a limited period. When the oxygen it contained is removed, it becomes an engine of destruction, as the holds of prison ships and the confined apartments of captive soldiers too frequently attest. What therefore must be the condition of the pupils in a crowded school-room, where the doors and windows are kept so completely closed, that neither the air without can gain admittance, nor that within make its escape?

But the consumption of oxygen and the consequent formation of carbonaceous and other gases, is not the only source of contamination in the atmosphere of the school-room. There is more or less that is equally injurious to health, passing off from the surface of the body, which mixes with the air already polluted, and thus the whole mass becomes more unfit for respiration. It is also probable that there is some change in the electric condition of the air of a close room, which renders it unhealthy.

Confinement in a close room will not alike affect all the pupils of a large school. Those inclined to disease of the lungs will suffer most, and it is quite certain that the seeds of consumption are frequently implanted in the lungs of those predisposed to the disease, by improper management during the period of their education.

School-rooms, crowded manufactories, and other places where persons are daily congregated, should therefore be well ventilated, even in the coldest weather. They should also be so arranged, that this ventilation would not be left to the fancy or caprice of teachers or master workmen, for but few of either are aware of its paramount importance.

As healthy air should always contain a proper proportion of moisture, a vessel containing two or three gallons of water should be so placed, that a continued evaporation would be kept up when the room is occupied, especially if it be heated by close stoves. If warmed from furnaces beneath, the air should pass through a reservoir of water before it is admitted into the room.

So far as the construction of houses is concerned, it may safely be said, that whatever may be the shape or size of each building, it should always be furnished with

apertures for admission of pure air, and the escape of that which has become noxious. This may probably be done by dropping a sash on one side of the room, and raising another on the opposite. The pupils, however, should always be removed from the vicinity of the aperture which gives admission to the air, especially if it be either cold or damp.

As schoolhouses are now erected, even the imperfect ventilation they receive is injurious to many of the pupils. The temperature of the room is often so high that the inmates are thrown into a profuse perspiration, when the windows and doors are opened, and the house is filled with a flood of cold air, which contracts the surface, drives the blood towards the center of the body, arrests the functions of the skin, and thus produces colds, pleurisies, or disorders of the lungs, which too often terminate either in consumption or some other disease equally fatal to the unfortunate pupil. Indeed, consumption often commences at a very early period, and it is quite probable that the discipline of the school-room frequently pushes it onward to a speedy termination.

8. Cleanliness is every where an important element in the preservation of health, but in no place is it more necessary than in the school-room. If either the furniture, or the persons and clothes of the pupils are allowed to remain filthy, the functions of the system, corporeal and mental, must speedily suffer. The dust upon the floor is soon reduced to an impalpable powder, which mixes with the atmosphere, and thus finds its way into the lungs, where it either remains until it is ejected by coughing, or it sinks deeper and deeper into the bronchial tubes, which are soon rendered entirely impervious. When fixed it becomes a most destructive irritant, and the *vis medicatrix nature* exerts all its powers to produce its expulsion. A cough, more or less severe, immediately commences. At first it is short and dry, but eventually it is attended with a slight mucous expectoration; sometimes bloody, at others purulent. It fails, however, in its efforts; the cough increases, the cheeks become red near their center, but pale and sallow elsewhere, the system is emaciated, fever and night sweats occur, respiration is short and difficult, the chest appears contracted, with a pain more or less acute in one of the sides, the teeth are white, and the eye glows with an unusual fire. Still

the appetite remains good, and the unfortunate sufferer, confidently expects a speedy recovery. The symptoms, however, continue to increase until death closes the distressing scene, and a promising youth falls a victim to the unhealthy condition of a neglected school-room.

All students will not suffer equally if placed in a dusty house. Those inclined to pulmonary disease will suffer most, and hence persons having narrow chests, or a chronic cough, should never be exposed to the dust. They should never be compelled to sweep, nor should they remain in their places while others are engaged in it.

9. The attitude of the pupil in the school-room, is of much importance in the preservation of his health. Curvature of the spine is often produced by the unnatural position so frequently assumed by scholars engaged in writing, drawing, painting, or any thing else which admits of leaning forward, or laterally, or of the elevation of one of the shoulders above the other. When engaged in any of the above named exercises, or indeed in any thing else, the student should stand or sit erect. If he lean forward, with either his breast or side upon the edge of the desk, he may become the subject of a permanent deformity before he is aware of it. But this is not the worst. Curvatures of the spine continue to increase, during life, unless the subject of the disease submits to a most rigid course of medical treatment. The spine is composed of a number of short oval bones, with processes extending backwards from the posterior surface. These bones are piled upon each other and tied together by a movable intervening substance, and a dense ligament extending from one process to the other throughout its whole extent. When the body is bent forwards, the anterior edges of the bones press upon each other, and absorption follows. As it progresses, the center of gravity is removed, the weight of the body is gradually thrown forward, and the absorption, and consequent curvature continually augmented until the deformity is complete. Sometimes the inclination is lateral, at others both lateral and forward, when the distortion is immense. The only remedy for this disease is a proper regimen and a continued horizontal position, which must be maintained until the defective bones regain their original figure. If the curvature is forward, the same object

may be accomplished by resting on the hands and knees.

The pupils, in most danger of deformities of the bony system, are such as are predisposed to scrofula, or such as are slender in form, of sedentary habits, and take but little exercise. Females, from their organization and sedentary habits, are more frequently the subjects of spinal curvature than males. In some countries, and perhaps in some portions of our own, ten per cent. of the boarding-school misses are afflicted with diseases of the spine, the result of mismanagement in the school-room. To prevent a catastrophe so fatal to the young female, she must take regular exercise in the open air, live on a wholesome nutritious diet, and stand or sit erect in the school-room.

But deformity of the spine is not the only evil resulting from leaning forward upon a desk when engaged in study. The pressure upon the breast bone decreases the cavity of the chest, and thus predisposes to diseases of the lungs and breast, which are equally as destructive to the well-being of the patient, although they are less obvious to the vision. If the student stand as much as possible when writing or drawing, the evils complained of will not only be obviated, but the tone and vigor of the muscular system will be increased, and the general health consequently improved.

10. The diet of the pupil, although mostly beyond the control of the teacher, should be regulated with a special reference to his situation. It is unquestionably true that man requires a mixed diet, or one composed of both animal and vegetable food; but in early life, and especially when the youth is confined in the school-room, the latter should form the greater proportion. Some, however, require more animal food than others. If the temperament be sanguineous and the person is of a full habit, much meat will be decidedly injurious; but if it be lymphatic and the circulation and actions are sluggish, a larger quantity of stimulating food will be beneficial. The diet of children under twelve years of age should be decidedly vegetable, with a proper quantity of milk and its products.

Students and others of sedentary habits, err more in the quantity than in the quality of their food. They eat too much; more than the stomach can digest, before it is called upon to receive an additional supply. In this condition the pupil cannot study.

He may pass a few hours in a kind of dreaming meditation, but he will be unable to accomplish any thing until the stomach has disposed of its "stock of provisions." Indeed it is well that he is unable to concentrate his mind upon his lessons, for were he to do so, he would cut off a part of the nervous influence from the stomach, which would be fatal, in time, to his general health.

The drinks of children should never be stimulating. Strong coffee and tea should be entirely forbidden; as well as wine, beer, or any thing else containing alcohol, even in the smallest quantities.

To conclude, I will again repeat that children should seldom, if ever, be placed in school before they are six or seven years of age. In cities they are sent to school too young. Until the time specified, they should be solely under the protection of the parent. Their education should be strictly moral. They should be taught to love and venerate every thing that is good. The parent should rest satisfied with seeing his children attain the seventh year in health, with their chests fully expanded, and their muscular systems well developed by unrestrained exercise. But even then the confinement should be gradual—at first consisting of an hour or two in the day, and gradually increasing to four or five. Numbers of children have been destroyed by being prematurely placed in school. To make the child a prodigy of learning when almost a babe, it is sent to an infant school, where it is kept *still*, (an outrage upon nature,) for hours together, or until the system becomes weary of restraint, when it falls asleep and thus escapes the watchful eye of the teacher. It is true it will learn by a kind of imitation, and appear to solve problems astonishing to the visitors, but when closely examined it will be found that it has learned the whole by repeating what it was told, without understanding the first principles of the subject under consideration. It should also be taught the difference between *words* and *things*, otherwise its mind will soon become loaded with confused ideas which cannot but impair its understanding. On the other hand, if it is capable of forming a distinct image in its mind of every object which is named in the book, its mental organs will be continually active, and of course better developed, while the entire nervous system will be improved.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT AT BELVILLE, IN WEST- ERN VIRGINIA :

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF EVENTS THERE, AND ALONG THE
BORDERS OF THE OHIO RIVER IN THAT REGION OF
COUNTRY, FROM THE YEAR 1785 TO 1795 :

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE
WESTERN PIONEERS.

CHAPTER X.

Events at Belville in 1793—A frontier hunting expedition—Hunting camps—An Indian attack—Death of Macomb Colman—Hardihood of the Pioneers.

FROM the period of Sherrod's captivity to the beginning of the year 1793, the inhabitants suffered no loss from the Indians, but that of their horses and cattle, which were frequently stolen. They now met with a severe calamity in the death of one of their most valuable men, Macomb Colman, the father of John.

As no depredations had been recently committed sufficiently near to alarm the inhabitants, a hunting campaign was planned by a few of the men to provide meat for their families, in February, 1793. There were several reasons for choosing this season of the year—one was, that there were no leaves on the trees and bushes, which gave a wider range to the eye of the hunter, while searching for game—another was, that the deer were more plenty, and the meat could be longer preserved without salt, an article at that period of such scarcity and value as to command six or eight dollars per bushel. The meat and peltry of the bear were then in perfection; and, above all, this was a season when the Indians rarely made any distant excursions, but remained at, or in the vicinity of, their towns.

The party was composed of Macomb Colman and his son John, Elijah Pixly and James Ryan. They took their departure from the garrison in a stout pirogue, which is a larger kind of log canoe, capable of carrying fifteen or twenty men, or a burthen equal to their weight, and paddled down the Ohio to the mouth of Mill creek; a stream of considerable magnitude, which puts into this river on its left bank, or on the same side with the garrison, about twenty miles below. Up this stream they pushed their pirogue for the distance of four miles within the hilly country which borders both sides of the river. Here they landed and built a comfortable camp for their convenience in sleeping and eating while engaged

in the business of trapping and hunting. To this they always resorted at night, unless called off too great a distance in the pursuit of a wounded deer, or some other accident, where they could recount the adventures of the day, and enjoy the social intercourse of their rude meals, always dear to the hunter, from the fine appetite which his exercise had produced, and the long distance between these periods; as the nature of their employment allowed of only two meals a day, which were usually taken by day-light in the morning and late in the evening, just before lying down to rest.

Their hunting camps were constructed in the following manner:—The base of a cliff, or the huge trunk of a fallen tree, was commonly chosen for the location; near to, or beside which, was a spring, or a stream of water; a few feet in front of this, two forked stakes were set upright in the ground, of such height as a man could pass under by stooping a little; a pole was next laid on the forks of the stakes; then peeled bark, cedar boughs, or split puncheons, according to the season of the year, or as convenience dictated, were laid in a sloping manner, either to the trunk of the fallen tree, or to shorter forks at the base of the cliff, so as to carry off the rain or snow, but leaving it entirely open in front; the ground was then strewn with a thick coat of dry leaves, and a fire kindled before the open part of the camp, usually against a large log, the heat from which made the interior of this rude structure very comfortable. On this bed of leaves each man reposed, wrapped up in his blanket, with the bare feet to the fire; it being a regular rule with the old hunters to pull off their wet moccasins and leggings before lying down for the night. So congenial was this manner of sleeping to the border hunters, that many of them preferred it to the best feather bed; and so healthy was it deemed, that sleeping with the feet to a fire, on a bear skin or blanket, was resorted to for many years after, by these old pioneers, as a sovereign remedy for a cold, or any common ailment. In these camps, the culinary operations were of the most simple kind. Bear meat, or venison, was either roasted or boiled; for which purpose they all were provided with camp-kettles, usually made of tin or brass. One of the most favorite modes of cooking, especially where bear meat was plenty, consisted in placing alternate slices of venison and bear

on a hickory skewer, eighteen inches or two feet long. When well filled with choice pieces, it was stuck upright in the earth before the fire, and as soon as one side was sufficiently cooked, the hunter took it in one hand, and, with his knife in the other, pared off and ate, while hot and juicy, the roasted portions, and again replaced it at the fire, repeating the operation until his meal was finished. This mingling of the fat and savory juices of the bear meat with the leaner venison, was said to afford, when eaten hot, and seasoned with a little salt, one of the richest treats ever afforded to man, and such an one as even Apicius himself, or a Parisian gourmand, would have delighted in tasting. If they carried out some flour with them, as was sometimes the case, it was kneaded with water and a little bear's oil, on the fleshy side of a deer skin, in the most primitive manner, and such as is practiced to this day by the Arabians, whose "kneading-troughs" are made of leather that can be folded up and packed away with their other movables. When duly mixed, the ashes were scraped away from one corner of the fire, and the loaf, placed on the hot earth, covered with embers. Here it usually remained all night, and afforded a palatable and hot accompaniment for the roasted venison at the morning repast.

With such simple viands, and such few rude comforts, no set of men ever enjoyed life with a higher relish, than a party of western hunters. While Mr. Colman and his companions were thus passing the time very pleasantly in the chase, and loading their pirogue with venison and bear meat, and the rich peltry of the otter and beaver, which were both found in considerable numbers in these remote streams, the weather, which had been fine and pleasant, set in cold with a light fall of snow. In the mean time, the water in Mill creek had fallen so low that they could not get their craft over a rocky ripple, or fall, above which they were lying, and their boat became completely embargoed. While waiting for a rise in the creek to set them free, their stay was protracted longer than expected, and their stock of flour and salt became exhausted. To live without bread, could be easily borne, as they had often been accustomed to it; but to eat their meat without salt, none but an Indian could endure, and it soon became very irksome to them.

In this dilemma, John Colman and Eli-

jah Pixly volunteered their services to start across the country for the garrison, and bring them a small supply of flour and salt. The distance was about twenty miles, over a hilly region, broken with creeks and ravines, and no track to guide them but the sun, and the judgment and skill of the adventurers. The day after their departure, the weather became mild, and as it was near the period of the vernal equinox, a fall of rain raised the creek so much as to make the navigation safe for their loaded boat. Had the two messengers been now with them, the party could have commenced their homeward voyage, and thus have escaped the calamity which befell them. It was supposed the journey could be accomplished in two days, but the late rain had swollen the small streams and runs so much as to render traveling slow and tedious.

The third morning after their departure, while anxiously expecting their arrival, it being the Sabbath day, Mr. Colman rose very early and prepared their breakfast. He was a pious person, and though surrounded by the wilderness, and remote from the habitation of man, he felt that he was as much in the presence of his God, as when by his own fireside. While in the attitude and very act of invoking a blessing on their simple meal, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a shot passed through his shoulder. So little fear had he of Indians, that he exclaimed, "Can John have returned, and shot me by accident?" Before he could learn the real fact, a second shot passed through his head, and he fell dead by the side of his companion; at the same instant, the yell of the savages, followed by six or seven additional shots, too sadly told the cause of their alarm. Ryan, though severely wounded, sprang to his feet and took shelter for an instant behind a tree, but seeing the savages rushing down the hill-side upon him, he plunged into the creek, which was much swollen by the rain. As it was not yet fairly light, the hurry and confusion of the moment, when out of the reflection of the camp fire, prevented the Indians from seeing the exact course he had taken, until he had crossed the stream. Several Indians followed closely after him and fired a number of shots, but as he was a very active runner, and still had his rifle with him, they, after a chase of a mile or two, gave up the pursuit, lest some of them by venturing too near, should lose their own lives.

Ryan, in addition to a severe wound through the left shoulder, and one in the fleshy portion of the left arm, had also received a shot through the right side. An unlucky ball shattered his powder-horn, and cut away the bullet pouch, leaving him destitute of ammunition; but of this fact the Indians were ignorant. By the blood on the snow, they saw that he was wounded; but how badly, they did not imagine, from the fleetness of his movements. After the excitement of the chase was over, and he thought himself in a manner free from pursuit, his wounds became very sore and painful, so that it was with the greatest difficulty he could walk. Having no ammunition, he could strike no fire for the cold nights, nor kill any game for food. In this deplorable condition, full twenty miles from the garrison, none but the lion heart and the stout frame of the backwoodsman would have attempted such an effort, but have lain down and died on the way. Not so, James Ryan; he put forward with all his remaining strength, determined to reach his home, if life remained. A bold heart, when aided by ever so little strength, can accomplish that which to the more timid appears impossible. He reached Belville, nearly exhausted with hunger, fatigue, and loss of blood, on the fourth day after the attack, or on Wednesday.

The war party which had attacked them, consisted of ten Indians, as was ascertained from their footmarks in the light snow that had fallen after the rain, who being on their way to the settlements, had discovered their camp the evening before, and had lain in wait on the side hill above it, until near day-light—the most favorable hour for attacking their enemies. After plundering the camp of such articles as suited them, they passed down the creek and recrossed to the right bank of the Ohio.

On the afternoon of the same day on which Mr. Colman was killed, Joshua Dewey, who was hunting on Sand creek, a few miles nearer to Belville, made a visit to see them and learn what success they had had in their business. To his great astonishment and grief, he found it plundered and deserted, and the dead body of his old friend scalped and stripped naked. With all haste, he started for the garrison, and reached it pretty early the following day, after John Colman had left it on his return. A party of seven men went down to Mill creek that

day in a canoe, and, landing below the camp, went by land to the spot where he lay. A grave was dug, and his body committed to the earth; soon after which, they returned by water to the garrison.

In the mean time, John Colman and his companion did not reach the camp with the salt and flour, until some hours after the departure of the other party, being retarded in their journey by the rise in the streams. Finding it plundered and deserted, he was at a loss to know what had happened, although he felt certain it had been done by Indians. Following down the creek to the Ohio river, in hopes of finding the pirogue, by chance, a flat boat passed him, from which he learnt that they had seen a canoe, with seven men, passing up the Ohio, who, by that time, must be more than half way to Belville. The party having left the garrison after his departure for Mill creek, he was still ignorant of his father's fate, although the blood on the ground led him to fear the worst. After a wearisome journey of a day and a half, he reached home and heard the melancholy story of his death, from the lips of Ryan himself. From that day, he became the inveterate foe of the red man, swearing lasting enmity to the slayers of his father.

The death of old Mr. Colman was deeply felt and lamented by the inmates of the garrison. His widow, a woman of the most sincere and ardent piety, bore the loss with Christian resignation. She was the Dorcas of the colony, and long remembered for her deeds of benevolence and charity. The blessing which follows good acts is still felt by her numerous descendants in the vicinity of Belville.

WERE railways built to reach the planets, and furnished with trains of carriages, moving day and night by steam power, without intermission, at the rate of 300 miles an hour, they would, to get to the moon—about 240,000 miles—require a whole year; and as the planet Herschel (the remotest in our system) is 7,000 times the distance of the moon from us, it would demand this great number of years to arrive at Herschel, and perhaps as many more years—the distance is immeasurable—to arrive at the nearest of the fixed stars.

Statistics of Religious Astronomy.

OUR EARLY DAYS.

OUR EARLY DAYS!—How often back
We turn on Life's bewildering track,
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!

A Boy!—my truant steps were seen
Where streams were bright, and meadows green;
Where flow'rs, in beauty and perfume,
Breath'd ever of the Eden-bloom,—
And birds, abroad in the free wind,
Sang, as they left the earth behind
And wing'd their joyous way above,
Of Eden-peace, and Eden-love.
But now, the streams are dry; and sear,
And brown, the meadows all appear;
The flow'rs are gone; the bird's glad voice
But seldom bids my heart rejoice;
And, like the mist as comes the Day,
My Eden-world hath roll'd away.

A Youth!—the mountain torrent made
The music which my soul obey'd.
To shun the crowded ways of men,
And seek the old tradition'd glen,
Where, through the dim, uncertain light,
Moved many an ever-changing sprite,—
Alone the splinter'd crag to dare,
While trooping shadows fill'd the air,
And quicken'd fancy many a form
Traced vaguely in the gathering storm,—
To thread the forest's lone arcades,
And dream of Sherwood's peopled shades,
And Windsor's haunted 'alleys green'
'Dingle' and 'bosky bourn' between,
Till burst upon my raptur'd glance
The whole wide realm of Old Romance:
Such was the life I lived—a youth!
But vanish'd, at the touch of Truth,
And never to be known agen,
Is all that made my being then.

A Man!—the thirst for fame was mine,
And bow'd me at Ambition's shrine,
Among the votaries who have given
Time, health, hope, peace—and madly striven,
Ay, madly! for that which, when found,
Is oftener but an empty sound.
And I have worship'd!—even yet
Mine eye is on the Idol set;
But it hath found so much to be
But hollowness and mockery,
That from its worship off it turns
To where a Light intenser burns,
Before whose radiance, pure and warm,
Ambition's star must cease to charm.

OUR EARLY DAYS!—They haunt us ever—
Bright star-gleams on Life's silent river,
Which pierce the shadows, deep and dun,
That bar o'en manhood's noonday sun. W. D. G.

INTERNAL TRADE.

"It requires no stretch of fancy, nor can it be said to be a visionary speculation, to look forward to the no distant period, when the ports of Oswego, Lewiston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Maumee, Detroit and Chicago, will be studded with the canvass of the ships of foreign nations laden with the rich productions of Asia and Europe."—*Report from the Committee on Roads and Canals, of the House of Representatives, in Congress, January 25, 1838.*

It was the wish and expectation of the writer, when the first of the series of articles headed "Internal Trade," of which this is the fourth and last, was written, and published in the *Hesperian*, that what he said would awaken the attention and engage the pen of some one or more of the master minds of the great valley, willing and able to do the subject that justice which its great importance demands. With the exception, however, of some very interesting notices of Ohio in 1838 by Mr. Gallagher, a short article on the North American Valley by Mr. Curry, and an occasional newspaper article got up on the spur of the occasion, nothing of the sort has met his eye. Is not the theme worthy the high powers possessed by not a few minds of our queen city?

It must be within the recollection of all of ripe age who belong to our American reading public, with what astonishment and delight the revelations of Mr. Flint, of the then condition and growth of the Mississippi Valley, were every where received. Some fifteen years, during which our population has doubled, and our resources and business quadrupled, have passed since Mr. Flint's picture was published, and he still remains the best general authority of what we now are. Who can rightly estimate the benefits to the West which his glowing but faithful delineation produced? Why, then, of all her numerous sons who love this land with filial affection, and whose heads are able to accomplish what their hearts desire, has no one come forward with an exhibition of the present condition of our valley? Is it that its advancement is so rapid that the lineaments of its physiognomy are difficult to catch—the fear that while the picture is in progress the original will so change that the features first sketched will seem too old to belong to those last depicted—which deters the master hand from taking up the brush? This consideration may have the effect to deter the geographer, the statistician and the historian, from entering upon his work;

but it should not, for very distant is the day when our great interior will cease to move rapidly towards the highest point of physical and moral civilization.

In the June number of the Hesperian for 1838, the writer undertook to describe the Wabash and Erie system of Internal Improvements, embracing more than a thousand miles of canal and nearly as many of rail roads in progress of construction, having for their main object a connection between the western extremity of Lake Erie, and the great commercial points on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. A mistake was made as to the length of the cross cut canal from Terre Haute to the central canal, of some 16 miles. It should have been set down as 40½ miles in length, instead of 24; making the whole line by that route from Maumee bay to the Ohio, at Evansville, 460 miles, instead of 444 as there stated.

In the number for November of the same year, the second article on internal trade takes a more comprehensive view of the subject, and endeavors to show, that Cincinnati and other leading centers of trade in our great valley are to become greater emporia of commerce than our Atlantic marts; and when the valley shall become densely settled, that one or more of them will take rank among the greatest cities of the world.

The third article contained in the March number, 1839, was intended to exhibit the condition, growth, and prospects of the trade of the great lakes, and its connection with the Atlantic ports.

The commercial intercourse, present and prospective, between the lake and river regions of the West, will be the subject of this, which is designed to be the concluding article of the series.

In the article on the commerce of the lakes it was stated, that such was the tendency of trade towards the lake route in preference to that of the Mississippi, that of the agricultural productions forwarded by the Ohio Canal, more than five-sixths went the last season to the lake. The official statement, since received, enables me to show that in this estimate I was far within the limits of truth. By this it appears that for the last four years the canal business of Portsmouth has rather fallen off, while that of Cleveland has had a wonderful increase. In 1835, 25,745 bbls. of Flour, were brought by the canal to Portsmouth, and in 1838, but 13,898 bbls. For the same years Cleve-

land received in 1835, 132,319 bbls. and in 1838, 287,465 bbls.

		AT PORTSMOUTH.	AT CLEVELAND.
		Bushels.	Bushels.
Wheat, in	{ 1835,	1,154	357,232
	{ 1836,	no return	464,766
	{ 1837,	735	548,697
	{ 1838,	2,368	1,229,012
Corn, in	{ 1835,	40,510	53,373
	{ 1836,	no return	392,231
	{ 1837,	3,199	280,374
	{ 1838,	8,768	107,514
		Barrels.	Barrels.
Flour, in	{ 1836,	no return	167,539
	{ 1837,	13,546	207,593
	{ 1838,	13,898	287,465
		Barrels. Bulk lbs.	Barrels. Bulk lbs.
Pork, in	{ 1835,	no returns	no returns
	{ 1836,	no returns	13,496 no return
	{ 1837,	13,373 308,740	43,513 2,808,766
	{ 1838,	12,463 276,843	39,055 1,422,532
		Pounds.	Pounds.
Lard, in	{ 1835,	no return	522,498
	{ 1836,	no return	636,409
	{ 1837,	222,800	1,556,536
	{ 1838,	987,122	1,157,109
Butter, in	{ 1835,	807,875	490,989
	{ 1836,	no return	900,419
	{ 1837,	4,600	773,642
	{ 1838,	1,689	606,844

Thus it appears that more than nine-tenths in value of all the productions exported from the state by the Ohio canal, take the northern route, and that the disproportion in favor of that direction is on the increase. Let the reader now cast his eyes on a map of the United States, notice the direction and extent of the Ohio canal, and then in comparison with it, the course and extent of the other great canals now being made further west; and it is believed he cannot resist the conviction that these are still better adapted to draw trade to the lake channel.

Thus much in support of positions in the last article on this subject.

It is our purpose now to examine the comparative merits of the most important channels of trade between the lakes and the Mississippi Valley. The relative importance of these will vary somewhat, considered in reference to their eastern and western business, taken in connection as it now exists, and their more exclusively western business, towards which, on the western routes, there will be a growing tendency. We have before expressed the conviction that the time is not very distant when the trade between the northern and southern regions of the great North American Valley, will become more important than that of the whole valley with the eastern states. Until that period

arrives, the channels which command most of the eastern business will be of paramount importance. Let us examine the relative claims of those now used and soon to be prepared for use. Coming from the east, the first improved communication connecting lake and river trade is the Genessee valley and Olean canal. This will compete with the canal from Erie, for the supply of eastern and European manufactures to much of western Pennsylvania. In the intercourse between Pittsburg and the upper lakes, which must soon be of considerable importance, the channels terminating at Erie and Cleveland will be rivals. To determine which of these is best, requires a more minute knowledge of them than we possess. Supposing them equal, Cleveland, being the largest town and the best mart for such manufactures as Pittsburg exports, will be sure to attract the greatest portion of this trade. The Ohio canal route by Cleveland, now commands the trade of nearly all the south-eastern and central part of Ohio, to the extent of about fifteen thousand square miles. This it holds without having or fearing a rival. When the obstacles to a direct intercourse with the Atlantic in her own vessels shall be removed, Cleveland will import also for most of western Virginia and part of eastern Kentucky.

The eastern trade by way of the Ohio and Miami canals will probably meet on the Ohio river above Maysville. A comparison of the two routes to that town will stand thus.

From Lake Erie at Cleveland.

By Ohio canal to Portsmouth,	306 miles.
By Ohio river to Maysville,	47 "
	<hr/> 353

From Lake Erie at Maumee.

By Miami canal to Cincinnati,	231 miles.
By Ohio river to Maysville,	66 "
	<hr/> 297

It is proper here to remark, that of the 231 miles set down as the length of the Miami canal, fifty miles more properly belong to the Wabash and Erie. This portion is the common trunk of the two canals from their junction above Defiance to Maumee bay, and its size is more than double that of the Ohio canal. The lockage of the Miami canal is also several hundred feet less than that of the Ohio canal. The conclusion seems unavoidable, that the Miami canal will send its eastern business as far up the Ohio as Maysville. What will be the

limit of its control west and south-west? Following the American shores of the great lakes westward from Maumee bay, you will look in vain for any rival channel between the lakes and the Mississippi waters, before you reach the Illinois canal at Chicago, distant not less than seven hundred and fifty miles. The Miami canal can have no rival in the business of at least ten thousand square miles of Ohio, the south-eastern portion of Indiana, and the whole of the middle region embracing more than half of Kentucky. In seasons of very low water in the Ohio, the Wabash and Erie canal may indeed become a successful competitor for the business of the Green river country of Kentucky, and all the country bordering the Ohio below to its mouth and watered by its tributaries, embracing, say, one-fourth of Kentucky, one-half of Tennessee, and portions of Indiana, Illinois and Alabama.

It remains to show, where the trade from Lake Erie by the way of the Miami canal and the Illinois canal will probably meet on the Mississippi waters, or in other words, what portion of the great river valley will be likely to use the one or the other in the transaction of its eastern business. Will the place where both can meet on equal terms be at the mouth of the Cumberland river? The answer is important, for the command of the New-York trade with that river will be no small matter for triumph to the successful competitor. It waters a large extent of fertile country, affords good navigation, and has upon its banks besides many other thriving towns the important commercial city of Nashville. We will put the distances by the two routes, side by side. Lake Erie is the common starting point, for upon her waters must merchandise first come, whether the Erie canal or the St. Lawrence be the channel through which it has been transported.

LAKE ERIE TO NASHVILLE.

Via Miami Canal.

From Maumee harbor to Cincinnati,	231 miles.
" Cincinnati to mouth of Cumberland,	449 "
" Mouth of the Cumberland to Nashville,	203 "
	<hr/> 883

Via Illinois Canal.

From Lake Erie to Chicago by the lakes,	750 miles.
" Chicago to lower end Illinois canal,	92 "
" Thence to mouth Illinois river,	275 "
" Thence to mouth Ohio river,	209 "
" Thence to mouth Cumberland river,	57 "
" Thence to Nashville,	203 "
	<hr/> 1586

This makes out a strong *prima facie* case for the Miami route. But it may be objected that this route has 139 miles of canal more than the other, and that canal navigation is three times as costly as that of river or lake. Admitting this, still the Miami channel will be shorter by 425 miles, after deducting three for one as the disparity between the expense of canal and river. The Cumberland Valley is then clearly ours.

But here comes the more important Tennessee, a river longer than the Rhine, the Elbe or the Tagus, or indeed any river of Europe that flows into the Atlantic, and navigable into the rich cotton regions of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. This is a prize worth contending for. Which of our rival channels will supply its fertile and extensive valley with the large amount of merchandise which its ample means and civilized wants will require? There are but thirteen miles separating the mouths of the Cumberland and the Tennessee, so that the Illinois way gains but twenty-six miles in comparison with the route above detailed. Still will that channel have three hundred and ninety-nine miles against it, after deducting two hundred and seventy-eight, for difference, in canal navigation, as the following figures will show.

	MILES.
From Lake Erie to the mouth of the Tennessee through Cincinnati,	693
From Lake Erie to the mouth of the Tennessee through Chicago,	1370
Difference in favor of Miami canal route,	677
Allowance for 139 miles additional canal,	278
	399

The one hundred and thirty-nine miles, above mentioned, the reader will please observe has been calculated in the general comparison of distances, so that by doubling it now and deducting the amount, is equivalent to making an allowance of three times the excess of canal on the Miami route. It is demonstrated then that the valley of the Tennessee is ours.

We now descend to where the Ohio joins the Father of Waters. Will the trade of the East through Lake Erie reach this point?

It has already to some extent passed out of the Ohio, both up and down the Mississippi, and by a course more circuitous and expensive than either of those I am now comparing: to wit, that by the Ohio canal. Let the comparison be made at this point, then, between our rivals. From the mouth

of the Tennessee to the Mississippi the distance is forty four miles.

	MILES.
From Lake Erie to mouth of Ohio by way of Chicago	1,326
From Lake Erie to mouth of Ohio by way of Maumee	737
Difference	589
From which deduct as before for excess of Miami canal	278
Leaving in favor of Miami canal route	311

In going up the Mississippi we must of course come to the point to which the expenses by either route will be equal. Is that point at St. Louis?

From Lake Erie to St. Louis by way of Chicago	1,156
From Lake Erie to St. Louis by way of Cincinnati	913
Difference	237

Thus it appears that St. Louis will have a choice of two nearly equally desirable routes of communication with New-York by way of Lake Erie, which choice will doubtless be in favor of the southern rival, both early and late every season, on account of the danger, difficulty and consequent increased expense of early spring and late fall navigation through lakes Huron and Michigan. During the summer months, it is likely that the St. Louis Merchants will prefer the Chicago route. Goods of small weight and bulk, but of considerable value, will doubtless be forwarded early in the spring to St. Louis and Alton by the Wabash and Erie canal and the Covington and Alton rail-road.

Those coming through Pennsylvania and the Mahoning canal before the Erie canal is open, will always take either the Miami or Wabash and Erie canal. From Lake Erie to Alton and St. Louis by way of the latter canal and the railroad before mentioned from Covington to Alton, the distance is but about 400 miles, and would be passed over in about four days.

On the whole, it seems to us quite plain, that of all the channels of trade now open and being opened in our extensive country, no one of the same extent is destined to be the medium of such extensive commercial operations as that canal which connects by the shortest route Lake Erie with Cincinnati. We have refrained from speaking of the extensive improvements in Kentucky by which her large rivers are being made navigable for steamboats almost to their sources—because the Miami canal, when finished, will so obviously command the trade of Kentucky by

way of Lake Erie, without those improvements, that it seems altogether superfluous.

When the day shall arrive that witnesses the predominance of the home trade of the North American Valley, over that which is carried on with the East and with Europe, and the intercourse between the northern and southern portions of it, takes the place of that which now passes east and west, and when moreover the shores of our upper lakes shall be brought under cultivation and become densely settled, the just claims of the Chicago route to participate in the trade between the lakes and the central and lower Mississippi Valley will be greatly enlarged. Then she will be the port from which supplies of southern productions will be drawn for all the borders of the great lakes Michigan and Superior, and the northern parts of lakes Huron and Iroquois, and through which will be sent southward most of the surplus productions of those extensive regions. But the Miami channel, as soon as completed, will fall into possession of a well peopled and highly cultivated region, of great extent, whose productions will rush through, from both extremes, the moment it is rendered navigable. Not less than two millions of people living in the southwestern part of Ohio—the southeastern part of Indiana, and almost throughout the entire states of Kentucky and Tennessee, will make it the medium through which their imports from New York will be received; and not less than one million, living on the borders of the lakes, will depend on it for the introduction of sugar, cotton, wool, and other productions of the South. In addition to this, which may be denominated its arms-length trade, and which, to one who has not reflected much on the subject, appears the most striking of its claims to importance, let us direct our attention to its probable indigenuous or strictly home trade. If the agricultural productions put afloat upon it incline as strongly for a market to the lake end of this, as they do to the northern outlet of the Ohio canal, and no reason is perceived why they should not, then will these traverse its whole length from south to north—even from Cincinnati; for on the Ohio canal they go 258 miles northward, from Chillicothe to Cleveland.

A few leading items cleared from Piqua, Dayton, Middletown and Hamilton, the last season, will give the reader some insight in relation to the development of the agricul-

tural resources of the southern portion of the Miami canal country.

Flour	148,365 Bbls.
Pork	28,387 " and 7,439,387 lbs.
Whiskey	63,406 "
Lard	3,118,966 "

These, with most of the other articles sent to market to Cincinnati, would, had the northern portion of the canal been finished, have traversed the whole length of the canal from Hamilton to Lake Erie—and added, with other productions that would have sought a market north, not less, probably, than two hundred thousand dollars to the tolls of the canal for that season. From the lake there will be sent up this canal, besides merchandise from the East, great quantities of pine lumber, building stone, which abound near its northern termination, mineral coal, salt, gypsum, lake fish, and doubtless many other articles.

It is believed that the proofs herein adduced, that, of all the thoroughfares provided for the promotion of trade and intercourse between the great lake and river valleys, the Miami canal is to be by far the most important, will have satisfied every candid reader. But there are rivals in the New York trade with the river valley, which nowhere touch the lakes or the Erie canal. These are, 1st. The Philadelphia and Pittsburg route by canals, railroads, etc.; and, 2nd. The ocean, gulf and river route, by way of New Orleans. It remains to compare these with the Miami channel. The cost by the latter from New-York will be, at present rates per 100 lbs. about, for freight,

From New-York to Maumee,	1.10
Insurance through Lake Erie,	10
From Maumee to Cincinnati by Miami canal,	55

Amount,	1.75
By Philadelphia and Pittsburg from New York,	
To Philadelphia,	15
" Pittsburg,	1.70
" Cincinnati,	25
Insurance on Ohio river,	20
Amount,	2.30

The time required by the two, will be about the same, when the Ohio is in good navigable condition. It is well known, however, that the portion between Pittsburg and Louisville is not to be relied on; and the merchant, who above all things desires certainty and expedition in his operations, will hardly decline the certainty and safety of the lake route in favor of the uncertain and more hazardous one by the river. Early in the spring, before the Erie canal is opened, he

may be sure get a light stock for immediate use that way, but the main business to Cincinnati and below, must, for the above reasons, on the opening of the Miami canal, take the northern course. The enlargement of the Erie canal will be every year reducing the expense of its navigation, while the Pennsylvania works will not probably be rendered less expensive; nor can the charges on them bear so considerable a reduction and continue to yield a profit, as may those of the Erie canal. Thousands are now living who will witness the reduction of the cost of transportation by that thoroughfare from New-York to Cincinnati, to one dollar per hundred pounds. Already goods have been delivered at the upper ports of Lake Erie, the transportation of which from New-York, by way of Oswego, cost but seventy-five cents per hundred pounds.

The insurance item by way of Pittsburg may be put too high, but is certainly not so, in proportion to the risk, compared with that set down for Lake Erie.

Thus far the comparison has been confined to the transportation of goods westward. Which will be best for the surplus of agriculture shipped for New-York from Cincinnati? The cost by the

		Bbls. flour.
Lake route,	Canal to Maumee	50
	Lake, canal & river to N. York	1.00
	Lake insurance	6
Whole cost,		\$1.56
Pittsburg route,	River to Pittsburg	60
	Canal and railroad to Philad.	1.40
	" " N. York	10
	Insurance	12
Whole cost,		\$2.32

In pork and other articles, the proportion of expense will be about the same.

Let a comparison now be instituted between the lake and ocean routes. And first in the transport of goods westward.

		Per hundred pounds.
By Lake Erie to Cincinnati as before detailed		1.75
By ocean & river	New York to New Orleans	25
	New Orleans to Cincinnati	63
	Insurance to New Orleans	1.00
	" " Cincinnati	50
Whole cost		\$2.38

The comparison, it is seen, will be in favor of the one or the other channel, in proportion to the value of the goods. By the way of New-Orleans the insurance is set down very large; but when it is known that two per cent. is the premium from New

York to New-Orleans, and that the goods shipped that way are chiefly of the more valuable kinds, and include but a small proportion of groceries, it may not be rating this down freight too high to value it on the average at fifty cents a pound, as in the above estimate for insurance. The risk from New Orleans to Cincinnati and Louisville is estimated at half that between New-York and the former. These insurance items are mere estimates, and may not come very near the truth. It is safe, however, to say that they are not too high, compared with that of the lake route. In regard to all goods the value of which is forty cents and upwards per pound, it is clear that the way by the lake is the cheaper. Indeed the risk on this latter route to Cincinnati may without unfairness be considered unworthy of note; for of the hundred millions worth of goods, brought by steam boats from Buffalo up Lake Erie, in the last nine years, a diligent inquiry has not enabled us to learn, that there has been lost to the amount of one dollar, on which insurance, if it had all been insured, could have been legally claimed. For safety, there is no steam navigation in the States, and probably not in the world, that will bear a comparison with that of the lakes, particularly Lake Erie. On the ocean, the use of salt water, and on the western rivers, the use of muddy water for the boilers, has occasioned a large proportion of the explosions that have so greatly augmented the risk of navigation on the Mississippi waters. The pure water of the lakes has proved eminently favorable to safe steam navigation, and the numerous harbors along the American shore of Lake Erie have lessened the risk and given it an advantage in that respect over the others, Ontario, perhaps, excepted. To judge rightly of the correctness of the comparison of the risk on the rival routes, it is necessary to bear in mind that common carriers are liable for all damages and loss of goods, which they undertake to transport; the unavoidable dangers of the sea excepted. Productions sent from the West, having greater weight and bulk in proportion to their value, than merchandize coming the other way, can better afford to pay insurance, and other things being equal, will incline to the New-Orleans outlet, as the cheapest. The cost of taking flour to the New-York market from all places on the Ohio below Cincinnati (at which point it will be about equal) will be less this way, than by the

Miami canal. But flour taken from the West through New-Orleans brings less, in the great northern markets, than if it goes by way of the Erie canal, by more than the cost of carriage from the mouth of the Ohio to Cincinnati. This is owing to a great liability to damage in passing through a hot climate. As a *market* for this article, New-Orleans is perhaps the most fluctuating and uncertain of any in the world. These facts assure us that at least all the surplus flour within reach of the canals leading from the Mississippi Valley to the lakes will take the northern road to market. Articles not liable to injury in passing through a hot climate, will find their cheapest outlet by the great river and ocean road, for all the country bordering the Mississippi and its western tributaries, and probably also a great portion of the borders of the Ohio. This seems likely to ensure to New Orleans the preëminence in the export of agricultural productions over any other city of the world.

But it may be said, and with truth, that the day is not distant when a large portion of the productions of foreign countries brought into the great western marts for sale, will be imported directly from the regions in which they are produced, and that the assuming of New-York as the great center of supply, will fail in regard to these, and thus affect the conclusions heretofore drawn. An examination of the various inlets to this trade, however, will not much vary the results on the routes in this article contrasted and compared. Is the St. Lawrence the route for the European supply adopted? The Miami and Illinois canals will still be the channels for its transport to most portions of the Mississippi Valley. Is the Mississippi the chosen channel for the introduction of what are usually called West India and South American products, to the upper lakes? Still are these canals the only rivals in their transportation. Will the Mississippi challenge a comparison with the St. Lawrence in our European trade? Such comparison can only result in the triumph of her northern rival. It would not be difficult to prove that when the canals, now being made around the obstructions to the navigation from Montreal to the upper lakes, shall be finished so as to admit sea-going vessels to our ports, freight and insurance from Liverpool and Havre to the ports of Cleveland, Maumee and perhaps Chicago, will be lower than to the port of New Or-

leans. The distance from England or France by the St. Lawrence to the ports of Lake Erie is less by more than a thousand miles, than to New-Orleans by the Gulf of Mexico. On the former, the distance by slack-water, river and canal would be above two hundred miles, and by the latter up the Mississippi against a strong current more than one hundred miles. The advantage of the saving of toll on the latter route can hardly be an offset against the thousand miles additional length of voyage, and the cost of being towed from the Balize.

In the article for March last, there were some errors in the estimate of the present population of the lake towns, not affecting the general positions, but yet worthy of correction. Detroit, for instance, is there estimated at 6,500, whereas it should have been about 10,000; and Milwaukee with some other of the newer towns, which since the great revulsion in business and consequent check to immigration have rather fallen off in numbers, was undoubtedly rated too high. On the whole, however, the writer believes, that the census of next year will enable his northern readers to be satisfied that his local partialities did not influence his estimate, and his readers of the river valley, that the list of towns there estimated did contain the number of people supposed.

J. W. S.

Maumee City: O.

BYRON.

UNHAPPY Bard! yet though unhappy, great
Even in thy desolation, I have thought
Like unto other mortals thou wert not:
But that it was some erring angel's fate
To be cast out from Heaven, to dwell in thee,
And pass through human suffering to atone
For sin; and that the lamentations thrown
In music from thy heavenly lyre, might be
But the bright fragments of the glorious song
He sang in Heaven; and that he charmed the earth
With melody that had no earthly birth,
But rather did to brighter spheres belong,
And brighter being. Haply, his task is done,
And his first state restored, by mortal anguish won.

C.

New Orleans.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF OHIO; VOLUME FIRST, PART SECOND.

THE appearance of this *second part* of the first volume, will relieve the Society from an unfavorable impression produced by the publication of part first, about a year since. We do not understand that every paper which may find its way to the files of the Society, is therefore entitled to publication in a *permanent form*; but that the abiding works of the Society, are intended to be solid historical matter. Addresses pronounced at its meetings, may, or may not, contain matter of that kind; and if it should be thought a courtesy, due the authors, to give them to the public in print, it may be done with great propriety in pamphlet form. The object of those compositions is, in general, more to amuse, and keep in action, the spirit of historical research, than to convey to us that kind of information. Of this character, or of a kind widely removed from the subject of history, are the addresses of the Hon. B. Tappan, Mr. J. H. James, Timothy Walker, Esq., and Gen. James I. Worthington, contained in the first volume. They are interesting papers, and highly creditable to the authors and the institution, as literary productions: but, being evidently written, not for the press, but for oral delivery, to instruct, and please an audience, rather than to inform the youth of the West, the individual who opens this book, in the reasonable expectation of an historical feast, will be somewhat disappointed to find much of its space occupied by writings upon education, law and political institutions. It is not to the addresses or to their publication, nor to the custom of enlivening annual meetings with essays upon general subjects, that we object; for much of the interest and value of the Society is drawn from this practice. The form and manner of publication hitherto adopted, will, however, we fear, destroy the popularity and usefulness of its permanent works. Philosophy, is a word associated with history, it is true, in the name of incorporation, and this embraces almost the whole range of human knowledge: but the main design has been, is, and ought to be, the preservation and publication of historical facts. The practice we are noticing is not of so much consequence at present, as it may be in future, when these precedents shall have made it a law.

It has been said that Ohio, in common with the new states, would furnish but a meager subject for the historian. One of this opinion, must have reflected little upon the transactions of which the Mississippi Valley has been the scene, since the year 1673, when the Frenchman first made his appearance within its bounds. France, as intimated in the preface to these Transactions, is probably the repository of all the important records of this early period. To the inhabitants of that country, much more is known of the events of the region we inhabit, than by ourselves. It is to be recollected, English dominion was bounded in fact by the mountains, but the restless spirit of the Frenchman led him beyond this barrier, into that rich wild, now the seat of the power, wealth and resources of the Union. He sailed through the great lakes of the North, traversed the thick wilds of the West, floated with the current of our broad streams, built forts and opened a commerce with the Indians, while the Swiss, English and Dutch scarcely penetrated beyond sight of the Atlantic. Improving upon the English scheme of western colonization, France and her enterprising citizens, intended to take virtual possession of the North American continent. They effectually encircled the lodgements of their rivals, not only by a line of posts, the innermost of which were Ticonderoga, Stanwix, Niagara, Erie, Venango, Pittsburg, Loramies, Vincennes, Cahokia, and the mouth of the Ohio, but they formed stations through all the shores of the lakes, and the country between them and the Ohio and Mississippi, and what is more than the mere occupancy of this new kingdom, they, by means of priests, presents, liquor and troops, brought the red man to terms of friendship. What can be more interesting than a full disclosure of those events? At the time of the French war of 1756, there were posts north of the Ohio, in what became in 1787, the Northwestern Territory, at the following places: French creek, Pa., Du Quesne at Pittsburg, Fort Sandusky at Sandusky City; on Maumee; at Detroit, called Ponchartrain; Mackinaw; Fox river of Green bay; St. Joseph's, mouth of St. Joseph's River; Lake Michigan; Crevecoeur, and St. Louis; on the Illinois; mouth of Missouri; Cahokia; mouth of Ohio; Kaskaskia; Vincennes; mouth of Wabash, and mouth of Scioto. Occasionally a stray Englishman had crept over the Alleghanies and caught a prospect

of the rich fields beyond, but until 1749 no general efforts were made by their sovereign, or his authorized agents, to occupy that country.

The charters of the colonies were broad enough, to be sure, and covered the Frenchman completely with a paper title. But the grant of a king 3,000 miles off, or even the treaties of the Six Nations between 1584 and 1744, were little cared for by him. France had *actual possession* from Quebec to New-Orleans; her citizens, her troops, her traders and missionaries threaded the woods and the streams of the Canadas and the Western States, from St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. Not a moment since this occupation commenced, to this hour, has the West ceased to be a place of interest. There are all the travels of Marquette, La Salle and their confederates, the dangers of the little establishments called forts, the hardships of artisans and farmers who clustered about for protection, Indian kindnesses, murders and jealousies, upon which our citizens are still mainly uninformed. Then comes the enlargement of Gallic power and influence, till the British crown becomes uneasy, the efforts of the two powers to join the occupiers of the soil to each party, both of whom were intent upon the destruction of their allies, the warning and suspicion of the Indian, the severe wars of the two rival nations upon a ground to which neither had a complete title, the success of British arms, and a thousand reminiscences of the past, belong to the territory we inhabit.

In 1756 came the contest of arms along a frontier line, which then lay within the present limits of Pennsylvania, New-York and the New England States. This decided, ere long we read of the expedition of Col. Lewis and Lord Dunmore into the west of Ohio, in 1774, wherein the colonies fought the aborigines under the English rule; and soon we find the same troops engaged against the same foes, enlisted in the British ranks. Of the period between the domination of France and the close of the American Revolution, we have but little more knowledge than of the preceding. The line between historical light and darkness must be drawn near the date of the year 1783.

Are the exploits of the previous 100 years unworthy of remembrance? We care not whether it is the record of the deeds of the Frenchman or the Englishman, the white or the red brother. These national distinc-

tions do not impair our desire to know of their daring actions; nor personal antipathies prevent our admiration of their bravery and their enterprize. And can it be truly said, that the West is barren of materials for substantial history? Ohio does not embrace all the ground on which these interesting things occurred; but prior to the occupation of Marietta, in 1788, the progress of events beyond the Alleghanies, was so connected with our territory, that without the whole any story would be incomplete.

As usual, the subject seems to attract more attention abroad than at home. The North American Review, (Boston,) has of late thrown open to our view many hidden sources of information, which it becomes us to turn to account. In the annual address of J. H. Perkins, Esq., 1838, it is stated that the manuscript journal of the first (or English) "Ohio Company," organized in 1748, is in existence, and in possession of the Hon. Charles F. Mercer, of Virginia. The author of the articles upon the French and English discoveries in the West, attaches to the page full references to his authorities, some of which we name.

Memoires Historiques Sur Louisianie, Paris, 1753. *Present State of North America*, London, 1755. *Pownell's Memorial, or Service in North America*, 1756, London. *The Contest in America*, London, 1757. *Bouquet's Expedition*, London, 1776. *Charlevoix, La Hontan, Hennepin, Tonti*, etc., Paris, prior to 1744. *Plain Facts*, etc., Philadelphia, 1781. *Major Rogers's Journal*, and *Concise Account*, etc., London, 1765. Mr. Sparks, in the *Life and Correspondence of Washington and Franklin*, has performed the highest service to the cause of western annals. His opportunity was a fortunate one, having access to volumes of old magazine manuscripts, and to public records in America, France and England.

Of the above works, some may be had in this country, and the remainder abroad, without incurring a very heavy expense. The papers relating to the *Symmes Purchase* are said to be in existence. Those of the *second "Ohio Company,"* are at Marietta, and the *Connecticut Land Company*, at Hartford. Is not the collection of these precious relics of the early day, a proper duty of the Historical Society of Ohio?

The narrative of Judge Burnet, which occupies one hundred and eighty pages of this part of the first volume, is of high interest.

Since 1796, this astute and venerable man has lived in the city of Cincinnati. His acuteness of observation, tenacity of memory, and the practice of taking occasional notes, in connection with the fact of his long standing at the bar, and almost continual exercise of some public trust, municipal, legislative, or judicial, must give unusual value to these letters. Nothing could be more appropriate, both to the society and the individual. The latter has fulfilled a pleasing duty to the community through the proper channel; its execution, also, may be said to be equally happy with the other circumstances. The habits, manners, and weaknesses of the pioneers, are set forth with life and interest; and substantial matters, relating to legislation, the organization and the progress of government, agreeably interspersed with anecdote and recital. We shall give the substance of some of the most characteristic passages. His acquaintance with the military of the West was of course intimate, of whom it is said, page 12, "The vices of idleness, drinking, and gambling, were carried to a greater extent in the army at that time than at any period since. A very large proportion of the officers of General Wayne's army were hard drinkers. General Harrison, Governor Clark, Colonel Shornberg, and a few others, being the only exceptions." These lamentable consequences are attributed to the absence of libraries, of men of refined taste and learning with whom to associate, yet more particularly to the want of accomplished female society. Since that period, much improvement has been observed in the moral character of our frontier posts. Education, a strong barrier to dissipation, has become universal among the commissioned officers; libraries are provided at almost every station, and the devoted wife accompanies her husband to those remote and forgotten spots, far up the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Arkansas, to enliven the loneliness of his retreat.

Judge Burnet's opinion of the French traveler, Volney, who spent some time at Cincinnati and vicinity, in the fall of 1796, does not seem to be very exalted. "He was retiring, unsociable, and unusually credulous. Some officers who traveled with him from this place to Detroit, availed themselves of this weakness much to their amusement. One of the results of this play upon his weakness (no small thing in a traveler) was a conviction that the Ohio river in

floods, had been known to set back to the foot of the rapids in a creek near Fort Greenville, now Greenville Court House, in Darke county, a point two hundred and twenty-two feet above Lake Erie, and three hundred and fifty-five feet higher than the river at Cincinnati."

Next follows the succinct account of the first legislative and judicial system of the Northwestern territory. Of this too much is known to need remark, being a system more thoroughly anti-republican than military rule itself. A just tribute is rendered to the memory of General Rufus Putnam, of Marietta. A fine illustration of the phrase "great effects flow from small causes," is recorded on page 17, in relation to the establishment of the city of Cincinnati. North Bend was the ground selected and surveyed for the town of the Symmes Purchase, by the proprietor. It lies at the neck of the peninsula, between the Great Miami and the Ohio. It appears in every view to have been a good location, and the present passage of this neck by a tunnel of the Whitewater canal, and the construction of this work thence twenty miles up stream, along the margin of the Ohio to reach Cincinnati, is evidence of the judgement of Judge Symmes. The city of North Bend was laid out, and the troops from Fort Harmar landed at the place, for the purpose of erecting works. The commanding officer, somehow, became enamoured of a black-eyed female, who, however, had a husband on the spot. To avoid consequences, the discreet lord removed to Cincinnati, taking the bright eyes of his wife along, which placed a half day's journey between them and the epaulets of the officer. The latter soon found the position of North Bend too weak for successful defence, and determined to reconnoiter the neighborhood of Cincinnati. The result was a confirmed opinion that the site of Fort Washington, somewhere in the vicinity of Mrs. Trollope's folly, on Third street, was a stronger point than the heights of the peninsula at North Bend, and the forces were transferred thither. Protection thus withdrawn from the mouth of the Miami, its fate was sealed, and the destiny of the Queen City settled, in a manner that, without the evidence before us, would have been considered fabulous.

As usual in early settlements, one of Judge Lynche's courts of final jurisdiction was established in the colony. Patrick Grimes paid the penalty of the law provided for the

case of stealing cucumbers, by receiving twenty-nine lashes on the naked back. But at the next sitting of the judge, the culprit disregarding process, fled to the garrison.

Mr. McMillan, who personated Judge Lynch, was next called upon by a sergeant and two men, to attend upon the commandant of the fort. A pitched battle followed, lasting about twenty minutes, in which there were none killed on the spot; but four, (all present) were seriously wounded. A court of Quarter Sessions was soon organized. "In my early intercourse with the officers of General Wayne's army, I could not but feel surprised at the levity and calm indifference with which they spoke of exposures and hair-breadth escapes. I was certain that this did not proceed from any want of natural tenderness or sympathy. It seems to be a beneficent provision of nature, that men, who are timid, sensitive to danger, and disposed to sympathy, would cease to be influenced by such feelings, when duty brings them into scenes of peril and cruelty."

The difficulty between Gen. Wilkinson and Gen. Wayne, was a cause of much disagreeable feeling in the army at the time, and each party had strong partisans. Gen. Wilkinson went so far as to prefer charges against his Commander in Chief, and omitted few opportunities of degrading him with his officers. This notorious person is represented as a most fascinating and polished individual, calculated to attract friends to himself, and any cause he chose to advocate. Gen. Wayne's death on Lake Erie saved this agitator the ignominy of a defeat upon his own charges. A strong example of the exaltation of military feeling, is related of Major Guion, the most uncompromising enemy of the Generalissimo. News came of his decease. "What!" says he, "General Wayne dead! dead! then let enmity die with him," and nothing disrespectful to his general's memory escaped the lips of this honorable soldier.

We pass over much interesting matter, to notice a statement of the author, relative to some curious fossil stumps, or roots of trees, found beneath the surface, at Cincinnati. And to give our eastern friends a specimen of the veracity of writers and travelers, we insert the account given by Mr. Priest in his "Discoveries in the West," page 180. "In 1826, more than eighty feet under ground, there was found, on the banks of

the Ohio, (Cincinnati,) the stump of a tree, three feet in diameter, and ten feet high, cut down with an axe, the blows of which are yet visible." The deductions of the author, are, first, that it was antediluvian: Second, that the Ohio river did not exist before the flood. Third, America was peopled before the flood. Fourth, The antediluvian Americans knew the use of iron. Hear Judge Burnet upon the facts of the case. The inferences we leave to take care of themselves.

"The facts are simply these: in sinking a well, in 1802, at the depth of ninety-three feet, I found two stumps, one, about one foot, and the other eighteen inches in diameter, standing in the position in which they grew. Their roots were sound, and extended from them horizontally on every side. The tops were so decayed and mouldered, that no opinion could be formed of the process by which the trunks had been severed from the bodies."

It is well known that the British did not fully execute the treaty of 1783, until the year 1796. They retained Mackinaw, Detroit, and Maumee, till after Wayne's victory over the Indians, at the Rapids, in 1794; and without the expedition, and the success which followed, resulting in the treaty of Greenville, it is doubtful when possession of those posts would have been given. The Northwestern Territory was divided into four counties, prior to the surrender, and their respective capitals were, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, Cincinnati, and Marietta.

The county of Wayne, was erected soon after the delivery of Detroit, and the latter place became the seat of justice. Lawyers from Cincinnati, practiced at Marietta and Detroit, and sometimes at Vincennes. This circuit of the first three counties, was regularly made by Judge Burnet and his brethren of the bar, till 1803. A graphic description of the customs of Detroit, will be found on page fifty, quite equal to the style and manner of Washington Irving's sketch of the Mackinaw Fur Traders. "Like men disposed to enjoy life while it might be in their power to do so, they provided in great abundance the delicacies and luxuries of every climate, and as often as they returned from the cold regions of the North and West, to their families and comfortable homes, they did not spare them. No genteel stranger visited the place without an invitation to their houses, and their sumptuous tables;

and what is remarkable, they competed with each other for the honor of drinking the most and best wine, without being intoxicated themselves; and of having the greatest number of intoxicated guests." It appears that most of the British merchants of Detroit, eventually crossed over to Sandwich, and established themselves in business; but a friendly intercourse was continued. As evidence of this feeling, we have a full account, in the celebration of the king's birthday, in which the Americans joined. Afterwards the members of the bar fulfilled an engagement contracted on the spot, to spend a day and night at Malden. On these occasions, the English fashion of crowding wine upon their guests in profusion, was not forgotten, and we are told that "although more wine was drank," than the writer had ever witnessed at such times, no animosity or bad feeling was excited. The British extolled George III., to their hearts' content, but then came the President next in order, and his name occasioned as copious draughts upon the tumbler as the king's. We know of a much stronger case of personal comity, which occurred during the last war, on the Ontario frontier, though it was with some difficulty the British officers persuaded themselves to swallow the compliment. Major Lomax had been sent from Sackett's Harbor, or that vicinity, to the British Head Quarters in Canada, with a flag. They received him very hospitably, but as a precaution, kept him very close, perhaps not more so than usual, in such cases. The dinner and wine followed, of course, and with them, abundance of toasts. An English officer, rather mellow with port, gave "President Madison, dead or alive." Major Lomax felt called upon to reply, and offered the health of the *Prince Regent*, "drunk or sober."

Judge Burnet's relation of the incidents of these journeys, from one court-house to another, three hundred miles distant, through a trackless forest, is often intensely interesting; but the reader must look to the work itself; we can retail but one. It would seem that Mr. St. Clair, son of Gen. St. Clair, the Governor and warrior, either through the influence of personal appearance, or official relationship, was much more caressed by the squaws of an Indian village, where they stopped, than the author. "An old wrinkle-faced squaw, was extremely officious; her attentions, however, were princi-

pally confined to Mr. St. Clair; she kissed him, once or twice, exclaiming, *you big man, Governor Sam*, and turning to us, said with some disdain *you milish*."

A just tribute is paid to the character of Gen. George Rogers Clarke, of Kentucky. "When I was induced to visit him, by the veneration I felt for his talents, and services, his health was much impaired by intemperance, but his majestic and dignified deportment, and strong features, bore the impress of an intelligent and resolute mind, and immediately brought to my recollection the personal appearance of Washington, to which it seemed to approximate."

In 1798, the Northwestern Territory, contained five thousand inhabitants, and of right proceeded to establish the second grade of government. Of the legislative council of five, provided as advisers of the Governor, Judge Burnet was one, during the continuances of this form of administration, until 1803. Many of the early laws appear to have been drawn by him. The election of William Henry Harrison, as first Territorial Delegate to Congress, took place October 2d, 1799, by a majority of one vote. The next session of the Legislature took place at Chillicothe, November 2d, 1800. During the sitting of the second General Assembly, a mob came together, for the purpose of annoying the Governor (St. Clair,) who seems to have been very unpopular. This assemblage was renewed, on a second night, and in consequence a law was passed restoring the seat of government to Cincinnati.

There are many points, connected with the origin of our present government and constitution, not satisfactory to the author. He seems to consider the application for admission into the Union, before we attained a population of sixty thousand, and when as a matter of right, under the ordinance, we should have taken a stand upon the footing of the old States, as the cause of many evils. As it was in the power of Congress to grant, or refuse the request, they imposed upon us terms which he considers unjust. In a subsequent address to the Society, this subject is amplified, and fully discussed. The principal objection, is the relinquishment of the right of taxation on government lands, and for a period of five years after sale. The steps, required by the ordinance and republican usage to compose a constitution, were not followed, and the proceedir

is considered illegal. It never came before the people; and the convention which framed it was ordered by Congress, and not the people, and so constituted, as to make the instrument binding when completed by them.

Of Governor St. Clair, a few words must suffice. "He was plain and simple in his dress and equipage, frank and open in his manners, and accessible to persons of any rank. He retained a large share of popular favor, till the close of the first session of the legislature. Soon after that body commenced its legislative functions, he exhibited a disposition to extend his power. The construction he gave to the ordinance, was such as confined the will of the legislature within very narrow limits."

The ordinance giving him an unqualified veto, he considered himself as authorised and required to decide upon the expediency of all their acts. Of thirty bills, eleven were cut off in this way. This accidental state of things, occurring when the convention were in session, is thought to be the cause of their stripping the Executive of almost every respectable power, by the terms of the constitution.

"St. Clair was a man of superior talents, extensive information, and great uprightness of purpose. The course he pursued, though destruction of his own popularity, was the result of an honest exercise of judgment."

The object in examining a work of this kind, is not so much to present the contents, or even its substance, as to carry a general idea of its merits; and if worthy of attention to induce its perusal.

We find it necessary, to avoid extreme length, in this instance, to pass by much important matter, and for the remainder, merely touch at occasional points.

We are told, page 90, that Ohio led the way, in hallowing that memorable day, the anniversary of the Declaration, by recognising the free enjoyment of personal liberty, through all its sacred forms, except in certain cases of crime.

Page 100, has an address of the Legislature of 1799, to John Adams, President of the United States, embracing terms of strong compliment. The explanatory note discloses an important proposition, made to our commissioners at the treaty of Paris 1782.

The Ohio and Mississippi, were insisted upon as our western boundary.

Dr. Franklin, listened to the proposition;

the Count de Vergennes favored it, and Mr. Adams at first stood alone in opposition to the measure; threatening to retire from the negotiation. Mr. Jay, soon sided with Mr. Adams, and Franklin finally concurred.

The history of some of the members of that legislature (1799,) is given in brief. Judge Sibley of Detroit, Gen. Darlington of West Union, and Judge Burnet, are the only survivors. The most extended notice, is of John Smith, afterwards a Senator in Congress, and finally implicated with Burr in his supposed conspiracy. Mr. Smith stated to the author, that his journey to Florida and Louisiana in 1806, was by private request of Mr. Jefferson, to ascertain the feeling of the Spanish citizens, and officers in reference to the expected war with Spain. The prosecutors of the Government against him, in the next year, however, brought him to ruin.

In selecting members of the legislature in those days, "party influence was scarcely felt, and I can say with confidence, that since the establishment of the State Government, I have not seen a legislature, containing such a large proportion of aged, intelligent and discreet men." Pursuing the history of the formation of our State Government, we find, page 112, the reason of that novelty, in judicature, a traveling court of *dernier resort*. The members of the convention could not decide upon the county, or town, in which the Supreme Court should be fixed, and to satisfy all, sent them on horseback to every county in the State, once a year.

Letter V, containing twenty-five pages, is mostly taken up with a novel discussion upon the right of the State to tax Congress lands. The author belonged to the minority, upon the question of erecting a State Government, at the period of 1802, and still conceives that the people lost much, by the terms of that admission. The excitement of those times, upon this question, was equal to that of any subsequent period, and the victors, then as now, exulted over their success. The remembrance of the strife of the occasion, is not wholly effaced from the mind of the writer, who still expresses himself with some feeling. But it would be difficult to answer the argument, advanced in support of our right to taxation over unsold government lands. It seems to be quite clear, that unless the terms of the relinquishment of the tax upon the sales of Congress lands, for the space of five years,

includes the assent to a relinquishment, or implies an acknowledgment of the non-existence of the tax right, the power is still vested in the state.

The seventh, and last letter, is occupied with desultory recollections, of a highly instructive cast.

The project of constructing a canal around the Falls of the Ohio, on the Indiana side, was attempted, and some advance made towards its completion in 1817-18. In August 1819, the river is stated to have been so low that its whole breadth at the Falls was only twenty-four feet, the water passing through a deep channel, like a canal, with a division of rock in the center, and extending one-third of the length of the rapids. The old system of government sales upon credit, is shown to have threatened the ruin of western settlers; there being in 1821, *twenty-two millions of dollars due the Government*, and an almost entire inability to meet it. The plan, of allowing a relinquishment of the unpaid portions of the land in certain cases, (proposed by Judge Burnet,) finally prevailed in Congress, and the West was relieved. A short history of the canal donations, of the General Government, and a brief notice of Simon Kenton, brings us to the close of these invaluable essays.

Taking so conspicuous a part as the author did in the doings of the Territory, and the State, much that is personal, necessarily occurs, in the narration, but this is not the least interesting of its matter. We must pass over those portions of the remainder of the book, not of an historical character, and confine ourselves to those which are. The discourse of Gen. Harrison, upon the aborigines of the valley of the Ohio, occupies fifty-seven pages. In this case we are equally fortunate, in the fitness of the individual who undertakes to enlighten us. No person living has had as thorough an acquaintance with the Northwestern Indians, as the gentleman whose name is just written. As a citizen and a officer, in war and in peace, as a guest, or a governor, in all conditions and circumstances he has observed their anomalous character.

A portion of the discourse is taken up with a reference to the *ancient race* once occupying our valley, in immense numbers, and whose habitations and temples still remain. Gen. Harrison supposes them to have been strictly agricultural; and most of these constructions dedicated to residence

and religion; that the works on the river Ohio, were of a different character, and were the result of necessity, intended as defences against a concerted invasion, from both the north and south, and that here, they made resistance; but gradually retired down the river, under defeat, making the last stand at a strong point, near the mouth of the Great Miami. Of all speculations, upon the design of these works, none are satisfactory to us, and none less so, than those which give to them a military object. When a full collection and description of those interesting remains is obtained, perhaps some rational theory may be formed. At present, we have merely light enough to produce confusion. It would be easy to occupy several pages with reasons against the defensive character of these works, applicable as well to those on the Ohio, as elsewhere.

But we hasten to consider the main discussion of this pamphlet; being the early history of the Indian occupants of Ohio, at the commencement of the white settlements; an occurrence which, it is worth remark, took place much later here than in the newer states west of us. They were composed of the Wyondats, Miamis, Shawanees, Delawares, a remnant of the Mohicans connected with the Delawares, and a band of Ottowas.

Although the Six Nations claimed the northeastern portion of this State, but few, if any resided there. It is, and has been, disputed, whether the Six Nations ever conquered, or occupied the country watered by the Scioto and Great Miami. Gen. Harrison says, their eastern boundary was certainly east of the Scioto, when the whites came to this country. Franklin, Clinton, and Colden, assent and endeavor to prove, that the Iroquois once conquered and colonized even to the Mississippi. The English claim, to the territory northwest of the Ohio, as opposed to the French, rests upon a grant of the Six Nations, as early as 1684. A profound antiquary, in an article upon the English discoveries in the West, North American Review, July 1839, concurs with the statements of De Witt Clinton, and others, that they had, prior to 1680, overrun most of the modern Northwestern Territory. Gen. Harrison opposes this opinion, and does not admit, that they ever possessed lands west of the Scioto. It is an interesting examination, beyond our limits to transcribe. We merely improve the opportunity,

to add an item of evidence in favor of Gen. Harrison's belief. In 1796, when the agents of the Connecticut Land Company, proceeded to make surveys of the Western Reserve, the Indian title was not fully secured. Gen. Cleveland, held a council with the Six Nations, or a part of them at Buffalo, for the purpose of taking quiet possession. At this time they claimed nothing beyond the Cuyahoga and Tuscororo rivers, and the "old Portage path," or portage, connecting these streams across the Akron summit. They considered this line, as the boundary between them and the western Indians, and gave no rights beyond the Cuyahoga. These streams and the old Portage path, were used in common, by the Indians, on both sides, for transportation, of which so much took place that the trail, or path, from one to the other, is still visible in places. The company took possession of the land east of the agreed boundary, and surveyed to it; the Indians on the west of it, occupying their side, and not molesting the occupation of the whites. It was not until 1806, that the Land Company, or Congress, obtained full possession from the Indians of the western shore of the Cuyahoga.

The discourse locates the different tribes at about 1650, as follows: the Iroquois confederacy, remained in their original position, between Labrador, and the Delaware, or great Lenape nation, whose northern limit was somewhere in southern Pennsylvania. The Wyandots, or Hurons, occupied both shores of western Lake Erie, and extended southward to the Ohio. The Miami confederacy, the most powerful of the known Indian combinations, lay along the Ohio, from the Scioto westward around Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

The Iroquois, fought and conquered the Delawares, on the south, took possession of their land, and forced them to assume the name of women. Some time during the seventeenth century, those warlike and generous tribes, moved upon the Wyandots, and defeated them. This battle is said to have been fought in canoes, upon the waters of Lake Erie, and great fatality resulted. The Wyandots withdrew westward, *for a time*, but returned again in the eighteenth century, when it is *probable*, the Cuyahoga was mutually agreed upon as their eastern border.

The Miamis, possessing most of western Ohio, are thought never to have been at war

with the Six Nations, or at least never to have been conquered by them. With the Cherokees and Chickasaws they were ever at war. Gen. Harrison considers Sandusky as the western limit of occupation by the Iroquois, and that possession a temporary one. The Shawanese Indians, were emigrants from Georgia and Florida, within an hundred years. They first came to the country of the Miamis, low down on the Ohio, and afterwards moved to the Scioto. Black Hoof, their chief, died not long since, and he was born in Florida.

The Indians engaged against the United States, in open war, from 1790 to the peace of 1794, were the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese, Chippawas, Ottowas, Potawatamies, Miamis, Eel river Indians, and the Weas. *Three thousand* warriors constituted their strength at this time; while the Miamis alone, could have mustered that number a short time before. As late as 1793, they had determined to have the Ohio as their boundary. The battle of the Rapids, a year after, forced them to the Greenville treaty line, and for many years ayed them into quietness.

We are compelled to take leave of this elegant and instructive production, and recommend its style and contents, to the perusal of every western man. It was our intention to treat of the historical parts of the address of Mr. James H. Perkins. Those portions, relate to the remote doings of the French, and the early occupancy of the English, of which we have given some slight outline in the commencement of this article. Mr. Perkins cannot fail to be read through, by every reader of any portion of this work. An address, delivered at Marietta, on the forty-eighth anniversary of the settlement of that place, closes the volume. It is confined to the transactions of that region, and filled with matter of great value. Arius Nye, Esq., is the author, a gentleman bred within sight of the "Campus Martius," of the first settlement in Ohio. This post became a prominent point of attack, by the hostile Indians. Its history thrills with interest, but the most exalted sentiments, connected with its recital, arise on the consideration of the natures of those men who first broke in upon the forest-world of the West, and successfully planted civilization in the midst of the fiercest barbarism. Their like is never to be known again. In the progress, and mutations of human affairs,

such a concourse of circumstances will never arise. There can never be another such revolution as that of 1776. If that was possible, will there be again such patriots, such men? Then came the weakness of their country, and their own impoverishment. Afterwards the offer of western lands, in compensation for military service, but requiring the protection of military force. The never-lessening patience, perseverance and piety of those stern characters, has no parallel; but with all these traits we behold the hourly exercise of courage, the cool contemplation of danger, acuteness of design, and vigor of execution.

In dismissing this work we must express our extreme regret that no index or even contents of chapters can be found on its pages.

C. W.

SONG,

OF CHIN-GACH-GOOK, THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

WHERE is my own tall forest wild,
Where erst I roam'd while yet a boy,
Where streamlets gush'd, and flowrets smiled,
And my young bosom beat with joy;
Where pleasure came without alloy,
And peace did bless the forest child?
No dark'ning thoughts did then annoy
The happy, thoughtless, joyous forest boy.

O give me back my forest home,
Where erst in manhood's proud career,
I lov'd beside my sire to roam,
And chace the graceful bounding deer;
Or o'er the bright blue waves to steer
The swift light shallop, while the foam
Did sparkle round it, high and clear,
And fair ones gazed with smile, and song, and cheer.

O give me back my forest sweet,
Where first I felt love's warm embrace,
Its melting glance, its low song, meet
To sooth the hunter after chace:
O where's that form with angel grace,
Which my return was wont to greet
With beaming eye, and smiling face,
When e'er I sought my home, my resting place?

Where is my own proud forest high,
Through which with painted braves I dash'd,
And scream'd our own wild warrior cry,
And met the foe where weapons clash'd?

With soul that swell'd, and eye that flash'd,
I laugh'd to see the Huron die,
With his dark bosom deeply gash'd,
Where the wild din of raging battle crash'd.

Ah yes! ah yes! I ask in vain:
My forest wild has pass'd away;
The white man came like autumn's rain,
And my proud forest felt his sway;
It bow'd to him, it could not stay;
But 'midst its ruins I remain,
To linger out my last sad day,
Where my forefathers' quiet ashes lay.

No longer now may I behold
That gentle form I loved so well
To my fond bosom to enfold
With joy, and hope, and beating swell,
And soft low song, and words that fell
Upon my warrior spirit bold,
Like twilight music o'er the dell,
Which of a happy spirit-world doth tell.

She's gone! she's gone! she's pass'd away!
No more her low soft voice I hear;
Her dark eye once with sparkling ray
Did glance on mine with spirit clear;
But now 'tis closed. I'm old and sear,
And brooding thoughts, and wild dismay,
And boding dreams all dark and drear,
On all the past that linger with me here.

The white man came; we learn'd to weep;
With him the red man's sorrows came.
He taught us sins so dark and deep,
It did our warrior spirits tame,
And we did hide in blushing shame,
From where our fathers' spirits sleep,
And dim'd our once proud warrior name,
Which was our nation's monument of fame.

And now I'm hurrying to the grave,
Alone in this bright stranger land,
Where I was wont upon the wave
To guide my bark with steady hand;
The lake's the same, the silv'ry sand
Her tossing water still doth lave,
But forests here no longer stand,
They've fall'n before the white man's wizard wand.

And why do I still linger here,
Where once was my wild forest home?
Does aught remain my soul to cheer,
As through the white man's lands I roam?
My father's spirit bids me come,
I hear it shouting high and clear
In happier climes—the red man's home—
His place of rest—his heav'n. I come! I come!

GOTTFRIED.

Canal Dover: O.

AUNT ESTHER.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

"MOTHER," said Isabella Graham, as they sat at work one morning, "do you not think Mrs. Carey is very amiable, to put up with old Aunt Esther's whims and caprices, as she does? Elizabeth told me the other day, her mother never allowed herself to exhibit any impatience towards her aunt, and that all the children are taught to honor and respect her."

"Mrs. Carey is, indeed, very amiable," said her mother, "but the whole family owe Aunt Esther a debt that well deserves their gratitude and affection."

"I have heard that Mr. Carey felt under obligations to her, for some kindness shown him in early youth; but I did not know the whole family were indebted."

"Yes, my dear girl, the whole family ought to repay the kindness and uncomplaining devotion of Aunt Esther to their parent."

"It is said, mother, that Mr. Carey settled a handsome income on her, and you know he always pays her as much respect and attention, as if she was the greatest lady in the land."

"Yes, my dear, Mr. Carey shows by his conduct how deeply he feels his obligation to her, and doubtless by his affectionate manners and respectful solicitude, she feels repaid for her care and anxiety for him when young."

"You seem to know all about it, mother; will you not tell me the whole story?" and as she spoke, Isabella drew close to her mother, in hopes of hearing something interesting, and, perhaps, romantic.

"You must not anticipate any thing very romantic from me, my dear child, for you are aware that I am very matter of fact in my details, and have no faculty of making my stories romantic, or investing my heroine with an interest not exclusively her own. In narrating the leading incidents of Aunt Esther's life, therefore, your lively imagination must supply all my deficiencies."

"Oh yes, mother, only tell the story," said Isabella, eagerly.

"Many years since, there resided in a small village in Connecticut, a very happy family, named Warren. Mary and Esther Warren were cousins. The former was an orphan, and resided with Esther's widow-

ed mother. The family were obliged to use economy to keep within their limited income; but their wants were few, and it is to be doubted if they felt as poor in their humble cottage, as many ladies who spend fortunes on dress, and never have any thing to give to the hundreds starving round them. Esther was a little girl when her father died, and it may be supposed that she was spoiled and humored, by her indulgent mother for it is not necessary to be wealthy, in order to spoil children. But Mrs. Warren loved her daughter too well to make her an object of dislike to others, and of unhappiness to herself. She early trained Esther in habits of usefulness and economy, and taught her cheerfulness and good temper, as principles of conduct, not merely the result of temperament, but as duties incumbent on all. Esther well repaid her mother's care. Besides being amiable, industrious, and well informed, she possessed a handsome person, and pleasing manners."

"Now mother, you are getting romantic, I am sure," cried Isabella, laughing, "you surely do not mean seriously, that old Aunt Esther was ever handsome!"

"I am perfectly serious, my dear. Age alone often changes the youthful beauty into a haggard old woman; but other causes have contributed to wrinkle and contract the face of Esther Warren. Aunt Esther at sixty-five, is very different, I assure you, from the same person at seventeen. At that time she possessed an ease and grace seldom met with, in girls who have spent their lives in one spot, secluded from society, and passing their time in the ordinary occupations of a country life. Mary Warren was reared by her aunt with the same tender care bestowed on her own daughter. From the time she entered her aunt's house, she had never known the want of a mother's care. The warmest affection existed between the cousins, which lasted until the hand of death was laid on one, and continued for her child through every vicissitude of life, and still flourishes in pristine vigor, unchilled by the frosts of time, untouched by the hand of age. The cousins were unlike in appearance and manners. Both were gentle and affectionate, but Esther had more energy of character than her cousin, and while she commanded respect and admiration by her beauty and dignity, Mary won it by her assumed simplicity of manner. Mary was not handsome, not even pretty, excepting t

those who loved her, to whom her mild blue eye and amiable countenance, appeared beautifully expressive. Both were sincerely pious, and in after life, Esther, particularly, found religion her only stay and support in the sad trials through which her pathway lay. And, though through the infirmity of human nature, she has been unable to combat with the weaknesses of temper to which we are all subject, even you, my dear Isabella, must have observed, that although sometimes whimsical, she is never ill natured, and always charitable to the faults and failings of others.

When Mary was about nineteen, and Esther two years younger, the former married. Edward Carey was a young man of good family, and steady habits. He lived in New York, and was doing a good mercantile business in that city. The prospects of the young couple were flattering; their ideas of economy and industry promised the continuance of their good success, and their mutual affection was the best guarantee of happiness. Mary brought her husband but little property, but she brought him a warm heart and helping hands. Everything looked brighter than ever to them at the expiration of two years: happy in each other's affection, and in their little Edward, who was the pet and plaything of Esther almost as much as of his parents.

Esther frequently visited Mary in her new home, and it was here that she first met Lawrence Mills, then a lieutenant in the navy. As I cannot romance, I will pass over, my dear Isabella, the interval until Esther became the affianced bride of the handsome lieutenant. Shortly after, he was ordered to sea, and Esther prepared to spend the interval of his absence in her usual employments at home. But her happiness was soon disturbed by the illness of Mary's husband, which at length settled into a consumption, and after lingering for nearly a year, he died in the arms of his wife. His affairs which had been so prosperous during his health, had become sadly deranged during his long illness, and on his death, Mary found herself possessed of a mere pittance. Again she found an asylum in her aunt's house. But this retreat was no longer the scene of happiness of former times. The long illness of her husband had worn out her delicate frame, and his death had completed the blow. She found it necessary to apply closely to her needle for the support

of herself and child. Esther was not backward in aiding her cousin, and by her cheerfulness contributed to restore somewhat the happiness Mary had thought forever fled."

"But mother," said Isabella, "where was Lawrence Mills all this time?"

"He was still absent: you are aware that a cruise generally consists of three or four years absence, and it was now only two years since he had left. Esther had heard from him several times, and these letters were doubly prized through the trials that afterwards passed upon her. The hope of again seeing him supported her through every scene of distress, until hope was too long deferred, and then, indeed, we cannot wonder if life seemed dark and drear."

"And mother, did Esther's mother have to work in her old age?"

"Ah, now I come to the saddest part of my story. While Mrs. Warren had her little cottage, she could live comfortably, without work. Her little garden produced every vegetable she needed, and her other wants were few, so that her little income was sufficient, with frugality, to keep her above want. One night not long after the return of Mary to her old home, the family were awakened by the suffocation of smoke in the room; it was discovered that the floor was on fire, and they had barely time to escape with their lives. Esther caught up the little Edward, then a child of three years, and escaped with difficulty. When they had recovered from the shock the next day, they found themselves houseless, and nearly penniless. They received kindness from their neighbors, but they set immediately to work to help themselves. It was now that the true worth of Esther was shown. As the genuine diamond can be distinguished from the mock, not so much from its capability of reflecting the sunbeams, as from its superior brilliancy in the dark: so true worth is most readily discerned in adversity. The sad events that now followed each other so rapidly, in this hitherto happy family, would induce you, my dear Isabella, to imagine them improbable, did not experience teach us that reality in such cases often surpasses fiction."

"What other misfortunes befell them, mother? Surely their situation was already sufficiently hopeless."

"It was sad, but not hopeless; for they were still happy in each other's affection, and could have been so in a hovel. They

easily found a temporary asylum, among their neighbors, but for two of them it was not long needed. Mrs. Warren, over-fatigued herself at the fire, which together with anxiety of mind, brought on inflammation of the brain, and caused her death very shortly. At the same time, Mary, who had caught a severe cold from exposure, was very ill, and in two months followed her aunt to the grave."

"What did Esther do now, mother, left as she was, without a home, and a little child to support?"

"Ah, that was the grand inducement to exertion. Without wasting time in useless repinings, she exerted to obtain a livelihood. She obtained the use of a small cottage, on easy terms, and here, with her little charge, she prepared to make herself as comfortable as her means would allow. She opened a school which was soon filled, as she was universally respected and beloved, by all who knew her. Lawrence had now been gone more than three years, but for the last year Esther had heard nothing from him. She anxiously looked for his return, and this buoyed her drooping spirits under all misfortunes."

"Did he never return, mother?"

"Yes, my child, he returned, but not to Esther. She who had looked for him so anxiously and confidently, she who in all other trials had placed her hopes on him, was doomed to be disappointed here. Esther had borne misfortune with fortitude; the loss of friends who had been taken by death; but this desertion overcame her. Happily for her she was obliged to exert herself. It required her utmost endeavors to keep herself and nephew from poverty. Besides her school, she applied herself diligently to her needle. Many nights, when Edward was sleeping quietly, unconscious of the efforts of his kind friend, did "old Aunt Esther," as you called her, sit up until midnight, to complete a piece of needlework, in order to purchase some article for her little charge.

Her health at length began to decay. Her bright eye grew dull and languid, her light step was now a slow and measured tread, her form had lost its roundness and graceful symmetry, a stoop had taken the place of the erect carriage of former days, and in short, Esther Warren was no longer handsome."

"But mother, did she never see or hear

from Lawrence Mills?" said Isabella, to whom the idea of his desertion seemed so cruel.

"When Edward was about eight years old, he entered his aunt's room one morning, and found her lying on the floor. He ran for assistance, crying that "Aunt Esther was dead." It was found that she had fainted, and as it was followed by a severe illness, nothing singular was supposed to have occurred. But she had seen the marriage of "Captain Lawrence Mills, United States Navy, to Miss Sarah Martin, of Philadelphia." Strange as it may appear, Esther had never ceased to hope for his return to her, until now. There was nothing definite in her anticipations of reunion, but when this final bar was placed to any such vain hope, the blow came like a thunderbolt. But, my dear Isabella, I am making my story too long."

"But mother, how did Edward become so rich? I am sure I would never have thought Mr. Carey could ever have been so poor."

"He entered a store when quite young, and recommended himself to his employers by his industrious habits and respectful manners. He continued with them after their removal to New-York, and by his industry and frugality, was able to assist his aunt, (for so he still called her,) whose health was now much broken. He became in time, junior partner, and has ever since been getting wealthy. He often speaks of his early life, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to deserving merit struggling with poverty."

"But Aunt Esther is not very amiable, now, mother."

"No, my dear child, misfortune, disappointment and sickness, brought on a premature old age. At an age when most persons are in the prime of life, Aunt Esther was worn out with toil and care. Her temper gradually gave way to the infirmities of her body. There were many who would gladly have married Esther when she was young and pretty, and even when she lost these advantages; but she would never listen to any proposals; her affections had been crushed, never to be restored. She still retained the same pure and disinterested love for her nephew. Through toil and privation, through sickness and sorrow, in every situation and circumstance of life, her affection for him remained fervent and devoted. Can you ask, now, why he puts up

with her oddities? Knowing as he does, the sorrows of her youth, and indebted as he is, to her, can you again wonder that Mr. Carey willingly overlooks all her infirmities of temper, and respects and loves "old Aunt Esther" as if she was indeed, 'the greatest lady in the land.'"

"One more question, mother, and I will ask no more. Did Aunt Esther ever see Lawrence Mills again?"

"Never. A few years after, he died, and his widow is married again."

"Well, mother, I shall always love Aunt Esther better. But I am sure I should never have imagined that she had ever been handsome and gentle; but who knows but I may be just as ugly an old woman. Oh, horrors!" and Isabella ran down stairs laughing at the thought of becoming a wrinkled, gray, and decrepid old woman.

A. S. V. V.

Columbus: O.

THE PIONEER'S DEATH.

THE sun hung like an orb of burnished gold
Above the hills that bound the far-off West,
And clouds were floating on the azure sea
Like fairy islands, from whose balmy shores
The spirits of the bless'd looked kindly down
Upon a world of beauty and of peace.
The winds of June came gently flutt'ring by,
Bearing the perfume of unnumbered flowers,
And fann'd the troubled brow of one who sat,
Divine in beauty and absorbed in thought,
Beside the lattice of her humble home.
Grief's shadow dimmed the sunshine of her eye,
And tears bedewed the crimson of her cheek.
Not then heard she the vesper of the bird,
Nor saw the glory of the western sky,
For woe was at her heart, and it doth fling
Its somber drapery wide o'er the scenes
Which make this earth so fair. She rose, and moved
With sylph-like step unto the bed, where lay
One whom she loved.—Oh, woman! lovelier far,
Far more divine in scenes like this, where death
Is hov'ring o'er his victim, than in halls
Where fashion holds her court—Thou bendest low
Above the sick-man's form, and seemest then
Like some fair minister from brighter worlds
Sent into this to raise the bow of peace
Above the threat'ning clouds of human woe!

Gently she brushed the hoary locks aside,
And bared the brow of him who slumbered there,
Dreaming perhaps of early loves and hopes.
He was an aged man, and on his front
The furrows of long years of care and thought

Were deeply graved. The sufferer oped his eye
And looked most kindly on the maiden's form,
And uttered words of comfort to her heart—
Then threw the sheet aside and showed a bust
Of symmetry and time-defying strength.
His cheek was thin, and from his ashy lip
The words came gurgling forth, like latest drops
From an exhausted spring. "My pulse is weak.
The wide—the boundless—the eternal sea
Is surging up before my dreaming mind;
And on my ear, grown dull to things of earth,
Its sounds are audible. My spirit soon
Shall brave its billows, like a trusty bark,
And seek the shore where shadows never fall.
Oh, I have lived too long! Have I not seen
The suns of four-score summers set in gloom?
Hath not my heart long sepulchred its hopes,
And desolation swept my humble hearth?
All that I prized have passed away, like clouds
Which float a moment on the twilight sky
And fade in night. The brow of her I loved
Is now resplendent in the light of heaven.
They, who flung sunlight on my path in youth,
Have gone before me to the cloudless clime.
I stand alone, like some dim shaft which throws
Its shadow on the desert's waste, while they
Who placed it there are gone—or like the tree
Spared by the axe upon the mountain's cliff,
Whose sap is dull, while it still wears the hue
Of life upon its withered limbs. Of earth
And all its scenes, my heart is weary now.
'T is mine no longer to indulge in what
Gave life its bliss, jewelled the day with joys,
And made my slumbers through the night as sweet
As infant's dreaming on its mother's breast.
The blood is sluggish in each limb, and I
No longer chase the startled deer, or track
The wily fox, or climb the mountain's side.
My eye is dim, and cannot see the stars
Flash in the stream, or view the gathering storm,
Or trace the figures of familiar things
In the light tapestry that decks the sky.
My ear is dull, and winds autumnal pass
And wake no answering chime within my breast:
The songs of birds have lost their whilom spells,
And waterfalls, unrummuring, pass me by.
'T is time that I were not. The tide of life
Bears not an argosy of hope for me,
And its dull waves surge up against my heart,
Like billows 'gainst a rock. The forests wide,
All trackless as proud Hecla's snowy cliffs,
From which, in youth, I drew my inspiration,
Have fallen round me; and the waving fields
Bow to the reaper, where I wildly roamed.
Cities now rise where I pursued the deer;
And dust offends me where, in happier years,
I breathed in vigor from untainted gales.
Nature hath bowed before all-conquering Art—
Hath dropped the reign of empire, which she held

With princely pride, when first I met her here.
 The old familiar things, to which my heart
 Clung with deep fondness, each, and all, are gone;
 And I am like the patriarch who stood
 Forgotten at the altar which he built,
 While crowds rushed by who knew him not, and
 At his simplicity. Oh, let me die! [sneered
 Fling back the curtains—let me look once more
 Upon the day, and sigh my last farewell.
 Ha! thou glad sun, with thee I sink to rest
 Upon the bosom of my mother earth,
 And not a tear shall dim my manly eye,
 And not a sigh shall swell my withered breast.

"Now the glad forms of other years come up,
 Like spirits from the vast abyss of time,
 To bear me to the gates where change comes not.
 Thy hand, my daughter, and now fare-thee-well!"

He ceased. A flutter o'er his features passed,
 And all was silent as the marble there.
 That struggle was his last—and now he lay
 Calm, pale, and fixed in death. A presence, mute
 And all unearthly, lingered there awhile,
 As if his spirit cast a farewell glance
 O'er what it once had loved, before it rose
 On wings of triumph, floating far beyond
 The burning stars that gem the blue of heaven.

T. H. S.

Louisville: Ky.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT,

UPON THE GEOLOGY, BOTANY, MINERALOGY
 AND ZOOLOGY OF THE STATE OF NEW-
 YORK: FEBRUARY 1839.

THE organization of the scientific corps for New-York, differs from that of Ohio, in many respects. There are *four* geologists, for field duty, whose labors are confined to four separate districts, with salaries (including drafts) of 1800 dollars, with one exception. They have power to employ local assistants, at a fair compensation. In addition, there is a botanist, mineralogist, zoologist and paleontologist. The latter subject is an important branch of geology, relating to fossil remains, both animal and vegetable.

In New-York, there is no common head or superintendant, each individual being responsible for his department, or district. The survey appears to be progressing with rapidity, and the results give satisfaction to the legislature, and the people of the state. A faithful representation of this report would fill the present number of our young monthly, and we can, therefore, only touch two or three matters of interest.

Hydraulic lime, an important mineral pro-

duct, is obtained in great abundance, in this state. The counties of Ulster, Monroe, Madison, Montgomery, Herkimer, Onondaga, Orleans and St. Lawrence, furnish the stone from which it is made. Dr. Lewis C. Beck, of the mineralogical and chemical department, says, page 26, "the leading principle involved in the *hardening of these hydraulic compounds*, seems to be that certain earthy substances, especially silica, combined with the lime, and that the silicate is converted into a solid hydrote, by combination with water."

Here are three analyses of specimens; number one from Rondout, on the Delaware and Hudson canal, number two from Chittenango, number three from Manlius.

	1.	2.	3.
Carbonic acid,	34.20	39.33	39.80
Lime,	25.50	25.00	25.24
Magnesia,	12.35	17.83	18.80
Silica,	15.37	11.76	13.50
Alumina,	9.13	2.73	
Oxide of iron,	2.25	1.50	1.25
Bitumen, loss and moisture,	1.20	1.50	1.41
	100.00	100.00	100.00

The gypsum trade of New-York, is estimated at fifty thousand tons per annum. Large quantities of the black oxide of manganese, or *wad*, may be had in Columbia and Dutchess counties.

The department of fossil remains, is entrusted to T. A. Conrad, Esq., whose report is second in order. It contains a section of the rocks, and the imbedded fossils of each member. And here we are tempted to notice the contradictory opinions, in reference to the geological position of the great lime-rock formation of Ohio. Mr. Conrad places the fine-grained sandstone beds of Ohio, at the top of the lower silurian rocks, and consequently our limestone, is equivalent to the calcareous portion of the lower silurian. It is also intimated, page 59, that our lime-rock is composed of two members, the Dudley and the Trenton limestone. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his report to Congress, 1830, says it is the carboniferous, or *mountain* limestone, which is the base of the coal measures in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Belgium. The carboniferous limestone is above, and the Trenton far below the old red sandstone. Of the fossils assigned to the Trenton limestone, the cyathophyllum, ammonite, calymene busa, turba corals, lingula mittella, pentacrine, encrini, straphomena, and others common to our limerock, are *wanting*. In fact the Ohio limestone for-

mation, corresponds better with the Helderberg limerock of Mr. Conrad, than with the Trenton. But the Helderberg is above the Salmon river sandstone, which he says is well developed in Ohio, and *must* therefore correspond to our fine-grained sandstone, and this is with us *above* the lime-rock. By considering the Helderberg limestone of New-York, as the upper member, and the Trenton as the lower member, of the Ohio lime-rock a striking similarity of fossils is observed. As yet the cyathophylla has not to our knowledge been seen in our blue limestone as low as Cincinnati, which is about 1,000 feet down in the lime-rock, nor has the statulus of the lower member, been discovered in the upper strata. The entire thickness of the limestone, is no where seen in Ohio, and therefore we know little or nothing of the rocks beneath. The fossils correspond closely with those of the "wenlock limestones and shales" of the silurian system, embracing at the same time many of those assigned to the "Ilandeilo flags," the "Caradoc beds" and the "Ludlow rocks," comprising the entire silurian. At the same time it has the "cheaty" stratum of the mountain limestone. If we strike out all between the bottom of the lower silurian, and the second member of the medial, as given for New-York, bringing number two and seven of Mr. Conrad's section together, as the reliquæ would indicate, we must look for the equivalent of our fine-grained sandstone, either in his Helderberg and Brochiopadreus sandstone, or in the upper olive sandstone, and the mountain limestone will be wanting. By such a disposal of strata, the conglomerate is the first rock of the carboniferous group of Ohio. In the second report of the geology of Ohio, page 106, Mr. Foster unhesitatingly gives the name of mountain limestone to the rock underlying our shale. There are according to Dr. Locke, Professor Riddell and Professor Briggs, two distinct members of this rock, the blue, or lower, and the buff, each of which may be subdivided into strata. Dr. Locke and Professor Briggs, do not, as we have seen, commit themselves upon the geological position of this deposit. It is an important question, which we hope will ere long be fully investigated. If it is mountain limestone, where is the underlying old red sandstone, and the whole silurian system? where shall we refer the fine-grained sandstone, and slate formation? On the other

hand, the cheaty layer of this Ohio rock, does not seem to belong to any part of the silurian; and the orthocera of the mountain limestone, and those of the upper limerock of this state seem to be *identical*.

Having departed from our intention of giving a brief statement of the New-York report, but few words can be added. Mr. Mather, in his report upon the first or Hudson river district, gives the following list of the rocks of New-York, Westchester, and Putnam counties: granite, gneiss, mica-slate, quartz-rock, Talcose-slate, limestone, sienite, serpentine, steatite, aagite-rock, queenstone. The bricks manufactured in those counties, are estimated at forty-two millions nine hundred thousand, at five dollars fifty cents per thousand. He examined many of the old shafts sunk along the banks of the Hudson in early times, in search of silver, without finding any traces of that metal. These are the works of that age when it was supposed America was filled with gold, silver, and precious stones. There is, also, a report upon Rockland and Orange counties, in the latter of which, Mr. W. Horton was engaged as assistant, and makes a separate report. The iron ores of the river counties appear to be exhaustless, but not very easily worked. The report dispels all the visions of copper, silver, and gold, that have so long occupied the minds of the inhabitants of that region. Professor E. Emmans reports upon the rich mineral district of the northeast. Mr. Vamoxena of the central, and James Hall, Esquire, of the western or fourth geological division of the state. Instruction and amusement can be drawn largely from all of the reports here noticed; but a great space would be necessary to transfer even the leading matter to our columns,

THE FALLEN TREE.

JARED, the son of Jesse, was reflecting upon the vicissitudes of human life and the versatility of human actions; he was ruminating on the changes in the tastes of men, and the transitory nature of all sublunary enjoyments. He had collected the different periods of life together, and again distributed them into those natural divisions which take place in the seasons of the year. As he walked forth from his tent, he beheld an oak, that had braved the tempests of an hundred winters, standing erect, in the ma-

jesty and grandeur of its strength, spreading its mighty arms, as if to grasp the heavens, and would have deemed it immortal—had he not stood upon a little knoll of earth, which had been thrown up by the falling of a tree: he began to soliloquize.

"This oak is not immortal, for behold, here is where its fellow once stood. *Its* mighty trunk was many years ago precipitated from the summit of this little eminence, with the resounding crash of the earthquake. It laid here for half a century together, gradually decomposing from the alternations of wind and of rain, of sunshine and of shade, until it has finally disappeared, saving this brown and lengthened mark, which it has left upon the surface of the ground. It is true, it once was erect as its mighty neighbor. Its shade was as refreshing and its leaves as green. The birds chirped as merrily and sung as melodiously in its branches, and the squirrel leaped as often and as actively upon it, from limb to limb, and from spray to spray. But it has now left nothing but this sad relic of itself behind it; its strength and its umbrage, its verdure and its beauty are fled, never to return. But what shall be said of man, possessing 'almost the talents of an angel?' Shall he decay like the oak, and wither like the tender bark? Shall he moulder like the massive trunk, and disappear as its mighty branches? Shall all the troubles of his breast pass unregarded by his Maker, and shall all his hopes shrivel as the leaf and disappear as the shade? Shall the early joys of life pass away as the sweet spring music of the birds, and shall naught be heard in the evening of his days, but the sighing of the winds and the cooing of the dove? Yes, said he, this is the fate of man. Poor man, is worse off than the insensate tree, for he has a love of life and a hope of a futurity, and yet he has not the firmness of the oak, to resist the hurricane of life or sustain those 'storms of sorrow,' that fall ponderously upon him, but is agitated with every gale and bends with every breeze. In youth he has a nature that prompts him to expect more from human life than it is calculated to afford, till stung with disappointment and discouraged from defeat, he at length overlooks the few little delights that belong to life, and sinks into the vale of sorrow and the gloom of desperation."

He turned himself from this scene of decay and walked sad and solitary to his gloomy

abode. Again he engaged in the cares of life. He plowed his fields and scattered seed upon the ground. As he threw his scythe into the grass he could scarce help lamenting the destruction of the verdant beauties, occasioned by the sweep of his hand. The meadow with all its array of virent grass and multifarious flowers, was in a few days so seared with the sun, and winnowed with the breeze, that he was again inspired with the deepest despair, and the most profound melancholy. Again he retired to his home. In a few weeks, he returned to the meadow where he had lately been so despondent. Fresh verdure had covered its surface; a new tribe of flowers had sprung from the roots of the stalks he had extirpated. The stream that wound through the meadow, covered when he left it with green slime, and almost exhausted from long-continued drought, was now replenished and purified from recent rains, and glided peacefully along, glittering in the sun, and the lark was twittering around it in the meadow.

Day succeeded day, night followed night, and year rolled on after year, in their usual succession. One beautiful midsummer day, Jared strolled into the woods, where full twenty years before he had taken his solitary walk. He came to the place where he had seen the mark of the fallen tree. To his surprise a beautiful young tree stood in all the vigor of maturity, where the old one had decayed. The birds sung sweetly in its boughs, and it spread a wide and refreshing shade over his head. The breezes at the point where the sunshine and the shade united, were exhilarating to his spirits, and his long and dreary spell of melancholy was dispersed, as the clouds pass away after a long continued rain. He called to mind the thoughts that had engrossed his attention, when many years before he had stood upon that spot. He now ruminated on the prospect of the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul, as illustrated by the returning bloom of the meadow, and the reappearance of the tree.

"Awhile we flourish," said he, "like the cedars of Lebanon. We spring up to maturity as the tall pine of the mountain. Our course is upward like that of the bird of heaven, and we seem to dwell among the stars. But the tempest comes. Limb after limb, is dashed from the tree, as the 'curls of beauty' fall from the head of man, until,

at last beset on every side, he falls and is gathered to the tombs of his ancestors, to sleep till the morning of the resurrection. But from his dust he shall arise as the tree from its ruins, or the phoenix from its ashes, and bloom in youth, in health, and in unfading beauty, beyond the precincts of mortality. It may be that his body may slumber in the dust and mingle with its mother earth, year after year, and age after age. But a period shall arrive when it shall resume more than its former erectness and beauty, and triumph forever, over the ruins of time."

J. M. F.

Zanesville: Ohio.

THE BETROTHAL.

I.

It was a bright and glorious summer eve,
And the rich gems of heaven were thick and fair;
The clear blue sky you might almost believe
All gently melting into liquid air,—
A lambent ether, "beautifully blue,"
Pure as the morn's first flower-bespangling dew!

II.

Night's witching queen, upon the joyous earth,
Poured down her pearly livery of light;
And nature seemed, as 't were for very mirth,
To dance and revel in the moonbeams bright:
Above, beneath, around, all seemed to say,
"T was fair Creation's blithest holiday.

III.

"T was one of those bewitching nights that seem
Just made for love; and on the balmy air
Floated low murmurings, that you might deem
Sweet spirit-voices gently whispering there;
As if in that eve's holy solitude,
A thousand fays their blushing partners woo'd.

IV.

"T was such a night as poets ever love;
And such as love-sick rhymesters choose, "their eyes
In a fine frenzy rolling," forth to rove,
And vent their souls in moon-struck rhapsodies:
Moonshine and love, you may depend upon it,
Have given birth to many a moon-struck sonnet!

V.

It was, I say, on such a night as this,
That once two gentle lovers wandered forth,
With hearts were all attuned unto the bliss
A night so fair and lovely might give birth:
For love, like moonshine, (and both go together,)
Is much the brightest when 't is pleasant weather.

VI.

Young were they both, and one was passing fair;
And each, beloved, of love made rich return;
Though he had never ventured to declare,
As yet, that love "in words that breathe and burn."
But stood he now resolved, that this fair night
Should either "make him, or undo him quite!"

VII.

O'er gentle hill and flowery vale they strayed;
With converse sweet the moments they beguile;
Yet not to speak of love had he assayed,
Though in his thoughts 't was uppermost the while;
Thoughts with ("par excellence") THE question rife,
That Herculean labor of man's life!

VIII.

For somehow, of his speech he seemed debarr'd,
When to give utterance to his love he tried.
I 'm sure I know not why he found it hard,
So gentle was the being at his side,
That, angel as she was, I greatly doubt,
Her taking offence if he had spoken out.

IX.

Fain had he told his love, but words came none:
So, finding speech was not at his command,
He did, the next best thing that could be done,
That is—within his own, her gentle hand
He took,—she blushed, but yet withdrew it not;
Perhaps she thought—no matter what she thought!

X.

"T is a sweet thing to clasp the hand of her
You love—I 've tried it,—reader, did you ever?
"T is next to kissing it, I do aver,
(Nay, then, I pity you, if you have never!)
And that 's the sweetest thing I ever tried,
Save kissing lips, but then they 're near allied!

XI.

But, as I said, her lovely hand he took—
It was a lovely hand, as I avouch;
If you would know just what 't was like, pray look
At fair Miss Such-an-one's, you love so much,
Who has, you think, though sooth you scarce know why,
The prettiest hand in the world, as well as eye!

XII.

And then he looked into her soft blue eyes—
What he saw there I never could suspect,
And it has always filled me with surprise,
When I upon the circumstance reflect:
I 've gazed upon fair eyes till mine grew dim,
Yet never moved they me as hers did him.

XIII.

I strongly am inclined to think, however,
Her eyes—fond tell-tales we may not control!
Gave back to his that glance of love, that never
Beams but for one, the chosen of the soul!
Though all in those sweet eyes he might see hid
I know not. I can state but what he did:

XIV.

He gazed one moment in excess of bliss;
Breathed her loved name in low and gentle tone;
Impressed on her fair brow one burning kiss,
And each was plighted unto each alone!
Oh! what were words and vows of common art
To theirs—the deep BETROTHAL OF THE HEART!

L. J. C.

Cincinnati: O.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

EARLY FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

FROM the interesting volumes of Mr. EDWARD FLAGE, of Louisville, entitled "The Far West, or a Tour Beyond the Mountains," we are enabled to follow up Mr. PERKINS's excellent paper on early French discovery in the Mississippi Valley, with some account of the forts and villages founded by the Chevalier La Salle and his companions, and settled and permanently occupied by their successors. The extent and localities of the cordon of French posts, intended to reach from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, are well known. Those points which, under the immediate successors of La Salle and his fellow-explorers, assumed somewhat the character of villages, were some twelve or fifteen in number, situated principally on the Mississippi, Illinois, and Wabash rivers. The most prominent of them were Kaskaskia, Fort Chartres, Cahokia, Prairie du Rocher, St. Charles, and St. Vincents; and of the past history and present condition of all these, but the last two, some very interesting particulars are given in the following gleanings from Mr. FLAGE's volumes.—HESPERIAN.

KASKASKIA.

IN a country like our own, where everything is fresh and recent, and where nothing has yet been swept by the mellowing touch of departed time, any object which can lay but the most indifferent claim to antiquity fails not to be hailed with delighted attention. "You have," say they of the other hemisphere, "no ivy-mantled towers; no moss-grown, castellated ruins; no dungeon-keeps rearing in dark sublimity their massive walls and age-bleached battlements; nothing to span the mighty chasm of by-gone years, and to lead down the fancy into the shadowy realms of the past; and, therefore, your country is steril in moral interest." Now, though this *corollary* is undoubtedly false, I yet believe the proposition

in the main to be *true*: especially is this the case with regard to that region which lies west of the Alleghany range. Little as there may be in the elder sections of our Atlantic states to demand veneration for the past, no sooner does the traveler find himself gliding along the silvery wave of the "beautiful river," than at the same moment he finds himself forsaking all that the fairy creations of genius have ever consecrated, or the roll of the historian chronicled for coming time. All is *new*. The very soil on which he treads, fertile beyond comparison, and festering beneath the undisturbed vegetation of centuries; the rolling forests, bright, luxuriant, gorgeous as on the dawn of creation; the endless streams pouring onward in their fresh magnificence to the ocean, all seem new. The inhabitants are emigrants late from other lands, and every operation of human skill on which the eye may rest betrays a recent origin. There is but a single exception to these remarks: those mysterious monuments of a race whom we know not of!

In consideration, therefore, of the circumstance that antiquities in this blessed land of ours are, indeed, very few and far between, I deem it the serious duty of every traveler, be he virtuoso or be he not, whenever once so happy as to lay his grasp upon an antique "in any form, in any shape," just to hold fast to the best of his ability! Such, reader, be it known, was my own praiseworthy determination when drawing nigh to the eastern shore of the stream opposite to the ancient French village Kaskaskia. The sun was going down, and as I approached the sandy edge of the sea-green water, a gay bevy of young folks were whirling the long, narrow, skiff-like ferry-boat like a bird across the stream, by means of a hawser to which it was attached, and which extended from shore to shore. In my own turn I stepped into the boat, and in a few moments the old French negro had forced it half across the river, at this spot about three or four hundred yards in width. For one who has ever visited Kaskaskia in

the last beautiful days of summer, a pen like my own need hardly be employed to delineate the loveliness of the scene which now opened upon the view. For miles the gleamy surface of the gentle Kaskaskia might be seen retreating from the eye, till lost at length in its windings through the forests of its banks, resting their deep shadows on the stream in all the calm magnificence of inanimate nature. The shore I was leaving swelled gracefully up from the water's edge, clothed in forests until it reached the bluffs, which towered abrupt and loftily; while here and there along the landscape the low roof of a log cabin could be caught peeping forth from the dark shrubbery. The bank of the stream I was approaching presented an aspect entirely the reverse; less lovely, but more picturesque. A low sandy beach stretched itself more than a mile along the river, destitute of trees, and rounding itself gently away into a broad green plain. Upon this plain, a portion of the American Bottom, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the water, is situated all that now remains of "old Kaskaskia." From the center rises a tall Gothic spire, hoary with time, surmounted by an iron cross; and around this nucleus are clustered irregularly, at various intervals, the heavy-roofed, time-stained cottages of the French inhabitants. These houses are usually like those of the West Indian planters, but a single story in height, and the surface which they occupy is, of course, in the larger class, proportionably increased. They are constructed, some of rough limestone, some of timber, framed in every variety of position: horizontal, perpendicular, oblique, or all united; thus retaining their shape till they rot to the ground, with the interstices stuffed with the fragments of stone, and the external surface stuccoed with mortar; others, a few only, are framed, boarded, etc., in modern style. Nearly all have galleries in front, some of them spacious, running around the whole building, and all have garden-plats enclosed by stone walls or stockades. Some of these curious-looking structures are old, having bided the storm-winds of more than a century. It is this circumstance which throws over the place that antiquated, venerable aspect to which I have alluded, and which equally applies to all the other villages of this peculiar people I have yet spoken of. The city of Philadelphia and this neglected village of Kaskaskia are,

as regards age, the same to a year; but while every object which, in the one, meets the eye, looks fresh as if but yesterday touched by the last chiselling of the architect, in the latter the thoughts are carried back at least to Noah's ark! Two centuries have rolled by since the "city of the Pilgrims" ceased to be a "cornfield;" but where will you now look for a solitary relic of that olden time? "State-street," the scene where American blood was first poured out by British soldiery; "Old Cornhill;" the site of the "Liberty-tree;" and the wharf from which the tea was poured into the dock, are indeed pointed out to you as spots memorable in the history of the "Leaguer of Boston;" and yonder frowns the proud height of Bunker's Hill; *there* lay the British battle-ships, and *there* was "burning Charlestown;" but, with almost the solitary exception of the "Old South" Church, with the cannon-ball imbedded in its tower, where shall we look for an *object* around which our associations may cluster? This is not the case with these old villages. A century has looked down upon the same objects, in the same situations and under the same relations, with a change scarcely appreciable. Yon aged church-tower has thrown its venerable shadow alike over the Indian *corn-dance*, the rude *cotillon* of the French villager, the Spanish *fandango*, the Virginia *reel*, and the Yankee *frolic*. Thus, then, when I speak of these places with reference to antiquity, I refer not so much to the actual lapse of years as to the present aspect and age of the individual objects. In this view there are few spots in our country which may lay more undisputed claim to antiquity than these early French settlements in the Western Valley.

There is one feature of these little villages to which I have not at this time alluded, but which is equally amusing and characteristic, and which never fails to arrest the stranger's observation. I refer to the narrowness of those avenues *intended* for streets. It is no very strange thing that in aged Paris structure should be piled upon structure on either side even to the clouds, while hardly a foot-path exists between; but that in this vast Western world a custom, in all respects the same, should have prevailed, surpasseth understanding. This must have resulted not surely from the lack of *elbow-room*, but from the marvellous sociability of the race, or from that attachment to the customs of their

own fatherland which the Frenchman ever betrays. * * *

It was through one of these long, narrow, lane-like streets to which I have alluded, and, withal, a most unconscionably filthy one, that I rode from the landing of the ferry to the inn. The low-roofed, broad-galleried cottages on either side seemed well stocked with a race of dark-eyed, dark-haired, swarthy-looking people, all, from the least unto the tallest, luxuriating in the mellow atmosphere of evening; all, as if by the same right, staring most uncereemoniously at the stranger; and all apparently summing up, but in the uncouthest style imaginable, their divers surmises respecting his country, lineage, occupation, etc., etc. The forms and features of these French villagers are perfectly unique, at least in our country, and one can hardly fail distinguishing them at first sight, even among a crowd, once having seen them. Their peculiarities are far more striking than those of our German or Irish population. A few well-dressed, genteel gentlemen were lounging about the piazza of the inn as I drew nigh, and a polite landlord, courteously pressed forward, held the stirrup of the traveler, and requested him to alight. Something of a contrast, this, to the attention of a stranger usually is blessed with from not more than nine-tenths of the worthy publicans of Illinois. Alas! for the aristocracy of the nineteenth century! But *n'importe*. With the easy air of gentility and taste which seemed to pervade the inn at Kaskaskia in all its departments, few could have failed to be pleased. For myself, I was also surprised. Everything about the establishment was in the French style, and here was spread the handsomest *table d'hôte* it has been my fortune to witness in Illinois.

The moon was pouring gloriously down in misty mellowness upon the low-roofed tenements of this antiquated village, when, leaving my chamber, I stepped from the inn for a leisure stroll through its streets and lanes. Passing the gray old church, bathed in the dim, melting moonlight of a summer night, such as for more than a century had smiled upon its consecrated walls as one year had chased away another; the next considerable structure which arrested my attention was a huge, ungainly edifice of brick, like Joseph's coat, of many colors, forsooth, and, withal, sadly ruinous as regards the item of windows. This latter circumstance,

aside from every other, agreeable to all observed precedent, would have notified me of the fact that this was neither more nor less than a western courthouse. Continuing my careless ramble among the cottages, I passed several whose piazzas were thronged with young people; and at intervals from the midst rang out, on the mild evening air, the gay, fresh laugh, and the sweet, soft tones of woman. A stately structure of stone, buried in foliage, next stood beside me, and from its open doors and windows issued the tumultuous melody of the piano. A few steps, and the innocent merriment of two young girls hanging upon a gentleman's arms struck my ear. They passed me. Both were young; and one, a gazelle-eyed brunette, in the pale moonlight, was beautiful. The blithe creatures were full of frolic and fun, and the light Gallic tongue seemed strangely musical from those bright lips. * * *

The extent of the territory of Kaskaskia was originally very great, stretching from the Kaskaskia river to the Mississippi, a breadth of about two miles, and comprising the area from the confluence of the streams, seven miles below, to the present site of the place. The tract below the town is incalculably fertile, abounding in the plum, the persimmon, the cherry, the delicate *pecan*, the hickory, and the hazel-nut; and for the most part was comprised in one vast "common field," over which herds of wild horses, introduced by the emigrants, long roamed in undisturbed possession. This common, consisting of seven thousand acres, was granted to "Kaskaskia and inhabitants for ever" by Vaudreuil, governor of the Province of Louisiana, as early as 1743. In this arrangement we observe a striking feature in the policy both of the French and Spanish governments, in their early settlements on the Mississippi. The items of door-yards, gardens, stable-yards, etc., and of settling colonies in the compact form of towns and villages, as a protection from the savages and to promote social intercourse, were all matters of special requisition and enactment; while to each settlement was granted two tracts of land for "*common fields*" and "*commons*." This distinction was not, however, invariably observed. The former consisted of several hundred acres conveniently divided among the individual families, and the whole enclosed by the labor of all the villagers in common. If the

enclosure opposite any plat was suffered to become ruinous, the right to the common was forfeited by the offending individual. The seasons, also, for ploughing, sowing, reaping, etc., were by public ordinance simultaneous: yet with these restrictions, each individual, so long as he complied with the necessary regulations, possessed his lot in *franc allieu*: fee simple, subject to sale and transfer. The "*common*" was a far more extended tract, embracing in some instances several thousand acres without enclosure, and reserved for the purpose of wood and pasturage. Here there was no grant of severality, and no individual portion could be appropriated without the special and unanimous consent of the whole village. To the indigent who came to settle among them, and to young married pairs, donations from this tract were often made by the villagers, and, if conveniently situated, might subsequently become a portion of the "*common field*." That such an arrangement, under all the circumstances of the period when instituted, and with such a people as the early French settlers, was the best that could have been made, no one can doubt. But how such a regulation would suit a race of enterprising Yankees, fidgeting eternally for improvements, or a squad of long-sided Kentuckians, grumbling about elbow-room, is problematical.

The proceedings of our national government towards these ancient villages have been characterized by generosity, whatever may be said of the conduct of individuals. In 1788, an extensive tract lying along the Mississippi was by act of Congress granted to the French inhabitants east of that river; and to those of Kaskaskia was secured, for a common field twenty thousand acres. It is under direction of the trustees of the town by provision of the state legislature.

Unlike the policy of all other Europeans who have planted themselves upon the Western continent, that of the French emigrants towards the aborigines, with the exception of the extermination of the Natchez in the South, has invariably been conciliatory, peaceable, and friendly. This has been the effect rather of debasing themselves than of elevating the natives. Surrounded by everything which could fascinate the eye or delight the fancy, we find these inoffensive foreigners, therefore, unlike the English settlers along the Atlantic and in the elder Western states, at peace with all their sav-

age neighbors; unambitious, contented, and happy, increasing and flourishing; and in a few years, they tell us, Kaskaskia, "the terrestrial paradise," numbered a population of eight thousand souls!* Blessed with a soil of boundless fertility, and prolific in all Nature's luxurious stores to a degree of which less-favored climes can form no conception: subsisting solely by culture of the little homesteads around their own thresholds, by hunting the wild denizens of their noble forests, or angling upon the calm bosom of their beautiful stream: simple-hearted and peaceful, almost without the terms of law, gently ruled by the restraints of a religion they venerated and a priesthood they loved: without commerce, the arts, or the elegancies of life; a thousand miles from a community of civilized men; from year to year they went on, and from generation to generation they flourished, until, in that of our own age and our own day, they are found still treading in the steps which their fathers trod! So long as the peaceful French villager retained the beautiful land of his adoption in undisputed possession, all was flourishing and prosperous. A little more than half a century from its origin, Kaskaskia was the capital of Illinois; and on the visit of Charlevoix in 1721, a monastery and Jesuit college was in successful operation, the ruins of the edifice remaining extant even to the present day. This institution was successful in converting a number of the aborigines to its peculiar tenets, and at one period is said to have "embraced twenty-five hundred catechumens!!" A most preposterous assertion, most assuredly. * * *

A century, and the whole region was ceded to England, thence to our own government in 1783, and now old Kaskaskia is but the wreck of its former prosperity. It makes one almost sad to wander about among these ruinous, deserted habitations, venerable with departed years, and reflect that once they were thronged with population, the seat of hospitality, and the home of kindly feeling. The quiet villagers have been not a little annoyed by the steady and rapid influx of immigration on every side of them, dissimilar in customs, language, religion, and temperament, while the bustling enterprise has fretted and displeased them. Long accustomed, also, to the arbitrary but parental

* Doubtless an exaggeration.

authority of their military commandants and priesthood, they deemed the introduction of the common law among them exceedingly burdensome, and the duties of a citizen of a republic, of which we are so proud, intolerable drudgery. Many, therefore, of the wealthy and respectable, on cession of their territory to our government, removed to Louisiana, where civil law yet bears sway; others crossed the river and established St. Genevieve and St. Louis; while the foreigners returning to the lands from which they had emigrated, few but natives of the country remained behind. The ordinance of 1787, prohibiting involuntary servitude in the region then called the North-western Territory, induced many who were desirous of preserving their blacks to remove to the new villages west of the Mississippi, then under Spanish rule. From these and a variety of similar causes, this peaceful, kind-hearted people have within the last thirty years been more than once disturbed in the dwellings of their fathers.

Few things are more difficult, and, consequently, more rarely met, than correct portraiture of character, whether of the individual or of community. It is easy enough, indeed, to trace out the prominent outlines in the picture: and with a degree of accuracy which shall render it easily recognised, while yet the more delicate shading and lighting is false; just as the artist may have transferred every feature in exact form, size, and proportion to his canvass, while the expression thrown over the whole may be incorrect. This has more than once been the case in descriptions hastily drawn of that singular being, *the French villager of the Mississippi*. One distinguished writer has given an absolute caricature of the race. My own design has been, therefore, merely to throw before the reader those characteristic traits which not even the most careless observer could have failed to detect.

Though betraying but little of that fiery restlessness which distinguishes the Parisian, these men are yet Frenchmen in more respects than mere origin. In their ordinary deportment we view, indeed, rather the calm gravity, the saturnine severity of the Spaniard; and yet in their *fetes* and amusements, which were formerly far more frequent than at present, they exhibit all the gayety of the native of La Belle France. The calm, quiet tenor of their lives presenting but few objects for enterprise, none for

the strivings of ambition, and but little occasion of any kind to elicit the loftier energies of our nature, has imparted to their character, their feelings, their manners, to the very language they speak, a languid softness strongly contrasted by the unquiet restlessness of the emigrant who is succeeding them. Hospitality was formerly, with them, hardly a virtue; it was a matter of course, arising from their peculiarity of situation; and the swinging sign of the tavern is a recent usurpation. The statute-book, the judiciary, courts of law, and the penitentiary, were things little recognized among these simple-hearted people; for where the inequalities of life were unknown, what was the inducement to crime demanding this enginery of punishment? Learning and science, too, were terms scarcely comprehended, their technicalities not at all; for schools were few, and *learned men* still more so; and thus reading, writing, and ciphering are, and ever have been, the acme of scholastic proficiency with the French villager. How many of the honest fellows can do even this, is not for me to estimate. As to politics and the *affairs of the nation*, which their countrymen on the other side of the water ever seem to think no inconsiderable object of their being, they are too tame, and too lazy, and too quiet to think of the subject. Indeed, the worthy villagers very wisely look upon "earthly dignities" and the like much with the stoicism of Cardinal Woolsey in disgrace,

"Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven."

The virtues of these people are said to be many: punctuality and honesty in their dealings; politeness and hospitality to strangers; though it must be confessed, the manifold impositions practiced upon their simplicity of late years has tended to substitute for the latter virtue not a little of coolness and distrust. There is much friendship and warmth of feeling between neighbors and kindred, and the women make affectionate wives, though by no means prone to consider themselves in the light of goods and chattels of their liege-lords, as is not unfrequently the case in more enlightened communities. Indeed, as touching this matter, the Mississippi French villager invariably reverses the sage maxim of the poet,

"In things of moment on yourself depend;"

for he never presumes to depend upon any

one but his faithful helpmate, whether things are of moment or not. As to religious faith, all are Catholics; and formerly, more than of late years, were punctilious in observance of the ceremony and discipline of their church, permitting but few festivals of the calendar to pass unobserved. Their wealth consisted chiefly of personal property, slaves, merchandise, etc.; land being deemed an item of secondary consideration, while lead and peltry constituted the ordinary circulating medium. Rent for houses was a thing hardly known. All this changed long ago, of course; and while real estate has augmented in value many hundred per cent., personal property has somewhat proportionably depreciated.

In the ordinary avocations of the villagers, there is but little variety or distinction even at the present day, and formerly this uniformity of pursuit was yet more observable. The wealthier and more enterprising *hobbitans* were traders, often with peculiar and exclusive privileges; and they kept a heterogeneous stock of goods in the largest room of their dwelling houses, by way of being merchants. There are but few who practice the mechanic arts for a livelihood: carpenters, smiths, tailors, shoemakers, etc., as *artisans*, were formerly almost unknown, and there is now in this respect but little change. Now, as then, the mass of the population are agriculturists, while many of the young and enterprising men embrace with pride, as offering a broad field for emulation, the occupations of boatmen, traders to the Rocky Mountains, in the vicinity of which most of their lives are passed, *engages* of the American Fur Company, or hunters and trappers upon the prairies. The bold recklessness of this class has long been notorious.

The *idiom* of these villages, though by no means as pure as it might be, is yet much more so, all things considered, than could be expected. It requires no very close observation or proficiency in the language to detect a difference, especially in pronunciation from the European French. There is not that nervous, animated *brilliance* of dialect which distinguishes the latter; and the nasal, lengthened, drawling sound of words, gives their conversation a languid, though by no means a disagreeable movement. It is said to be more soft and euphonic than the vernacular, though very different from the Creole dialect of the West India Islands.

There are some provincialisms, and some words which a century ago might have been recognised in some provinces of France, though not now.

As to the item of *costume*, it is still somewhat unique, though formerly, we are told, much more so; that of the men was a coarse blanket-coat, with a cap attached behind in lieu of a cape; and which, from the circumstance of drawing over the head, gave the garment the name of *capote*. Around the head was wreathed a blue handkerchief in place of a hat, and on the feet moccasins instead of shoes and stockings. All this, however, has pretty generally given place to the American garb, though some of the very aged villagers may be seen in their ancient habiliments, the *capote*, moccasins, blue handkerchief on the head, and an endless queue lengthened out behind. Their chief *amusement* ever has been, and, probably, ever will be, the *DANCE*, in which all, even from the least to the greatest, bond and free, unite. Their *slaves* are treated well, if we may judge from appearances; for nowhere in the West have I seen a sleeker, fleshier, happier-looking set of mortals than the blacks of these old villages.

Previous to the cession of Louisiana to our government, the *Laws* of Spain were pretty generally in force throughout the province, so far as related to municipal arrangement and real estate, while the common law of France, *Coutume de Paris*, governed all contracts of a social nature, modified by and interwoven with the customs of the people. Each district had its commandant, and each village its syndic, besides judges in civil affairs for the province, and the officers of the *militia*, a small body of which was stationed in every district, though too inconsiderable to afford much protection to the inhabitants. These rulers were appointed by the governor at New Orleans, to whom there was an appeal; and the lieutenant-governor, who resided at St. Louis, was the commander of the troops. Thus the government was a mixture of civil and military; and, though arbitrary to the last degree, yet we are told the rod of domination was so slight as scarcely to be felt.* However this may be, it is pretty certain they did not well relish at first the change in the administration of justice when

* Breckenridge: to whom the author is indebted for other facts relative to these early settlements.

they came under the jurisdiction of our laws. The delay and uncertainty attendant on trial by jury, and the multifarious technicalities of our jurisprudence, they could not well comprehend, either as to import, importance, or utility; and it is not strange they should have preferred the prompt despatch of arbitrary power. Nor is the modern administration of justice the *only* change with which the simple-hearted villager is dissatisfied. On every side of him *improvement*, the watchword of the age, is incessantly ringing in his ears; and if there be one word in our vocabulary he abhors more than all others, it is this same: and, reader, there is much wisdom in his folly. In 1811 the invention of Fulton's mighty genius was first beheld walking upon the Western waters; and from that hour "the occupation" of the daring, reckless, chivalrous French voyageur "was gone." Again the spirit of improvement declared that the venerable old cottage, gray with a century's years, must give place to the style and material of a modern date; and lo! the aged dwelling where his fathers lived, and where his eyes opened on the light, is swept away, and its very site is known no more. And then the streets and thoroughfares where his boyhood has frolicked, as the village increases to a city, must be widened, and straightened, and paved, and all for no earthly reason, to his comprehension, but to prevent familiar chat with his opposite neighbor, when sitting on his balcony of a long summer night, and to wear out his poor pony's unshodden hoofs! It is very true that their landed property, where they have managed to retain it from the iron grasp of speculation, has increased in value almost beyond calculation by the change; but they now refuse to profit by selling. Merchandise, the comforts and luxuries of life, have become cheaper and more easily obtained, and the reward of industrious enterprise is greater. But what is all this to men of their peculiar habits and feelings? Once they were far better contented, even in comparative poverty. There was then a harmony, and cordiality, and unanimity of feeling prevailing their society which it can never know again. They were as one family in every village; nearly all were connected either by ties of affinity, consanguinity, propinquity, or friendship: distinction of rank or wealth was little known, and individuals of every class were dressed alike, and met upon equal and fa-

miliar footing in the same ballroom. It is needless to say, that now "*Nous avons change tout cela.*"

As to the poorer class of these villagers, it is more than doubtful whether they have *at all* been benefited by the changes of the past twenty years. We must not forget that, as a race, they are peculiar in character, habits, and feeling; and so utterly distinct from ourselves, that they can with hardly more facility associate in customs with us than can our red brother of the prairie. Formerly the poorest, and the laziest, and the most reckless class was fearless of want or beggary; but now a more enterprising race has seized upon the lands with which they have imprudently parted, perhaps with little remuneration, and they find themselves abridged in many of their former immunities. Their cattle may no longer range at will, nor have they the liberty of appropriating wood for fuel wherever it seemeth good. It cannot be denied, that many a one gains now a precarious subsistence, where formerly he would have lived in comfort. Nearly every one possesses a little cart, two or three diminutive ponies, a few cattle, a cottage, and garden. But in agriculture, the superior industry of the new immigrant can afford them for lease-rent double the result of their toil, while as draymen, laborers, or workmen of any kind, it is not difficult for foreigners to surpass them. In a few years the steamer will have driven the keel-boat from the Western waters, and with it the *voyageur*, the *patron*, and the *courier du bois*; but the occupation of the hunter, trapper, and *engage*, in which the French villager can never be excelled, must continue so long as the American Fur Company find it profitable to deal in buffalo robes, or enterprising men think proper to go to Santa Fé for gold-dust. Nor will the farmer, however lazy, lose the reward of his labor so long as the market of St. Louis is as little overstocked as at present. Nathless, it is pretty certain "*times ain't now as they used to was*" to the French villager, all this to the contrary notwithstanding.

The aged Catholic church at Kaskaskia, among other relics of the olden time, is well worthy a stranger's visit. It was erected more than a century since upon the ruins of a former structure of similar character, but is still in decent condition, and the only church in the place. It is a huge old pile, extremely awkward and ungainly, with its

projecting eaves, its walls of hewn timber perpendicularly planted, and the interstices stuffed with mortar, with its quaint, old-fashioned spire, and its dark, storm-beaten casements. The interior of the edifice is somewhat imposing, notwithstanding the sombre hue of its walls; these are rudely plastered with lime, and decorated with a few dingy paintings. The floor is of loose, rough boards, and the ceiling arched with oaken panels. The altar and the lamp suspended above are very antique, I was informed by the officiating priest, having been used in the former church. The lamp is a singular specimen of superstition illustrated by the arts. But the structure of the roof is the most remarkable feature of this venerable edifice. This I discovered in a visit to the belfry of the tower, accomplished at no little expenditure of sinew and muscle, for stairs are an appliance quite unknown to this primitive building. There are frames of two distinct roofs, of massive workmanship, neatly united, comprising a vast number of rafters, buttresses, and braces, crossing each other at every angle, and so ingeniously and accurately arranged by the architect, that it is mathematically impossible that any portion of the structure shall sink until time with a single blow shall level the entire edifice.* It is related, that when this church was about being erected, the simple villagers, astonished at the immense quantities of timber required for the frame, called a meeting of the citizens, and for a time laid an interdict upon operations, until inquiry respecting the matter should be made. It was with difficulty the architect at length obtained permission to proceed; but, when all was completed, and the material had disappeared, they knew not where, their astonishment surpassed all bounds. The belfry reminded me of one of those ancient monuments of the Druids called *Rocking-stones*; for though it tottered to and fro beneath my weight, and always swings with the bell when it is struck, perhaps the uni-

* The reader will recollect that these notes were sketched two years ago. Since that time some changes in this old edifice have taken place; the whole southwest angle has fallen to the ground, and, agreeable to the text, the entire roof would have followed but for the extraordinary strength of one solitary piece of timber. High mass was in celebration at the time, and the church was crowded, but no accident occurred. The old building has been since dismantled, however; its bell removed from the tower, and the whole structure will soon, probably, be prostrated by "decay's effacing finger."

ted [force of an hundred men could hardly hurl it from its seat. The bell is consecrated by the crucifix cast in its surface, and bears the inscription "*Pour Leglise des Illinois. Normand A. Parachelle, 1741.*" The view from this elevation was extremely beautiful: the settlement scattered for miles around, with the quaint little cottages and farms smiling in the merry sunlight, could hardly fail of the lovely and picturesque. The churchyard attached to the building is not extensive, but crowded with tenants. It is into this receptacle that for four generations Kaskaskia has poured her entire population. I saw but a few monuments and a pile of stones. The first record on the register belonging to this church is, I was informed by the priest, to the following effect, in French: "*1741, June 7, This morning were brought to the fort three bodies from without, killed by the Renards, to whom we gave sepulture.*" There is here also a baptismal record, embracing the genealogies of the French settler since 1690, and other choice old chronicles. Some land deeds still remain extant, bearing date as early as 1712, and a memorial also from the villagers to Louis XV., dated 1725, petitioning a grant of "*commons*," etc., in consequence of disasters from the flood of the preceeding year, in which their all had been swept away, and they had been forced themselves to flee for life to the bluffs opposite the village.

The nunnery at Kaskaskia is a large wooden structure, black with age, and formerly a public house. With this institution is connected a female seminary, in high repute throughout this region, and under superintendence of ten of the sisters. A new nunnery of stone is about being erected.

PRAIRIE DU ROCHER.

A RIDE of some hours through a delightful region brought me to the bluffs, which, at this point extending into the plain, confine the bottom to a narrow strip, bounded on the one side by the Mississippi, and on the other by the battlement of the cliffs, upward of an hundred feet in height. Beneath lies the French village of *Prairie du Rocher*, so called from its situation. It is thirteen miles from Kaskaskia, and its low cottages scattered along, like the tents of a nomadic tribe, for miles, are completely overhung by the huge, beetling crags above.

From the deep alluvion along the river's verge rises an enormous growth of cotton-wood-trees and sycamores, concealing the stream from the view. From the bluffs to this belt of forest stretches away the vast *common field*, rustling with maize. The castor-bean and tobacco-plant are also often seen carpeting the ground with emerald. Around each tenement, as usual, is a plat of cultivated land, and the luxuriance of vegetation is unrivalled. Passing these outskirts, I at length arrived at the body of the village, lying upon a creek or *bayou* of the same name, which winds through its center, and empties into the Mississippi. This quiet stream was once the scene of a very bloody tragedy. When Illinois first came under territorial government, and courts of civil judicature were established, the functionaries of the law, in passing one day from Cahokia to Kaskaskia, to hold at the latter place a session, stopped a few moments at this creek to water their horses. The animals had scarcely begun to drink, when a shower of balls from an adjoining thicket laid three of the party weltering in their blood. They had neglected the usual precaution to disguise themselves in the garb of the French villagers; and such was the hostility of the Indian tribes, especially that of the Kickapoos, to our countrymen at the time, that to travel in American costume was almost inevitable death. The Indians at that day had the ascendancy in point of population, and the Kaskaskia tribe, as well as others, was powerful.

At Prairie du Rocher, as everywhere else where these ancient villages remain as yet undisturbed in their century slumbers, the peculiarities to which I have so frequently alluded stand forth to the traveler's eye. The narrow lanes, the steep-roofed houses, the picketed enclosures, the piazza, the peculiar dress, manners, and amusements of the villagers, all point to a former age. At this place I tarried for dinner, and while my olive-browed hostess, a trim, buxom little matron, was "making ready," I strolled forth to the bluffs, having first received most positive injunctions to make my reappearance when the *horn sounded*; and scrambling up a ravine, soon stood upon the smooth round summit. The whole tract of country over which my route had led was spread out like a map before me; and the little village lay so directly at my feet I could almost look down its chimneys. Among

the crags I obtained some fine petrefactions, which I exhibited to my simple host, much to his astonishment, on my return. Forty years had this man dwelt upon the very spot he then inhabited, the scene of his birth; and almost every day of his life had he ascended the cliffs among which I had been clambering; and yet, though the seashells were standing out in every direction from the surface of the ledge, not the slightest peculiarity of structure had he ever dreamed of. That the great ocean had rolled among these rocks, he could have formed no conception. Experience had told him that when burned they were lime, and he neither knew nor cared to know anything farther of their character or history. This slight incident well exemplifies the simplicity of this singular people. Content to live where his father lived; content to cultivate the spot he tilled; to tread in the steps which he trod; to speak the language he spake, and revere the faith he observed, the French villager is a stranger to the restless cravings of ambition, and acknowledges no inclination to change. At Prairie du Rocher is a little, dark-looking, ancient Catholic church, dedicated to St. Sulpice, formerly "Chapel of Ease" to Fort Chartres, but at present it has no resident priest. The population of the village is about two hundred. Its site is low, and, buried as it is in such enormous vegetation, the spot may be unhealthy: yet, year after year, and generation after generation, have its present inhabitants continued to dwell where death almost inevitable must have awaited an American. But where will you search for a fleshier, sleeker, swarthier-looking race than these French villagers? Some attribute this phenomenon to diet; some to natural idiosyncrasy; and other some do not attribute at all, but merely stand amazed. The truth of the matter is, and the fact is one well ascertained, that, give a Frenchman a fiddle, a pipe, a glass of claret, and room enough to shake his heels, and like a mushroom, he'll vegetate on any soil!

FORT CHARTRES.

It was a beautiful afternoon, when, leaving the little French hamlet *La Prairie du Rocher*, after a delightful ride of three or four miles through rich groves of the persimmon, the wild apple, and the Chickasaw plum, I began to believe myself not far from the ruins of this famous old fort. Accost-

ing a French villager whom I chanced to meet, I inquired the site of the ruins. He turned on me his glittering dark eye for a moment, and, pointing away to the dense belt of forest upon the left in a direct line with an enormous black-locust on the right of the pathway, passed on. Not the slightest indication of the object of my inquiry was to be seen; but deeming it fruitless to attempt gathering farther information from the dark-browed villager, who was now some distance on his way, I turned my horse's head from the path, and, after laboring several rods through the deep, heavy grass of the prairie, entered the wood. The dense undergrowth of bushes and matted vines was undisturbed, and there was not an indication of visitors at the spot for months. All seemed deserted, and silent, and drear. The ruins were completely shrouded in foliage, and gigantic trees were rearing their huge shafts from amid the drumbling heaps of rubbish. Wild grape-vines and other parasites were creeping in all directions over the trembling structures; or, drooping forth in pensile gracefulness from the disjointed walls, seemed striving to bind up the shattered fragments, and to conceal the pitiless ravage of time. The effect of this noble old pile of architecture, reposing thus in ruins, and shrouded in the cathedral duskiness of the forest, was singularly solemn.

"The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
Here, never shines the sun; here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven."

Securing my horse to the trunk of a young sapling rearing up itself beneath the walls, I at length succeeded, by dint of struggling through the rough thickets and the enormous vegetation, in placing myself at a point from which most of the ruins could be taken at a *coup d'œil*. Some portions of the exterior wall are yet in good preservation, and the whole line of fortification may be easily traced out; but all the structures within the quadrangle are quite dilapidated, and trees of a large size are springing from the ruins: an extensive powder-magazine, however, in a gorge of one of the bastions, yet retains its original form and solidity. The western angle of the fort and an entire bastion was, about fifty years since, undermined and thrown down by a slough from the Mississippi; but the channel is now changed, and is yearly receding, while a young belt of trees has sprung up between

the ruins and the water's edge. The prairie in front of the fort was in cultivation not many years since, and was celebrated for its blue grass.

Fort Chartres was erected by the French in 1720, as a link in the chain of posts which I have mentioned, uniting New-Orleans with Quebec; and as a defence for the neighboring villages against the Spaniards, who were then taking possession of the country on the opposite side of the Mississippi, as well as against the incursion of hostile Indian tribes. The expense of its erection is said to have been enormous, and it was considered the strongest fortification in North America. The material was brought from the bluffs, some four or five miles distant over the bottom, by boats across a considerable intervening sheet of water, and from the opposite side of the Mississippi. In 1756 it was rebuilt; and in 1763, when France ceded her possessions east of the Mississippi to England, the adjoining village embraced about forty families, and a church dedicated to St. Anne. When the English troops took possession of the country, the villagers all removed to the hamlets across the river, then under the French government, having been previously ceded, in the treaty of St. Ildefonso, by Spain to France. The fort was not evacuated, however, until July, 1765, when its commandant, *M. de St. Ange de belle rive*, proceeded to St. Louis with his forces.

While Fort Chartres belonged to France, it was the seat of government for all the neighboring region; and in 1765, when taken possession of by Captain Sterling, of the Royal Highlanders, it continued to retain its arbitrary character. It was here that the first court of justice, established by Lieutenant-colonel Wilkins, held its sessions. Seven judges were appointed, who came together monthly at the fortress; but their decisions were very ill received by a people who, until then, had been released from all but arbitrary restriction.

The original form of Fort Chartres was an irregular quadrangle, with four bastions; the sides of the exterior polygon being about five hundred feet in extent. The ditch and scarp were commenced, but left uncompleted. The walls, massively constructed of stone, and stuccoed with lime, were upward of two feet in thickness and fifteen feet in height. They still retain this altitude in

some portions which are uninjured; and many of the loopholes and the ports for cannon, in the face of the wall and in the flanks of the bastions, are yet to be seen entire. The elegantly dressed freestone, however, which was employed about them, as well as for the cornices and casements of the gate and buildings, has long since been removed. Specimens are to be seen incorporated in some of the elegant structures which have since gone up in the neighboring city.

The military engineering of the early French fortifications in North America was of the school of Vauban; and the massive structures then erected are now monuments not less of the skill of their founders than of departed time. The almost indestructible character of their masonry has long been a subject of surprise. The walls of Fort Chartres, though half a century has seen them abandoned to the ravages of the elements and of time, yet remain so imperishable, that in some instances it is not easy to distinguish the limestone from the cement; and the neighboring villagers, in removing the materials for the purposes of building, have found it almost impossible to separate them one from the other.

The buildings which occupied the square area of Fort Chartres were of the same massive masonry as the walls. They consisted of a commandant's and commissary's residence, both noble structures of stone, and of equal size: two extensive lines of barracks, the magazine of stores, with vaulted cellars, and the *corps de garde*. Within the gorges of the eastern bastions were the powder-magazine and bakehouse; in the western, a prison, with dungeons and some smaller buildings. There were two sally-ports to the fortification in the middle of opposite faces of the wall; and a broad avenue passed from one to the other, directly through the square, along the sides of which were ranged the buildings. A small banquette a few feet in height ran parallel to the loopholes, for the purpose of elevating the troops when discharging musketry at an enemy without.

Such was Fort Chartres in the pride of its early prime; the seat of power, festivity, and taste; the gathering-spot of all the rank, and beauty, and fashion the province could then boast. Many a time, doubtless, have the walls of this stern old citadel rang to the note of revelry; and the light twinkling footstep of the dark-eyed creole has beat in

unison with a heart throbbing in fuller gush from the presence of the young, martial figure at her side! Fort Chartres, in its early years, was doubtless not more the headquarters of arbitration and rule than of gentility and etiquette. The settlers of the early French villages, though many of them indigent, were not all of them rude and illiterate. Induced by anticipations of untold wealth, such as had crowned the adventurers of Spain in the southern section of the Western Continent, grants and charters of immense tracts of territory in these remote regions had been made by the crown of France to responsible individuals; and thus the leaders in these golden enterprises were generally gentlemen of education and talent, whose manners had been formed within the precincts of St. Cloud, then the most elegant court in Europe. Many of these enthusiastic adventures, it is true, returned to France in disappointment and disgust; and many of them removed to the more genial latitude of Lower Louisiana: yet a few, astonished at the fertility and extent of a country of which they had never dreamed before; delighted with the variety and delicacy of its fruits, and reminded by the mildness of the climate of the sweetest portions of their own beautiful France, preferred to remain. By the present degenerate race of villagers, those early days are referred to as a "golden age" in their history, and the "old residents" as *wonderful* beings. Consider the singular situation of these men: a thousand miles from the Atlantic shores, surrounded by savages and by their own countrymen scarce less ignorant, and separated by pathless mountains from a community of civilized man. The higher stations in the French army were at that era, too, more than at present, occupied by men of genius and information, while the Catholic priesthood was equally distinguished for literary attainment. Under circumstances like these, was it other than natural that reciprocity of feeling and congeniality of taste should have sought their gratification by mutual and frequent intercourse? Fort Chartres must, therefore, have been the seat of hospitality, religious celebration, and kindly feeling. Here the fleshy old *habitans* of the neighboring villages dozed away many an hour of sober jovialness with their "drouthy cronies" over the pipe and the claret of their own vineyards; while their dark-haired daughters tripped away on the green

sward before them the balmy moonlit summer eve with the graceful officers of the fortress.

Here, too, has been witnessed something of "the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The *fleur-de-lis* of the Fifteenth Louis has rolled out its heavy folds above these stern old towers; the crimson Lion of England has succeeded; and the stripes and the stars of our own republic have floated over both in triumph. The morning gun of the fortress has boomed across the broad prairie, and been reverberated from yonder cliffs: the merry reveille has risen upon the early breeze, and wakened the slumbering echoes of the forest; and the evening bugle from the walls has wailed its long-drawn, melancholy note along those sunset waters of the *Eternal River*!

Such, I repeat, was Fort Chartres in its better days, but such is Fort Chartres no more.

CAHOKIA.

THE place is supposed to have been settled by the followers of La Salle during his second expedition to the West in 1683, on his return from the mouth of the Mississippi. More than a century and a half has since elapsed; and the river, which then washed the foot of the village, is now more than a mile distant. This removal commenced, we are told, shortly after the first settlement, and well exemplifies the arbitrary character of the Western waters. Formerly, also, a considerable creek, which yet retains the name of the village, passed through its midst, discharging itself into the Mississippi not far below. The outlet is now several miles higher up; and tradition attributes the change to the pique of an irritated villager, who, out of sheer spite to the old place and its inhabitants, cut a channel from the creek to the river, and turned the waters from their ancient course.

As French immigration at Cahokia increased, the Indian tribe receded, until the last remnant has long since disappeared. Yet it is a singular fact in the history of this settlement, that, notwithstanding the savages were forced to abandon a spot endeared to them by protracted residence and the abundance of game in the neighboring prairies and lakes, they have ever regarded their successors with feelings of unchang-

ing friendliness. How different, under the same circumstances, was the fate of the settlements of Plymouth and Jamestown; and even here, no sooner did the American race appear among the French, than hostilities commenced.

For many years Cahokia, like old Kaskaskia, was the gathering-spot of a nomadic race of trappers, hunters, miners, voyageurs, engagés, *courriers du bois*, and adventurers, carrying on an extensive and valuable fur-trade with the Indian tribes of the Upper Mississippi. This traffic has long since been transferred to St. Louis, and the village seems now remarkable for nothing but the venerableness of age and decay. All the peculiarities of these old settlements, however, are here to be seen in perfection. The broad-roofed, whitewashed, and galleried cottage; the picketted enclosure; the kitchen garden: the peculiar costumes, customs, poverty, ignorance, and indolence of the race, are here met, precisely as has more than once already been described in these volumes. Here, too, is the gray old Catholic church, in which service is still regularly performed by the officiating priest. Connected with it is now a nunnery and a seminary of education for young ladies. The villagers still retain their ancient activity of heel and suppleness of elbow; and not a week is suffered to pass without a merry-making and a dance. The old "common field" is still under cultivation; and, uncurtailed of its fair proportions, stretches away up the bottom to the village opposite St. Louis. This valuable tract, held in common by the villagers of Cahokia and Prairie du Pont, has been confirmed to them by act of Congress; and, so long since as fifty years, four hundred acres adjoining the former village were, by special act, granted to each family. The number of families is now, as has been the case this century past, about fifty, neither diminishing nor increasing. Very few of the inhabitants are of American origin, and these are liable to annual attacks of fever, owing to the damp site of the place and the noxious effluvia of the numerous marshes in the vicinity. Upon the French villagers these causes of disease exert no effect, favorable or unfavorable. A few acres of corn; a log cabin; a few swarthy responsibilities, and a few cattle; a cracked fiddle, and a few cart-loads of prairie-grass hay in autumn, seems the very ultimatum of his heart to covet or his industry to obtain.

THE DIVINING ROD.

THE following, is the first record with which we have ever met, of an attempt to experiment philosophically with the *divining rod*. The subject has often been the occasion of jocular remark, and has been successfully inwoven with two or three popular stories; but it has been seldom treated with that sobriety which it really appears to deserve. We recollect that several years since, in a Cincinnati newspaper, some curious details with regard to the hazel twig, were published and laughed at; and we remember that, when a boy, we knew several persons who had the *divining gift*, and whom we regarded with superstitious veneration, while older children considered them crack-brained, or treated them as impostors; but we do not recollect that we have ever met more than two or three persons in the world, who had any faith in the water-finding virtues of the divining rod. For ourselves, we are apt to believe that there is something in that to which such respectable testimony is borne as the following; and testimony equally credible, we have known borne with regard to a number of instances of the workings of the hazel switch and beech twig.

Mr. Lewis, of Llangollen, Kentucky, the writer of the subjoined communication, is a gentleman of respectability and enterprise. His veracity is unquestionable, as far as we have ever heard. We copy from the Frankfort Commonwealth.—HESPERIAN.

VIRGULA DIVIATORIA; OR, THE DIVINING ROD.

THIS is of very ancient use in the discovery of metals and of water. It has been the subject both of credulity and incredulity, but not of philosophical investigation, I believe. No accurate experiments to test the truth of the statements in relation to it have ever come to the knowledge of the writer of this article. The use of the divining rod, it is said, was introduced into England among the Cornish miners, about the year 1682, by a Spaniard; but I am not certain that it is not mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries as practised by the Druids, in England, or by the wise men of Germany who followed Anovistus into Gaul. Certain it is, that in the year 1738, Mr. Gabriel Plattes, published a book at London, entitled "A discovery of Subterranean Treasure,"

in which he details the operation with the divining rod, thus: "The operation with the Virgulæ divina is thus to be performed. Some observe a set day and hour, with certain words and ceremonies, at the cutting up of the same, which I have found to be little to the purpose. Thus I wrought: about midsummer, in a calm morning, I cut up a rod of hazel, all of the same spring's growth, about a yard long; then I tied it to my staff, in the middle, with a strong thread, so that it did hang, even like the beam of a balance: thus I carried it up and down the mountains where lead grew, and before noon it guided me to the orifice of a lead mine, which I tried, having one with me with an hatchet of iron and a spade; and within two hours we found a vein of lead ore within less than a foot of the grass: The signs that it sheweth is to bow down the root end towards the earth as though it would grow there near unto the orifice of a mine: When you see it does so you must carry it round about the place to see that it turneth in the string, still to the same place, on which side soever you stand: The reason of this attraction I conceived to be of kin to the loadstone drawing iron to it by a secret virtue inbred by nature and not by any conjuration, as some have fondly imagined. And the reason of this, my opinion, was because that in divers of my practical experiments, I have observed an attraction betwixt several things like that of the loadstone and iron." In later times it is mentioned by many authors. The most authentic is contained in a letter from Mr. James Pedder to the editor of the "Farmers Cabinet," for June, 1839, Vol. 3, No. 11, published in Philadelphia, by Prouthy, Libby and Prouthy. The operator is a Mr. Injonville in the island of Jersey, (England,) a highly respectable man, residing on his own estate, within a short distance of the town of St. Helliers, on the Trinity road. More than two thousand wells have been dug under his direction, without a single failure to find water. Mr. Injonville is advanced in years; the cultivator of his own estate, independent in his circumstances, has never received any reward for his services, and will receive none. He makes no secret about it, and declares he is quite ignorant of the means by which he is enabled to operate. The green twig turns down uniformly in his hands when he comes over subterranean water or silver. In passing near a lady in

a crowd collected to witness his finding water, the rod became agitated in an unaccountable manner; in retracing his steps the rod was affected in the same way. He enquired if she had any considerable quantity of money with her, when she produced a large quantity of silver in her reticule. This was removed, and the rod performed as usual. Sir T. Le Breton, the Lieut. Bailie of the island, Messrs. Jean and Marret, and Mr. James Hemery, are among the gentlemen for whom Mr. Injonville has found water, and the Rev. John Walker, of Gloucester county, in New Jersey, is called upon by Mr. Pedder to communicate to the public what information he possesses on this subject. Mr. Injonville discovered that this power resided in himself, from seeing a Roman Catholic Priest, who fled from France to Jersey at the time of the first French revolution, find water with the divining rod. He took the rod and found, to his astonishment, that he possessed the power in a greater degree than the Priest. "The discovery quite overcame me," says Mr. Injonville, "and I should have fallen had I not supported myself against the wall."

Before I had seen these accounts, the following facts had come within my own observation. About four years ago, an illiterate man, a stonemason, was employed here, on the walls of an addition to my house. He said he could find water with the rod, and pointed out a spot at which he said water would be found. It was near the corner of a house—I marked the spot, measured the distance and angle from the corner, and made a note of them. During the present year, 1830, one of great drought in Kentucky, and which has caused great search for water, I was visited by an aged gentleman of as much respectability as any in the United States, and as incapable of any attempt at deception. The drought, prevailing at the time of his visit, became the subject of conversation, and he asked me how far the spring which we used, affording an abundant supply of excellent water, was from the house, remarking at the same time, that if it was at an inconvenient distance he could perhaps find water nearer, as he used the divining rod. I immediately proposed that he should make the experiment. We accordingly walked out, and with a forked peach tree twig in his hands, without any intimation that any other person had operated previously, he walked about at some dis-

tance in pursuit, and actually fixed upon the identical spot that had been previously indicated by the stonemason as the best place for digging a well. About three months afterwards, another very respectable person, who was an operator with the divining rod, was conducted to my house by a neighbor who had no knowledge of these facts, and I proposed to him to exercise his art, and I endeavored to lead him some distance from the spot previously pointed out. He passed about thirty yards below. His stick (for he used his walking cane) turned down, and he began to meander about, saying that he was following the stream of water. He soon arrived at the very same spot indicated by the other two operators, and said, "Here the water is nearest to the surface, but not so abundant as it is higher up in your yard, immediately under this bee-hive." The latter spot is about twenty four yards higher up the gentle ascent on which my house stands. These coincidences are certainly remarkable.

They determined me to make some experiments. I attempted to use the rod myself, but to no purpose, it will not turn in my hands. In order to make the experiments intelligible, it is proper to say that the rod used was a green forked twig. The kind of wood seems to be of no consequence, as one of peach tree, plum, and elm, and even a green succulent weed, was used with the same results. The legs of the twig were about two feet long, with an acute angle at their juncture. These legs of the twig were held a short distance from their extremities, in the hands of the operator, with the palms turned upwards and parallel to the horizon, with the apex above the juncture of the twigs, about an inch long, perpendicular, and the arms slightly extended, so as to advance the twigs about fifteen inches in front of the body of the operator, and parallel to it. The twigs are firmly grasped in the palms of the hands by the closed fingers. This mode of holding the twigs, in order to elevate the point above their juncture, and to keep it perpendicular, necessarily bends the twigs where they issue from the hands, as the upturned knuckles are kept parallel to the horizon.

The first experiment was to hold one leg of the twig myself, while the operator held the other. When we came over the places at which the rod turned with the apex downwards, it would turn in spite of my efforts

to prevent it, and a succulent weed twisted in two where it entered my hand. This experiment was repeated with men, women and children, with uniformly the same results, when the operator held one leg of the twig the upper point turned down. It would turn in the hands of some when they held both legs of the twig, but in the great majority it would not turn unless the operator held one leg. The next experiment was to sharpen one end of the apex and to stick on it another twig, about six inches long, at right angles to the apex, and consequently parallel to the horizon, so that three inches would be on one side, and three on the other, and parallel also to the body of the operator. In passing over the places at which the rod turned down, this twig on the apex vibrated with an undulatory motion, which I have in vain, and all other persons whom I have seen make the experiment have in vain, attempted intentionally to give to it.

The third experiment was to place an electric-non-conductor on the head of the operator. Silk was used. The stick would not turn down unless the hands were raised above the head, in which latter case it turned as usual. The operator assured me that wax had the same effect placed on the apex of the rod.

The fourth experiment was made by attaching an iron wire to the apex, so short as not to reach within two feet of the ground when bent over. With this attached, the rod turned as usual. When a longer wire was used, so as to come in contact with the earth, or near to it, the rod would not turn.

The fifth experiment was to wrap a piece of wire around the apex, and when the rod was in the act of turning in one direction, to present a piece of bright iron on the other side, and within about half an inch of the apex. Its motion, in its first direction, was not only arrested, but followed the iron, and flew to it with magnetic velocity. This was repeated many times.

The sixth experiment was to discard the twig, and bend a piece of iron wire into the form of the twig. With this, which was found to turn as well as the twig, the same experiments which had been made with the twig were repeated, and with precisely the same results. In order to make experiments with a person on whose probity and candor I could rely with implicit confidence, I rode thirty miles to the house of a gentleman who

was an unbeliever in the action of the divining rod, until he found it to turn in his hands. His integrity, honor and candour, are unimpeached and unimpeachable, and if we can rely on human testimony, or on the evidence of our own senses, there is some physical cause operating through the bodies of some persons, we must believe, to produce these remarkable phenomena. I find, from inquiry, that there are many persons in Kentucky who use the divining rod, and that they are frequently mistaken in the distance beneath the surface at which water is to be obtained by digging wells. This perhaps may be attributed to the geological differences of the localities where the experiments have been made. More or less perfect conductors of (the fluid?) the power may intervene at some places than at others, or the state of the atmosphere in relation to heat or moisture, may affect the impressions made upon the rod or the operator. Is it a modification of electricity or of electro-magnetism?

Had I exclusive regard to personal considerations, I should not have made this public communication under my own signature. But we owe something to philosophy as well as to ourselves; and its advancement is to be looked for from *the diffusion of the knowledge of facts*. They may lead to investigations and to experiments by sagacious and philosophic minds. At all events truth has nothing to fear even from the *instantia crucis*.

Llangollen, Sept. 13th, 1839.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

From the cottage to the palace, from the castle to the hovel, through all the imperceptible shades and grades of life and station that intervene between greatness and littleness; from the sage to the idiot, from the conqueror to the worm, fate, in darkness and in silence, with movements that men seldom see and never appreciate, is spinning that small, fine, but binding thread, which weaves their common destiny into one inextricable web. It is not alone that the mouse disentangles the lion from the toils; it is not alone that the stronger saves or destroys the weaker; but it is that every being, at every step, affects the destinies of millions of others, present and to come, and carries on the train of cause and event that is going on from eternity to eternity.

NEW MAGAZINE.

We have been much gratified by the occasional perusal of a new monthly periodical which was commenced at Boston about six months ago, by WILLIAM CROSBY AND Co. It is entitled the "Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters," and has among its correspondents the Rev. H. WARE, Rev. E. PRABODY, Rev. C. A. BARTOL, Rev. S. OSGOOD, Rev. J. WALKER, and others equally eminent as divines and writers. The September issue contains an admirable little contribution from the very popular author of the "Three Experiments of Living," which we transfer to our pages, and warmly recommend to our readers. The class is very numerous, of those who "submit to inevitable evils," with an ease and patience that are truly marvelous. To such persons, almost all evils are inevitable. Let them read this little historiette in a proper spirit, and con its lessons well, and they may be benefitted thereby.—*HESPERIAN*.

SUBMISSION TO INEVITABLE EVILS.

TEN years have passed since I first embarked on the broad Ohio, and set out to seek my fortune in the western world. I parted with much cordiality from my early friend Lewis Gray, who, like myself, was about to enter the highway of life. We agreed to keep up an intimate correspondence and meet when we could. Youth opens its heart to congeniality of age and circumstances rather than character. We had lived near each other, attended the same school, and were finally chums at college. This last arrangement was one of his own making, for his parents would gladly have had him fare more sumptuously than at commons, but he had become accustomed to my society, and I believe actually preferred it to pies and custards.

Lewis was an only son, and presumptive heir to a large estate. I was the eldest of five children, and presumptive heir to nothing but my father's good name. Added to this, it was strongly impressed upon my mind that every exertion had been made by my parents to give me an education for the benefit of my two younger brothers and two little sisters. They talked as if my education was to bud and blossom like Aaron's rod, and I had something of the same idea myself. The college life of Lewis was

much like my own. In all essential circumstances we were nearly equal. His garments were of a better quality and cut than mine, but they did not keep him warmer; nor were they more serviceable. The poor scholar fights as stoutly with our Alma Mater for his rights, as the rich one. I was never troubled with any feeling of inferiority—the truth was I never thought on the subject. Perhaps had Lewis assumed any disgusting airs of wealth or aristocracy, I might have had less indifference, but no one could have borne such advantages more meekly. He seemed born with an uncommon stock of philosophy. I never remember seeing him discomposed by any of the adverse circumstances of life. In this respect I ought in truth to acknowledge that we were widely different. I had, from my youth upward, a wonderfully combative propensity; perhaps this might have arisen from the idea, always held up to me, that being the eldest and designed for an education, I was not only to fight my own way through life, but that of my brothers and sisters. Sometimes I almost envied the quiet, gentle acquiescence of my companion, under circumstances that put me into a fever, but he had one invariable reply, "we must submit to inevitable evils."

I heard this observation so often repeated by him that I learned to think it oracular, and am now almost ashamed to say, that I actually contended for it one day with a young student of divinity, as being a passage of holy writ. The great beauty of the thing was that Lewis fully acted it out. He had an elegant gold repeater stolen from him during his college term. I was all bustle and tumult about it, and awoke him two or three times in the dead of the night to mention my projects for discovering the thief. He only roused up enough to reply, "If I do not find it, it is an inevitable evil that I must submit to."

Sometimes I expressed to him my admiration of his philosophy. "There is no merit in it," said he, with a good humored smile, "what can we do but submit to what is inevitable?" It is pleasant to me to recur to this period of my life. The influence of my friend's tranquil, acquiescent temper of mind did much towards allaying the turbulence of my own. I truly loved and honored him, and though many impatient words passed on my side, I never remember an unkind one on his.

We both became students at law, and at length the time arrived, when we were prepared to enter life. And now our destinies were to be wide apart. It was of little consequence to Lewis where he opened his office, or whether he had clients or not. To me it was all important; my education was expected to be the sinews and life of the family, and yet I stood alone, without money or patronage. I confess it sometimes occurred to me, that my father had better have made me a hewer of wood and drawer of water, than thrown upon me such painful responsibilities. The never-failing observation of my friend, however, stood me in stead; if it is an evil, it is inevitable, and must be borne. I determined to strike out a new path, to quit the beaten track, and travel into the far countries of the West.

I parted from my family with many assurances that they should reap the first fruits of my success; and from Lewis with mutual promises to write often and minutely. He would have forced upon me some of his superfluous money, as he called it, but I had a superstitious dread of beginning the world with debt, and so I departed in patriarchal style, with only my staff, and without scrip or purse. It is not to be expected that I should relate all my expedients for performing my journey. They were honest and resolute.

I took the free school in a country town for six months. It was not an affair of the classics. On one side of me were arranged the boys, on the other the girls. It needed a hundred eyes to watch the urchins. Frequently showers of chewed paper made into balls passed over my head, and lighted on the soft curly hair of the girls, who were not slow in preferring their complaints.

I had always pitied that part of the canine species called turn-spits, and even the criminal at the tread-mill, but now the life of a country school-master absorbs all my commiseration. The wearisome spelling out of words, the succession of copies from little to capital letters and joining-hand, the everlasting cry of "master, please to mend my pen, it spatters the ink;" or, "it has got too big a split." Then the hot, feverish atmosphere of the school-room. When children are at last dismissed, the poor turn-spit of a master has only time to prepare for afternoon, and eat his dinner. At length

I accomplished my purpose and embarked on the Ohio, with more dollars in my pocket than I had ever before owned at once. It was a clear, bright morning, and as I contemplated the sky, river, and majestic trees on the shore, I felt a happy consciousness that my mind had lost none of its susceptibility to the beauty of scenery. There was a vividness, a freshness in my perception, that I had never had while I was studying books. How I wished for Lewis Gray; I thought how his dark eye would rest on every object, how his soul would repose in this Eden of beauty. He always rose to my mind as the image of tranquility. Are we not apt to think highly of those powers which we have a difficulty in acquiring. I have since thought that my imagination invested my friend with an exaggerated degree of magnanimity, in opposition to my own constitutional impatience. It was some time before I fixed on my place of residence, and then, not for its tranquillity, but because it was one of the most litigious places in the known world. When I first arrived, I found they seemed to regard me as a firebrand thrown amongst them, but I put up my sign and peacefully began my vocation. Much as it may seem against my interest, my first object was to promote a better state of feeling. I soon found that I had unwarily done essential service to myself as well as to them, for they began to make me an arbitrator, and I received pay on both sides. I have always found there was one sterling coin that would pass with all civilized nations and all classes of men, and that is, plain good sense. Genius requires genius to comprehend it. Talents may be used for evil as well as good. But what is called plain good sense soon enlists even selfishness on its side. Its great aim is to teach men what is really for their advantage, and in spite of prejudice, ignorance and passion, they soon comprehend it.

I turned then all my attention towards the acquisition of plain good sense, and somehow or other, from being an impetuous, hair-brained fellow, found myself growing a useful man.

Let no one seek a new country as a land of promise; there are difficulties and trials to struggle with, which must be manfully encountered. There is, likewise, often a moral degradation exhibited, which shocks common principle, but there are better ele-

ments mixed up with it, and by degrees the dregs may be separated.

At the end of a few years I was in thriving business with a house and office, had sent for one of my brothers and made him a country trader, and forwarded remittances to my family, for the general benefit. And here let me note, in this new country, amidst sand banks and barren pine woods, I found a gentle little maiden, who was like a wild flower hid in the cleft of a rock. I prevailed on her to become my household blessing, and share my lot. At length I found a powerful coadjutor in the process of civilization. A young clergyman came among us, and gave notice that he would preach. They listened at first from the novelty of the thing, and soon a degree of thoughtfulness ensued. The verse in psalms which our preacher took for his first text seemed to be more and more verified:

"When I thought on my ways, I turned my feet unto thy testimonies."

I hardly know how I have been drawn into this outline of my own history; it was Lewis Gray's that I meant to have written, rather than my own. I constantly received letters from him. He wrote me that, like myself, he had found a partner for life, but here the parity ceased; for she brought him a large fortune, and mine only brought me a treasure of love and virtue. His union seemed to be a congenial one, but he lamented that they were obliged to live in a degree of style which was often tedious, he regretted the loss of time, the necessity of entertaining hosts of strangers, but added, with his usual philosophy, "all this I submit to, for it is inevitable, and console myself with my professional pursuits, which become more and more interesting to me."

Soon after this, another letter came informing me of the death of his father. "By this event," he wrote, "I have come into possession of a large estate and extensive commercial connections. It seems manifestly proper that I should take the same station in life which my father filled, and relinquish the practice of law. I cannot express to you my regret at this inevitable necessity." How I admired the philosophy of my friend! I knew there was no affectation in his regret; a life of calm, elegant retirement, with professional business enough to keep it from stagnating, was what he had always desired. Yet here I beheld him plunged, without his own con-

sent, into all the perplexities and harassing anxieties of a merchant.

Without having much of the resigned spirit of my friend, I had insensibly adopted his language. Once, when a crop of corn was suddenly inundated by the rise of the river, I said to my wife, "we must bear it patiently, for we shall always be subject to it. It is an inevitable evil." "We must bear it patiently this once," said she, "but it is our own fault if we are obliged to bear it again; we have only to raise the levee a few feet higher, and the evil ceases to be inevitable." There was a strange mixture in her character of yielding and resistance; she was gentle and compassionate even to weakness, and yet often, when troubles and difficulties assailed us, she seemed to be lion-hearted. One instance I must relate. We had a black woman living with us who was a slave. She came with a child about two years old. As they were sitting on the edge of a small wharf that projected into the river, the child suddenly gave a spring from the mother's arms, and fell into the water. My wife was by: the mother screamed in agony but seemed to have no power of moving. My wife seized a pole near and measured the depth of the water, then exclaiming, "ran for help," plunged in; it was not over her head: she supported the child above it, till the frantic cries of the woman reached me. "How could you peril your life?" said I, when I held her safe in my arms. "I did not," returned she, "I ascertained the depth of the water; God gives us self-possession and resolution, if we will only use them."

At length her own boy was taken ill, and we had the inexpressible distress of seeing our first-born expire. My poor wife had watched through two nights, and when there was no longer hope, she sunk exhausted. She neither spoke nor moved for hours. I trembled for her intellect, and imagined she was becoming a maniac. "Speak to me, speak to me," I exclaimed, throwing myself by her side. Never shall I forget the light which irradiated her countenance, as she replied, "I have been reasoning with myself, 'shall we receive good at the hand of God, and not evil?'"

Some how or other, with the motto of my friend constantly in my mouth, I found I did not bear this calamity as well as she did. I endeavored to study out this mystery. At first, I tried to persuade myself that

women had not the same depth of feeling as men, that sorrow only glanced over the surface; but I was obliged to abandon this idea, when I saw how ingrained with every thought and action was her fervent sensibility. At last I began to realize that there was a different kind of submission from my friend Lewis Gray's. I seated myself at the feet of my young wife, and we became fellow-students. I did not renounce my law-books, but every day I became more interested in her study, which was the word of God.

How rapidly ten years pass! Our roof-tree sheltered young minds and affectionate hearts; we were no longer childless; we had discovered that there were no evils which brought fatal consequences but vice. Our crops might be blighted and our cattle swamped; still we did not despair, but put in operation all our resolution to obviate the consequences, and we never failed of finding new resources.

At the end of ten years I determined to visit once more my native home. I was induced the more to this step, from the air of gloom that pervaded the letters of my friend Lewis. He alluded to losses in the way of property, and at last said, inevitable ruin was impending over him. It was a joyous morning to my wife and children when we embarked for our expedition. I pass over the journey, and will not describe the meeting of near relations so long separated; there were some absent from the family group; one sister, that I left beautiful as an angel, alas, she never realized the fair promise of her youth, on earth. My mother, too, my blessed mother! her seat was vacant. Time had softened the grief of the family, but mine had all its freshness. The next morning I arose while the dew was yet on the grass, and sought the burial ground. To reach it through the fields I had to cross the race-way of a mill. I remembered, when a child of five or six years old, how I had stood trembling and hesitating on the edge, doubtful whether to venture on the narrow plank. Now, with how much ease I crossed it at a leap. It is these associations, simple and natural, that make the return to early scenes so touching. In how many different ways is the heart quickened! God does not leave the world without witnesses of himself; place ourselves where we will, there are eloquent preachers; animate and inanimate objects

speaking to the heart that is open to instruction.

I hastened to the city, for there was the elegant mansion of my friend, which had descended to him from his father. He received me with his wonted cordiality and introduced me to his wife. I was much struck with her noble appearance and could not help contrasting it with my own wife's. It seemed to me, however, just as it should be; the little wild flower I had found in the cleft of a rock was not to vie with the magnificent crown imperial.

A few moments of intercourse let me into the situation of my friend. His ignorance of commercial affairs had led him into various errors and losses, which he had tried to retrieve by speculation. His own fortune and his wife's were gone; and what with mortgages and debts, there was nothing before him but penury in the course of a few years. Yet he "thanked God that he was able to submit with resignation to these inevitable evils, and hoped he should continue to preserve the same temper of mind." My views had changed since I saw him; perhaps he was surprised that I did not give him my usual tribute of admiration for his magnanimity. "Are you quite sure," said I, "that all these evils have been inevitable in themselves? Have you not made them so? Was it actually necessary that you should enter into a line of business for which you were not qualified? When you perceived that you were becoming embarrassed in your affairs, was it necessary to persevere? Was the sacrifice of your wife's property another inevitable evil?"

"I am aware," said he, in his calm, quiet manner, "that things appear changed when we look back upon them. The rising and setting sun cast different shadows. We may possibly realize that evils which appeared inevitable might have been avoided; evils, which at the time seemed only to admit of unqualified submission."

"And how are we to ascertain that any are inevitable," I replied, "till we have used every exertion to counteract them? God does not leave the decision to us—there is neither philosophy nor religion in taking it upon ourselves."

It required some entreaty to prevail on Lewis to look into his own affairs and allow me to aid him. After much patient investigation, I was convinced that, with energy of action, a small part of his fortune might

be saved from the wreck. "You must live," said I, "as others do, upon your own exertions, and then you will be able to redeem a small portion of your property." "The sum is beggary," he replied. "Such beggary," said I, "would be comparative wealth to me; it is more than I ever possessed, and yet I consider myself blest with a competency." The next morning, in the presence of his wife and my own, I renewed the conversation. I had begun to despair of my own efforts; a sort of monomania had seized him, and he constantly repeated "there is no help; we must submit to inevitable evils." "You are right," said my wife in an animated tone, "you have only to follow out your own system; you have submitted with wonderful equanimity to such evils as have come upon you, you must now submit to those that follow, you must submit to toil and privation. Now is the time to prove that your system was one of principle rather than temperament, one derived from purpose and resolution, rather than indolence."

"Where were you educated?" said he, half laughing. "In a new settlement, in a log-house, where we had enough of what the world calls evils to struggle through. You must excuse my plain manner of speaking; I was taught no other."

"It was my wife," said I, "that first upset your theory: she persuaded me that resignation was an active principle, not a passive one. Indeed she has almost persuaded me that there are no evils."

"None," said she, "that we are to submit to, without striving to remove or mitigate. Old age and death are inevitable; but the good and wise will not call them evils, they belong to our present state of existence, and we take them as an inheritance. Vice, let it come in what form it will, is indeed an evil, but not one which calls for submission but for vigorous resistance."

"What do you say of sickness and bodily pain?" said Lewis.

"Experience often proves," she replied, "that they are not eventual evils even in this life; but whether they are or not, it is not common to submit without trying to remove them; quackery, in all its various forms, is but an appeal to this desire of relief. Indeed I cannot see how we can decide that any calamity is inevitable till we have taken every method to remove it."

"One would think," said he, "that resignation and submission had no human origin."

"You are half right," she replied with a smile, "they are of heavenly origin and have little congeniality with human interpretation. Christian resignation, so far from palying the mind, nerves it to useful exertion."

Lewis at length ceased to oppose; he permitted me to examine the state of his affairs, and consented to secure what remained to his wife and children. He has hired an office and has resumed the practice of the law.

Such is the present state of affairs; and in the three months that I have passed with him, evils which he considered inevitable no longer exist; but I cannot conceal from myself that his theory has had a palsy effect upon his mind. He has yet to learn that no one can be victorious who does not conduct as if there were no evils which cannot be obviated or mitigated.

Tomorrow we return to the Far West, to our home of comparative hardship. Most joyfully shall we resume our simple occupations and modes of life. We leave Lewis with wealth beyond what we possess, and only requiring industry and resolution to gain independence. But I feel discouraged when I reflect that he has yielded to the inevitable influence of other minds. No man is true to himself who does not find in his own soul the great principles of virtuous purpose.

DELUSIONS OF THE YOUNG.

Of all the lunacies and oversights afflicting human nature, none is more worthy of indulgence than the wilful self-delusion inducing two young persons, mutually attached and unversed in the ways of the world, to fancy that difficulties disappear before the courage and patience of those who find in mutual affection a consolation for vulgar privations.

Vain are the sermons of experience; vain the examples cited for their enlightenment. "Unexampled is the love which places their position above all comparison. Their fortitude defies misfortune; their reliance on each other supersedes all necessity for reliance on the world."

THE TOKEN.

THE "Token and Atlantic Souvenir," for 1840, has been issued at Boston, and may soon be looked for upon the shelves of our western booksellers. For several years past, till the last, this annual had been depreciating in excellence. The number for 1839 contained several very fine contributions, and one or two good embellishments; and that for the coming holydays is said to be a still further improvement upon the volumes published two, three and four years back. The Token was once a creditable representative of the state of literature and the fine arts in this country, and we hope these recent improvements are indications that it is soon to be so again. The papers of the Atlantic cities contain a number of selections from the present volume. None of these are very remarkable. The best that we have read, is a prose sketch from the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," and a few verses, entitled "The Widow's Hope," by Miss GOULD. Both of these we subjoin.—*HESPERIAN.*

THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

SLEEP on, my babe, and in thy dream
Thy father's face behold,
That love again may warmly beam
From eyes now dark and cold.
His wonted fond embrace to give,
To smile as once he smiled,
Again let all the father live,
To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits these heavy hours
To measure off with sighs;
And over Life's quick-withered flowers
To droop with streaming eyes.
For, ah, our waking dreams, how fast
Their dearest visions fade,
Or flee, and leave their glory cast
For ever into shade!

And still, the doating, stricken heart,
In every bleeding string
That grief has snapped or worn apart,
Finds yet wherewith to cling;
And yet whereon its hold to take
With stronger, double grasp,
Because of joys it held to break
Or melt within its clasp.

A blast has proved that in the sand
I based my fair, high tower:
Pale Death has laid his rending hand
On my new Eden bower!

And now, my tender orphan boy,
Sweet bud of hope, I see
My spice of life, my future joy,
My all, wrapped up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear
Of Him who willed the blow,
And sent the King of Terrors here
To lay thy father low.
I ask His aid my griefs to bear—
To say, "Thy will be done;"
That Heaven will still in pity spare
The widow's only son.

ANCIENT REMINISCENCES.

In King's Chapel, in Tremont street, Boston, is a monument to the memory of Frances Shirley, wife of Governor Shirley. There are none of the contemporaries of this lady remaining. We know but little of her except from this monument, and the faint and visionary sketches that become more and more indistinct, as they pass through successive generations. After a panegyric on her virtues, this record follows:

"Near this excellent mother, lie the mortal remains of her second daughter, Frances Bullen, late wife of William Bullen, Esq., the King's Advocate in the Vice-Admiralty Court of the province of Massachusetts, whose virtue and great beauty, prudence, piety, cultivated understanding, and gentle manners, were the delight of all while she lived.

"The too brief space of her life was passed ere she had attained her twenty-fourth year, and she died on the twelfth of March, 1744, deeply lamented by her husband, parents, and friends."

It is truly said we live a second time in our children. Of the daughter of this lady and granddaughter of Governor Shirley, Frances Shirley Bullen, there is much known that is interesting. A friend of her's is still living at an advanced age.

Her mother died while she was very young, and her father, being appointed agent for Massachusetts to the court of St. James, went to England, and left her to be educated in this country. The property which she was to inherit made it proper to appoint guardians of distinguished respectability. These were Judge Trowbridge, Judge Russell, and her uncle, Mr. Temple.

With Judge Trowbridge, at Cambridge, she principally resided. Her wealth and beauty attracted admirers at an early age;

but it was well understood, that her father was averse to her forming any matrimonial connection in America, and that he looked forward to her making a splendid alliance in England.

The early part of her life was passed in innocent gayety, unclouded by thought of the future. She formed those associations with friends of her own sex, to which the youthful mind so naturally turns, and felt as if her world of happiness existed on this side of the Atlantic. At the age of eighteen, she received a summon from her father to come to him; and, with deep sensibility, she parted from Mrs. Trowbridge, who had supplied to her the place of her own mother. There was no mother to welcome her to the strange land to which she was going; of her father she had but a slight remembrance; and, if friends were in store, they must be new ones. She made a thousand promises to write constantly; and said, "that to lay open her whole heart" to those she had left behind "would be her greatest solace."

Soon after her arrival in England, letters came; but they were not the transcripts of her warm and affectionate heart; it was evident to her friends, that they were written in a depressed and constrained manner. At length, all correspondence ceased, and they heard of her only by report. It was soon understood, that her father did not wish her to continue her intercourse with her American friends, and was continually haunted by fears that she might defeat his ambitious projects by forming some alliance beneath her. This led him to keep a constant guard upon her movements, and to prohibit her from general society. One solace, however, he allowed her, and that was the privilege of passing a few days with Mrs. Western, a female friend of great respectability and influence. This lady became fondly attached to Frances, who acquired, from her elegant and cultivated manners, a polish that she could not have gained in her father's family.

Mrs. Western resided a few miles from the city, and it was happiness to her young friend to quit its noise and dust and enjoy those scenes in the country, that reminded her of her early walks in Cambridge, and the winding course of Charles river. Mrs. Western had sons, but they were absent from home, and the father's apprehensions, with regard to them, seem not to have been awakened. One of them returned home on

a visit to his mother, while Frances was staying with her. Mrs. Western immediately made arrangements to restore the young lady to her father's residence the next day, knowing his extreme anxiety on the subject.

The breakfast hour, with her, was one of cheerful meeting. She took her seat as usual at the table, and, after waiting some time in vain for the appearance of her guest, sent a summons to her room. The messenger returned with the intelligence, that she was not there, and that the room did not appear to have been occupied during the night. She sent to her son's room; the young student was not to be found; the truth flashed upon her mind,—they had eloped together! Nothing remained but to send a despatch to the father, acquainting him with her suspicions.

He lost no time in repairing to her mansion, and loaded her with reproaches. His accusations were violent and unfounded, and he more than hinted, that she was accessory to the elopement. Mrs. Western preserved a calm and dignified deportment, and replied, "that the measure was as unpleasant to herself as to him; that her son had not yet finished his education, and a matrimonial connection might prove a blight to his future prospects and exertions." She also observed, "he was not of age, and could not, for some time, come into possession of his own property. That, as now the thing was irremediable, they had better submit to it with magnanimity."

Necessity is a never-failing counsellor. The father contented himself with solemnly protesting he never would forgive, or see, his daughter. Mrs. Western, on the contrary, received the young couple with gentleness when they returned, which they did after a few days' absence, and endeavored, by maternal counsel, to obviate the evils of this rash and disobedient step.

Years passed on, and they had several children. Though the father still adhered to his determination of not forgiving his daughter, in the tenderness of her husband and his mother, and surrounded by blooming and healthy children, her life was tranquil and happy.

Some months after the birth of the youngest child, Mr. and Mrs. Western set out on a journey, taking the infant with them. At an inn, where they stopped, Mr. Western got out of the phaeton. At that moment

the horses, which were usually perfectly gentle, took fright, and ran with his wife and child, notwithstanding all his own and his servant's attempts to stop them.

The mother's first thought was for her infant, and seizing an opportunity when the speed of the horses was a little checked, by a hill, she threw it upon a hedge of foliage. A mother's ears are quick, she distinguished the cry of the child; it was not one of distress, and she felt new courage, and, springing herself from the carriage with but slight injury, was able to hasten immediately back to recover the child. She found it safe and unhurt, and it recognized its mother with the joyous welcome of infant affection. With a heart filled with gratitude for their preservation, she walked on to meet her husband, knowing he must be enduring dreadful anxiety.

The first person she met was her own servant, "We are safe and uninjured," she exclaimed, "hasten back and tell your master."

He neither moved nor spoke, and as she looked in his face she perceived signs of deep distress. "What has happened? what have you to tell?" she exclaimed. He was unable to evade her eager inquiries, and the information he gave her was abrupt and overwhelming. Mr. Western, in endeavoring to stop the horses, as they rushed furiously forward, received a violent blow on his breast, from the pole of the carriage, and fell dead on the spot. His wretched wife fainted at the intelligence, and so dreadful was the shock, that for many months her reason was partially estranged. Her father could not resist this accumulation of distress. He went immediately to see her, and continued the intercourse, soothing her grief by parental tenderness.

After these melancholy events took place, she resided wholly in the country, devoting herself to the education of her children. She died many years since; and only one of her American friends still survives her.

We hope this little narrative is sufficiently interesting to make one of her early letters acceptable. It was addressed to the friend just alluded to, after returning from a visit she had been making her. The contrast it forms between the thoughtless gaiety of a girl, and the heart-rending events of after-life, is very striking. The local allusions it contains to people who existed before the revolution, as well as the mode of traveling

it describes, making a journey from Newburyport to Boston occupy nearly a day and a half, have something of a picturesque effect in contrast with the present times, and modes of traveling by railroad and steam.

"CAMBRIDGE, 1762.

"*Dear Sibby*—Last evening I heard of an opportunity to send to you, and I cannot omit writing; but must give a short account of my journey back, which was not very agreeable, on account of the roads. You cannot imagine how bad the traveling was—we could only walk the horses for several miles, and just as we got to Parker's river, one of the wheels of the chaise came off. It took some time to get it on again, and by the time we entered Rowley woods I was heartily tired. They looked dark and dismal, and I thought of nothing but robbers, and determined, if we were attacked, to surrender even my N. P. ear-rings to save my life. Well, all at once I saw a man on horseback, coming towards us. I began to tremble, but who do you think it proved? why, Mr. Jonathan Jackson! of all persons in the world, the least like a robber! We had a little pleasant conversation, and then proceeded; but did not get to Beverly till quite dark. The next morning we left early, found the roads much better, and arrived at Cambridge about one o'clock.

"Today is Sunday, and we have had a sermon upon dress, from Mr. Appleton. Upon my word, I think he made it out very well; for he told us people should dress according to their rank, and not go beyond their circumstances. He touched a little upon the propriety of our being subject to the other sex, and gave us a hint upon silence. I suppose, my dear, you will think I could not help taking this to myself. I confess it touched me a little, but I shall soon recover from it; for it is so natural to my tongue to go, that I cannot easily stop its motion.

"Here am I, sighing and moaning that we had not some of this good weather while I was with you at N. P. I liked the place so well that I had quite a curiosity to see how it looked when the sun was out.

"I had almost forgot to tell you how much my N. P. ear-rings were admired. I thought of them during the sermon, and ventured to wear them again in the afternoon. How I want to take a serious walk with your ladyship through those long rope-walks—a walk? no, I think the weather is cool enough for a

run. I don't believe you have had any knots tied in your handkerchief since I came away. Only think of my forgetting to deliver a message from Mr. M. while I was at N. P. I am positively afraid to walk out lest I should pop upon him, and he should ask me about it. I must beg the favor of you to do it for me. It was to ask your father if he received a letter by one Mr. Whitefield? He is a great preacher, and quite the fashion; they say he makes people cry and laugh in the same moment; pray go and hear him, and write me word, which you do most heartily, cry or laugh?

"The spring is delightful, the trees are coming out in blossom, and Charles river really looks majestic. How I wish you were here! Write soon, and don't forget the message about Mr. Whitefield. Your sincere friend, FRANCES SHIRLEY BOLLEN."

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

By Mrs. S. C. HALL, author of "Illustrations of Irish Characters," etc.

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread, not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the lord knows I shall be lonesome enough, the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying and your sweet song, your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then in the pride of her heart call our father to look at us, and preach to us about being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven, now and forever more: amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an *ave* with inconciva-

ble rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though its lonesome I'll be on my own hearthstone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye'er jest like all the men, purtending to one thing when they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my dear mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than could be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old rhyme?

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary: I'm sure she's anything but *that* to you any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail; it isn't many that's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor old Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat surlily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing kept on to me: he has a turn for the drop, Ellen, you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be said of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop; but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. I *wont*. Did n't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' bad habit you had of putting everything off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover? Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *your's*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door check, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike: "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every cent out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish: white tablecloths for Sunday, a little store of tay, and sugar, soap, candles, starch, everything good and plenty of it."

"My own generous sis," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and her's too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush! whist! will ye; there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humored face en-

tered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, manly, and fearless looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up in well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you? and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night? Ye're lucky: jest in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the country, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you havn't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "its the woman that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yere step when nobody else could; its echoes struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether its on your head or your heels yer standing. She'll tossicate your brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her Larry, the straight forward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed, and immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had taken quite enough, there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskey bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved like all my fair country-women, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, *unlike* the generality, wisely: and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was

only a drop, the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknown and quite against my will."

"Who poured it down your throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat, is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three-months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after!"

"Oh Ellen," interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"Its very cruel of you Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the overcomingness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a think a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think any think that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would like to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure its not in positive, downright *earnest* you are; you cannot think of putting me off, on account of that unlucky drop, the *least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why Lent'll be on us in no time,

and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion, it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you gratify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whiskey, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes get three times as tipsy as ever, to think yer oath is out—no."

"I'll swear any thing you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason ever I had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from even taking the *least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way, but not from cowardice, but because ye darn't trust yerself."

"Ellen, I'm sure yev'e got some English blood in yer veins, yere such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did it's not many marriage dues, his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I speak in this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife who whenever she thrashed him cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense! listen to me, I say, and I'd tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old, entirely withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling

about the streams, and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue, and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none could understand. Stacy had been a well reared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us: when not tormented by the children; she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* gentry of the place all humored her to; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and may be she didn't bless them for it.

"One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohren, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man's) hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog was soon up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle which I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

"Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whiskey would revive

her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature.

"Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whiskey! My father was in debt; to kill thought he tried to keep himself so that he could not think: he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face and to overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man who will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whiskey flask flowing, and to answer the baliff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a foot, and we were crying round the death bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlor, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black-jack streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing, "that he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died before the worse came; she died on the bed, that before the corpse was cold was dragged from under her—through the influence of strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to

have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whiskey had no power over him but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have *whiskey* as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse, than ever was put upon it by foreign power or hard made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half breath-ed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forget them. You might think," she continued "that I had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who were too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was alone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop: but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl, the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before its done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular: but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently may be; but the pride got the better of me; and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been better if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment; he was industrious and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink, and now that he is dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but God defend me, the

last was hard to bear." "Oh boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor old Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whiskey."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell," the girl turned pale as she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effect of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being unable to think or act. I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measels were about the country and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood in a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it open: the fume cloud came out of it sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together,

I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that* in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a moment. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms, I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, neither cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtonbarty with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband?" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning house without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbors, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf." "And now Ellen Murphy," she added, when the end was come, "do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison, the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have told you what tares my heart to come over? Because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become

your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them all, before you marry."

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry, "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honor and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after* Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the least drop in life*," is a great taste too much!—that "*ONLY A DROP*" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.—*Chamber's Journal*.

ALMS-GIVING AND LOANING.

BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

WE read of misery in Ireland that seems incredible, of exposure that seems impossible in a christian land; we turn with wonder to the hardships of the Pilgrims of New England, and the backwoodsmen of this valley: but we do not recognize the misery right about us at this moment, nor know the suffering that in even now in this city dragging down hundreds to the grave.—During the last winter instances occurred here of as great physical want as any that can be met with in the woe-stricken hovels of Erin; and though such extreme cases are rare, cases demanding the advice and aid of every humane man and woman may be discovered in any square of our thriving town.

The deepest and most permanent suffering, however, which occurs among us is not physical; those cases which peculiarly demand the help of a Christian friend are such as the one described in this little sketch, which, though not true in detail, is true in spirit, and drawn from actual occurrences.

I was some months since struck by the appearance of a little girl who was carrying a bowl of soup along Western Row; she

was well clad, her shoes were such as poor children never wear, and yet the face looked like that of a pinched and half-starved child. The soup which she was carrying, must, I thought, have been given her in charity. "My little girl," said I, "you have a big load, let me help you along with it." She looked up into my face with her swollen eyes, and giving me the bowl, smiled faintly, and answered that "it was indeed right heavy and right hot too, but if she could get it home before it got cold it would be mighty nice for mother." "And is your mother sick?" I said. "Not sick," she replied, "but ailing; it's from want of good food, the doctor says, and so Miss Wright gives me that big bowl of soup every day." I walked along with the child till we came near her home, when she insisted upon having the bowl back again, so I gave it to her, and opening the door which she said led into her father's shop, let her in and followed after. I found myself in a small, close, hot room where a man of perhaps thirty years old was at work upon something which he laid out of sight as soon as I entered, and opening another door through which the child went into an inner room, turned again, and facing me seemed to wait my pleasure.

"I met your girl in the street," said I, taking off my hat, "and was so much pleased by her appearance as to take the liberty of coming home with her."

"For what purpose?" said he, coldly.

"To learn your condition, my friend, and see if I could do any thing for you or her, as from what she said, I presumed you were poor."

"I am not poor," he answered proudly, "nor do I want your help."

"Can I be of service to you by getting her into a school, or Sunday school, or by throwing business into your hands?"

"And pray, sir, who are you that ask such questions of a stranger?"

"I am one of many," I replied, "who wish to help all men to gain an honest living, and to bring all, young and old, within the influence of religion and education."

The man paused for a moment, and the color came into his thin, sallow cheek; when he spoke again, it was more calmly and kindly than before.

"I am making enough," he said, "to support myself and my family; as to religion and learning let them have it that want

it, I don't want it for myself or my children. However, supposing I were in want how would you help me?"

"That would depend upon the causes of your want, your means of relief, your habits, and other things, of which I know nothing at present."

"I am an engraver," said he, pointing to a box of tools, "now suppose me sick, and nothing laid up for a wet day; here's my wife who is never strong, and two young children, and the winter, we'll say, is just setting in, and rent, and fuel, and food, and medicine, and doctor's fees are all to be paid for—what would you do for me?"

"In the first place," said I, "I should ask you to sell all your needless property of any kind, and to economise in every way that I could think of, and so help you by my advice."

"Very good," said he impatiently, "what next?"

"In the next place I should ask how much more than a living you could make if well again."

"We'll say a third more," he replied.

"Then I should say to you my friend you are an independent mechanic, able by your trade to make a month's living in three weeks; now your independence you don't want to lose, you wouldn't willingly live on alms, you'd feel degraded to be a beggar—so I'll make this bargain with you: you shall be decently supported while sick and properly cared for, upon condition that you pay back the money paid for you; if you are sick a week you shall have a month to pay in; if sick two weeks, then two months and so on; that is my friend, I'll loan you enough to make you comfortable while sick, and you shall pay it from your surplus earnings when well."

"Would you have done so?" he cried with staring eyes and gasping for breath.

"You are not well," I said.

"I am not," said he, hiding his face with his hands, "I am sick at heart."

"My friend!" he dropped his hands, and I took one of them, "tell me your ailing, and as I am a man I will do all in my power to cure it."

The engraver rose and opening the door through which his daughter passed, ushered me into the room within.

It was a small room, and looked out into a little, muddy back yard; but in the arrangements of the bed, the table, the mantle,

and the open closet—the hand of a true woman was visible; all was neat and sensible; no peacock's feathers nor broken gilt china cups were to be seen,—the ware was earthen, and a few hyacinths formed the only ornament. And there too was the woman herself, with her little boy and girl at her feet; she was wrapped up in a coarse calico loose-gown, her hair neatly brushed back from her brow, and her fingers busily at work upon some fine linen article for some fine lady, I presumed.

"Ellen," said the engraver, "here's a man who says he would have saved us."

The wife, pale, weak, and evidently desponding, struggled to restrain herself when thus addressed, but she could not, and sobbing, fell back in her chair.

"My good friends," cried I, "tell me your troubles. Save you? Are you lost then? What does all this mean?"

"Matilda," said the engraver to his little girl, "take your brother and go into the shop; we are going to talk about things which it is not proper for you to hear of, so do not listen, but play with your brother, and when we are ready we'll call you."

I had been struck all along by the good English of my companion, and was very much impressed and pleased by the directness of his speech to his child; I had seldom witnessed so great frankness even among the best people.

The children went out, the door was closed, and we sat down.

"My story, sir," said the husband, "is short, and you shall know it, if it hang me. You have spoken to me as a fellow man, and come what may I'll open my heart to you; should I not, Ellen?"

"Everything, everything," she cried, "let but one friend know our misery and guilt, and my heart will feel lighter forever."

The engraver listened with his whole soul, then turned to me and proceeded:

"Two years ago I was laying by something every week, and no man worked more honestly or cheerfully than I. A friend of mine took to speculating, and I indorsed for him; he failed, and my earnings went to smoke. Well, sir, I was in debt, and in trouble, and debt and trouble work evil with a free man; I got out of spirits, and out of sorts, and fall before last was taken sick. I had nothing; Ellen was too weak to sit up, and starvation came close to us, sir, I assure you. At last our trouble came to the ears

of one who gives much to the poor; he gave to us largely, for two months supported us; then some more pressing cases came, and he quit us with the assurance that the town would see us provided for. I went to the Trustees; they had crowds of poor folks on their hands who could not get trusted for their daily bread, and as we could, why they thought it was not right to do more for us than give us a little wood.

"What they said was true enough, for every body knew me to be industrious when well, and though ill-luck had loosened some friends it had not taken all; but somehow I hated to go in debt. So I went to some of the societies, and they gave, some three dollars and some five, but nothing steady. All this while I was getting worse, and the idea of beggary, of starvation, of degradation, of lost character haunted me day and night, for I was well raised and taught, sir. Well, by and by the societies could give no more, they had so many applicants; Ellen, here, got something from the house of employment, but she was too weakly to do much, and so, in spite of all, it came to debt. The grocer, the baker, and the doctor all had to trust us; and heavy enough the trust lay on our hearts; what with beggary and debt it seemed to me I should never get well. However, when spring came I had picked up enough to go to work once more, but somehow I could not do as I had done before, and could barely get along leaving debts all unpaid. Then came suits, and constables, and the doctor, I'm sorry to say it of him, was hard enough to have Ellen's chair and bedstead sold to pay himself with. Last, fall came, sir, and I was too poorly again to work, everything was monstrous high, and poor folks thicker than ever. It was an awful December, the last for such as we were! You wouldn't have thought that woman there could have lived, poorly as she was, sleeping on the floor here, and living on the leavings of the market. God help us, it was a hard time! any little tea that I could now and then get for her I had to go to the grocery over yonder for, and there was a set of drinking fellows that often asked me to join them. Once I did so, and while I was drinking, a lady went through the entry into a room where a sick woman lay, and in passing saw me. I thought nothing of it then, but it did me mischief. Well, in January Ellen was like to die, and I barely able to crawl about: so I went to

the Council Chamber, but it was thronged. I tried the societies, but the lady who had seen me drinking told them,—she was one of them, and they set me down for a drunkard. The baker would not trust, and once more we were close to death from want and no hope ahead, when one came that I would to God had'nt come, though we'd have been buried before now, but for him."

"Amen!" breathed the feeble wife.

"He came in one day as I sat in the shop, dozing from hunger, and asked if I was an engraver. I said yes? 'You're poor an't you?' said he. I told him we were. Then he bade me go with him. I did so. He took me to a coffee-house, and gave me some spirit and biscuit, and when I was done, put me into a hack and got in himself. I felt something was wrong, but it was death, sir, to turn back. I don't know where we went to, for the spirit put me to sleep; when I woke up I was in a room with my guide and two other men, all well-dressed and the room well-furnished. 'Neighbour,' said one of them, 'we want a job done in your line?' I nodded. 'We want a bank-plate engraved.' 'I thought as much,' said I. 'You'll do it then?' 'What shall I have?' 'A thousand dollars, of the bad money, to be done?' 'But suppose,' said I, 'I blow you, now?' 'Try it,' answered one of them, smiling, 'try it, my good fellow?' At last I agreed to do the job, and the bill to be copied was given me; when you came in, sir," he continued, clutching my arm, "I was at work upon it."

The calm distinct manner, in which the engraver told his story struck me with amazement; I asked him to let me see the plate; he brought it at once, it was a common copper plate, the work about half finished.

"Could you identify the men?" I said.

"I dare not if I could," said he, "but I shall have no chance, I am convinced they do not live in this city, and are never in its streets during daylight."

"At any rate," said I, "you must quit this job."

"And what then? two hundred dollars have been advanced me."

"It shall be given you to repay your employer. Destroy your plate, and an honest livelihood I'll insure you henceforth."

Within a few days I saw the plate destroyed, and the sum was soon raised to redeem the wages of sin.

The engraver now stands free of debt,

though not of obligation. He is once more a cheerful worker, and his wife's health is rising again under that best of panaceas, a happy mind. But often, very often, do I regret that those who administer charity do not give, and refrain from giving, more thoughtfully. Had constant, friendly aid been bestowed in the case before us, and had the engraver felt that he could, without offence, repay when able, his pride would not have been wounded, his self-respect lessened, his hope diminished, his heart weighed down:—he would have feared no suits, would have dreaded no want, would have been exposed to no temptations.

The case just described was in its circumstances peculiar, but in its essential features and character only one of hundreds.

POETRY.

THE poetry of the imagination, although it may glitter more, is neither so rich nor so glorious as the poetry of the heart. We have very few poets of the latter description. In childhood, and sometimes in youth, we are alive to the poetry of the heart. While the mind is pure and artless, devoid of every thing that can be termed sinful—free from anxious and corroding care, all nature appears to us very much as Eden appeared to our first parents. Every thing upon which we gaze seems to be good, and lovely, and beautiful. Our hearts claim acquaintance with all that meets the eye, and we feel deeply impressed by every little event which takes place around us. To such poetry as this, the beatified inhabitants of another world are no doubt awake; and as they touch their golden harps, their living souls seem to leap along the strings, and float on the harmonious notes, as they rise like incense to the great fountain of love and joy. In this world, poetry does not always mingle with devotion, though I believe that a poetic soul is generally impressed more easily with devout sentiments, than those minds which are of a more earthly cast. But I believe, that in the world to come, poetry and devotion become melted into one—that we are rendered keenly and acutely sensitive to all with which we hold intercourse, and thus our bliss becomes heightened into continual rapture. Indeed, the representations of heaven, which we have in the Scriptures, appear to favor such an opinion.

THE GREEN MOSSY BANK WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS GREW.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

On my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew;
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops in a shower of spray,
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipp'd in the wave.
And then, each pale lily that slept on the stream
Rose and fell with the wave as if stirred by a dream,
While my home mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my
view,

As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

The beautiful things! how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold.
Oh, never a spot since those days have I seen [sheen,
With leaves of such freshness, and flowers of such
How glad was my spirit! for then there was nought
To burthen its wing, save some beautiful thought
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that
blew,

O'er the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace
Could I win back the gladness that looked from my face,
As I cooled my warm lip in that fountain I love
With a spirit as pure as the wing of a dove.
Could I wander again where my forehead was starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in my bosom unmar'd;
And, calm as a child, in the starlight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

THE BETRAYER.

A SKETCH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SCENE I.

It was a summer's evening in July, a bright sun was shining on the golden crops of corn, ready for the reaper, and the gay groups of village maidens rejoicing in all the light-heartedness of youth, for past sports or anticipated pleasures.

One attached couple had wandered by the side of a river; the maiden looking up to her companion's face with all the confidence of affection, while the tall and even stately form of her companion responded to her look with a kind pressure of the hand, or affectionate glance of the eye.

"You will not forget me," said Marion Gray, for so was the maiden named, "when you are mixing with the great world. I hope, nay, I am sure, you will still remember her whose every thought will be devoted to you."

"Doubt it not, dear Marion," was the reply. "Walter Edwards will not forget the fair who has plighted her affection to him truly and faithfully."

"Yet, Walter, there is one thing on which I think with pain. I, who should have no secret from you, good and kind as you are, have that on my mind which I scarcely dare to tell."

"What is that?"

"You have been to me all that I could desire, you have left no wish unfulfilled: yet now, while your vows are ringing in my ears, and your hand is clasped in mine, the thought creeps over me, that—that—dear Walter, you will forgive the past concealment: that our belief is not the same, that we trust to different faiths for our salvation."

She paused. He waited for her to proceed with an air of anxious expectation; but the fair one still hesitated.

"And is it this which has so often made you restless? Nay, then, I wonder not; for there is a fearful penalty hangs over the creed of the heretic; and fear you not that it may fall upon you?"

"I have sometimes been apprehensive that my Bible might be discovered, and that—"

"A Bible—a Bible! and were you really possessed of a Bible? and in the vulgar tongue? But where, where do you conceal it? You know that—"

"An awful penalty awaits those so offending. I do. Death is denounced against those who court the book of life."

And this was then the mournful truth. The spirit of bigotry and vengeance had let loose the furies of the mind. Stern priests believed that they presented a grateful offering to a God of mercy, by destroying their fellow-men for differing from them in spiritual matters, and that, too, while one of the gentle sex sat upon the throne. The emissaries of the exasperated ministers of religion spread themselves everywhere throughout the country in disguise among the people. Fires were blazing in Smith-field; daughters were torn from their parents, brothers from their sisters, the aged

husband from her whom he had protected for fifty years, and given to the flames for the very deed which Marion had confessed.

Aware of this, the young man manifested a trembling eagerness to know where this all-important volume could be safely concealed. On this point he questioned Marion very closely, and it was not till she had minutely described the secure hiding-place in which it was deposited, that he seemed moderately at his ease.

"I know," said she, "that there is danger, but greater, more terrific danger still would exist for me were my soul left in darkness; and rather than this, if it must be so, I am ready, if need be, to seal the truth with my blood; and, feeble as I am, the fearful struggle with death would be trifling compared to the thought that you were left to mourn, with none to comfort."

"Speak not thus!"

"Night after night," continued Marion, ere I retire to rest, do I ponder over the word of God, and the sacred volume placed beneath my pillow; I sleep with more confidence for the knowledge of its presence."

"The sun is sinking," said Walter Edwards, hastily. "Ere many hours are over I must be far on my journey to London."

"You will not forget me!"

"Trust to me, Marion, farewell!"

They tenderly exchanged adieus, and parted. Walter turned repeatedly to look back on the fair one he promised soon to claim once for all.

That period, from the circumstances above described, during the reign of Queen Mary, was a fearful one for England: the blood of her best and most pious sons was poured forth like water. Emissaries, to discover the followers of the new creed, were secretly dispatched to every county in England.

Walter Edwards had come, an unknown man, to the village of Sevenoaks, and had been attracted to Marion by the mildness of her demeanor, and perhaps by the report which was spread about from some unknown source, that she had been converted to the religion of Luther.

That she was such we have seen by the conversation recorded, and that he had succeeded in winning the guileless affections of poor Marion is beyond all doubt.

He left for the great city. The mandate of authority soon compelled Marion to follow him.

SCENE II.

In an antique and stately room, of which but few specimens now remain, sate one, whose name had spread terror over England: Cardinal Pole. Near him was a table, strewn with papers, at which his secretary was writing. Pictures of the saints, and of their martyrdoms hung around, excepting on one side, which was concealed by a crimson drapery.

The door opened, and Marion Gray, attended by two guards, entered, and with a firm but subdued demeanor, stood, face to face, with the dreadful man who was the arbiter of her fate. For a space he sternly regarded her, as if surprised to see one so young.

"Know you the crime," he at length said, with a stern calmness, "for which you are this day brought here?"

"I have been told," replied Marion, "that it is for following the true faith, and that," she added, meekly but firmly, "I hold to be no crime."

"How, maiden! that which our church forbids, and which holy men disavow, call you that no crime? Hast thou not broken our sovereign's commands, and held in thy possession a copy of that volume which is forbidden to such as thee?"

"It is true."

"And canst thou, a child, pretend to understand it?"

"It is written there, 'a child shall not err therein,'" said the captive, simply, quoting the divine word. "But who has accused me?"

"Maiden," replied the Cardinal, "thou shalt behold thine accuser."

As he spoke he made a sign to his secretary, who rang a small bell which rested on the table.

At the summons the crimson drapery was moved, and slowly stepping forward, the tall form of Walter Edwards appeared.

"And art thou, too," exclaimed Marion, with a deep sigh, "in the hands of this terrible man? Now, God protect us, for our hopes on earth are few!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"What mean I?" replied Marion, wrought almost to frenzy by the sight. "Could not cruelty be content with the destruction of one over whom scarce eighteen summers have passed? Will not my blood suffice, but must ye slay one who has only

"inned by loving me. Spare him and I will bless you."

"Woman, thou art beside thyself. Speak, Walter Edwards, and say how thou didst track this guilty one to her home, and wring from her the secret of her false faith. Say, man," he continued, not heeding the agonizing remorse which passed over Edward's face, "say that thou hast denounced her to the church, and given her to our chastisement. Speak, art thou dumb?"

Gasping for breath the accuser muttered, "Pardon me, my lord—a sudden faintness—it is as thou hast said."

"You do not mean it, Walter; you cannot mean it: the presence of the slayer of God's saints hath turned thy brain. Yet, no," she exclaimed, suddenly; "by the eye which meets not mine; by thy bowed form, and by the quivering whiteness of thy lip, thou hast spoken truly."

"It is even so," in a low voice murmured the accuser.

"Horror, horror!" exclaimed Marion, now fully comprehending the mighty calamity which had fallen on her. "And from your hands, Walter Edwards!—you, on whom I leaned in all my troubles; you, who seemed to me so kind, so gentle; you! God of my fathers, in this hour of trial, save and sustain me."

"What is thine answer?" demanded the Cardinal.

"I never read the sacred book," said, or rather muttered Marion, utterly disregarding the question, "but his name seemed written there. I never knelt before it, but his name rose to my lips; I never placed it beneath my pillow, but his image rose, blended with peaceful thoughts and earnest prayers. Walter, Walter, 'twas a poor triumph—man's wit against woman's love. Earth hath nothing more monstrous to tell!"

"Time presses," said the Cardinal: "thine answer, girl!"

"My answer, Lord Cardinal, is this," and the speaker seemed inspired with unearthly energy as she proceeded, "that of all those whom thy cruelty has laid low; of the hundreds thou hast destroyed, and of the hearts thou hast blasted, none disregard thy punishments or laugh to scorn thy threats more than the despised village maiden now before thee!"

With a stern glance he pointed to the door by which she had entered, and the

prisoner was led to the only lodging she was to possess on this side the grave.

SCENE III.

In a cell, to which the light of day could scarcely reach, lay Marion Gray. The fiat had gone forth, and on the morrow she was to add another to the list of those who had died for faith. It was midnight, when a noise, as of the grating of a door upon its hinges, aroused her; and, springing from her hard couch, she saw the form, once so dear, of him who had betrayed her. He entered with a slow and melancholy step; and there, in that damp cold cell, by the flickering light of a dull lamp, met, for the last time, the betrayer and his victim!

"Marion," said a low melancholy voice.

"What would you, Walter, with one who has done with the world?"

"I have come to implore your pardon," was the answer, in a voice almost choked by tears.

"Ask it of God, Walter: I am at peace with all the world!"

"Within this week, Marion," said Edwards, "I have suffered the anguish of years. Look on this furrowed cheek, on this wasted brow, and on these hollow eyes."

"You have cause for bitterness. I am doomed by you. Is my face as fresh as when you first sought me? Is it nothing to die in the spring-time of youth? Is it nothing to feel that a terrible death awaits me?" said Marion, touchingly.

"Oh, Marion, would you but consent to live! Recant in time. You may yet be saved. For your repentant lover's sake renounce your heresy."

"Peace, Walter."

"If you could but say the word, and worship your God in a different form, happiness would await us. In a distant land you might teach me that which you have learned, and on a foreign shore might our bones rest, peacefully and calmly in the same grave, with but one hope, one faith, and one God!"

"Walter, Walter! you trouble me, yet you plead in vain. Weak and frail as I am, I am content to die in the faith I have avowed, for the Deity I worship will give me comfort in the hour of affliction. And now farewell: I would gather strength in sleep for my last trial."

He renewed his importunity, but in vain;

and at length despairingly passed from her presence, and Marion Gray fell on her knees and prayed long and earnestly for divine assistance; and, strengthened by that power on whom she leant in all her troubles, fell a victim to the fierce intolerance of the times.

Of Walter Edwards little is known, save that, from that time, his name is no more found among those "who went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour."

A SPANISH DIGNITARY.

I CALLED one morning on a high dignitary of the Church; ascending a magnificent staircase, I passed through a long suit of rooms to the apartments in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation. My host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I traversed the whole suit of apartments. At the banisters I made a low, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but no: when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his eminence waiting the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.

Lord Carnarvon.

EARLY TIMES IN THE WEST.

AN EXTRACT FROM 'THE EMIGRANT,' BY F. W. THOMAS.

HERE once Boone trod—the hardy pioneer—
The only white man in the wilderness:
Oh, how he loved, alone, to hunt the deer,
Alone at eve, his simple meal to dress;
No mark upon the tree, nor print nor track,
To lead him forward or to guide him back:
He roved the forest, king by main and might,
And looked up to the sky and shaped his course aright.

That mountain, there, that lifts its bald high head
Above the forest, was, perchance, his throne;
There has he stood and marked the woods outspread.
Like a great kingdom, that was all his own;
In hunting-shirt and moccasins arrayed,
With bear-skin cap, and pouch, and useful blade,
How carelessly he leaned upon his gun,
That sceptre of the wild, that had so often won.

Those western pioneers an impulse felt.
Which their less hardy sons scarce comprehend;
Alone, in Nature's wildest scenes, they dwelt
Where crag, and precipice, and torrent blend,
And stretched around the wilderness, as rude
As the red-rovers of its solitude,
Who watched their coming with a hate profound,
And fought with deadly strife for every inch of ground.

To shun a greater ill sought they the wild?
No, they left happier lands behind them far,
And brought the nursing mother and her child
To share the dangers of the border war;
The log-built cabin from the Indian barred,
Their little boy, perchance, kept watch and ward,
While father ploughed with rifle at his back,
Or sought the gluttoned foe through many a devious track.

How cautiously, yet fearlessly, that boy
Would search the forest for the wild beast's lair,
And lift his rifle with a hurried joy
If chance he spied an Indian lurking there:
And should they bear him prisoner from the fight,
While they are sleeping, in the dead midnight,
He slips the thongs that bind him to the tree, [pily.
And leaving death with them, bounds home right happy.

Before the mother, bursting through the door,
The red-man rushes where her infants rest;
Oh God! he hurls them on the cabin floor!
While she, down-kneeling, clasps them to her breast
How he exults and revels in her woe,
And lifts the weapon, yet delays the blow:
Ha! that report! behold! he reels—he dies!
And quickly to her arms the husband—father—flies.

In the long winter eve, their cabin fast,
The big logs blazing in the chimney wide—
They'd hear the Indian howling, or the blast,
And deem themselves in castellated pride:
Then would the fearless warrior disclose
Most strange adventures with his sylvan foes,
Of how his arm did over their's prevail,
And how he followed far upon their bloody trail.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

THE secret of M. DAGUERRE's wonderful invention, or discovery, by which he is enabled to transfer an exact transcript of rural scenery, buildings, etc. to paper, and fix the colors permanently, is disclosed in the following article, copied from the London Globe. For disclosing the secret, M. Daguerre is said to have received from the French Government six thousand francs, and M. NIEPCE, who also made discoveries in the same direction, four thousand francs.

It having been announced that the process employed by M. DAGUERRE for fixing images of objects by the camera obscura would be revealed on Monday, at the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, every part of the space reserved for visitors was filled as early as one o'clock, although it was known that the description of the process would not take place until three. Upwards of two hundred persons who could not obtain admittance remained in the court-yard of the Palace of the Institute. The following is an analysis of the description given on this occasion by M. ARAGO:

The influence of light upon colors was known long ago. It had been observed that substances exposed to its action were affected by it; but beyond this fact nothing was known until 1536, when a peculiar ore of silver was discovered, to which was given the name of *argent corne*, and which had the property of becoming black when exposed to the light. Photographic science remained at this point until it was discovered that this *argent corne* (chloruret of silver) did not become black under all the rays of light. It was remarked that the red ray scarcely effected any change, whilst the violet ray was that which produced the greatest influence. M. J. Baptiste Porta then invented the camera obscura, and numerous efforts were made to fix the pretty miniature objects which were seen upon the table of it, and the transitory appearance of which was a subject of general regret. All those efforts were fruitless up to the time of the invention of M. Niepce, which preceded that of M. Daguerre, and led to the extraordinary result that the latter gentleman has obtained. M. Niepce, after a host of attempts, employed sheets of silver, which he covered with bitumen (*bitume de Judee*) dissolved in oil of lavender, the whole being covered with a varnish. On heating these

sheets, the oil disappeared, and there remained a whitish powder adhering to the sheet. This sheet, thus prepared, was placed in the camera obscura; but when withdrawn the objects were hardly visible upon it. M. Niepce then resorted to new means for rendering the objects more distinct. For this purpose, he puts his sheets, when removed from the camera obscura, into a mixture of oil of lavender and oil of petroleum. How M. Niepce arrived at this discovery was not explained to us; it is sufficient to state that, after this operation, the objects became as visible as ordinary engravings, and it only remained to wash the sheet with distilled water to make the drawings permanent. But as the bitume de Judee is rather ash-colored than white, M. Niepce had to discover the means of increasing the shadows by more deeply blackening the lines, (*hachures*.) For this purpose he employed a new mixture of sulphuret of potassium and iodine. But he (M. Niepce) did not succeed as he expected to do, for the iodine spread itself over the whole surface, and rendered the objects more confused. The great inconvenience, however, of the process was the little sensitiveness of the coating, (*enduit*,) for it sometimes required three days for the light to produce sufficient effect. It will easily be conceived, therefore, that this means was not applicable to the camera obscura, upon which it is essential that the object should be instantaneously fixed, since, the relative positions of the sun and earth being changed, the objects formed by it were destroyed. M. Niepce was therefore without hope of doing more than multiplying engravings, in which the objects, being stationary, are not effected by the different relative positions of the sun. M. Daguerre was devoting himself to the same pursuit as M. Niepce when he associated himself with that gentleman, and brought to the discovery an important improvement. The coating employed by M. Niepce had been laid on by means of a tampon, or dabber, similar to the process used in printing, and consequently the coating was neither of a regular thickness nor perfectly white. M. Daguerre conceived the idea of using the residuum which is obtained from lavender by distilling it; and, to render it liquid and applicable with more regularity, he dissolved it in ether. Thus a more uniform and whiter covering was obtained, but the object, notwithstanding, was not visible at once; it was necessary to

place it over a vase containing some kind of essential oil, and then the object stood forth. This was not all that M. Daguerre aimed at. The tints were not deep enough, and this composition was not more sensitive than that of M. Niepce. Three days were still necessary to obtain designs. We now come to the great discovery in the process for which M. Daguerre has received a national reward. It is to the following effect: A copper sheet, plated with silver, well cleaned with diluted nitric acid, is exposed to the vapor of iodine, which forms the first coating, which is very thin, as it does not exceed the millionth part of a metre in thickness. There are certain indispensable precautions necessary to render this coating uniform, the chief of which is the using of a rim of metal round the sheet. The sheet, thus prepared, is placed in the camera obscura, where it is allowed to remain from eight to ten minutes. It is then taken out, but the most experienced eye can detect no trace of the drawing. The sheet is now exposed to vapor of mercury, and, when it has been heated to a temperature of sixty degrees of Reaumur, or one hundred and sixty-seven Fahrenheit, the drawings come forth as if by enchantment. One singular and hitherto inexplicable fact in this process is, that the sheet, when exposed to the action of the vapor, must be inclined; for if it were placed in a direct position over the vapor, the results would be less satisfactory.

The angle used is forty-eight degrees. The last part of the process is to place the sheet in the hyposulphite of soda, and then to wash it in a large quantity of distilled water.

The description of the process appeared to excite great interest in the auditory, amongst whom we observed many distinguished persons connected with science and the fine-arts.

Unfortunately the locality was not adjusted suitable for the performance of M. Daguerre's experiments, but we understand that arrangements will be made for a public exhibition of them. Three highly curious drawings, obtained in this manner, were exhibited: one of the Pont Marie, another of M. Daguerre's atelier, and a third of a room containing some rich carpeting, all the minutest threads of which were represented with the most mathematical accuracy, and with wonderful richness of effect.

BROUGHAM IN PARLIAMENT.

THAT old gentleman in the lawn sleeves, who is upon his legs and speaking, although we cannot at this distance hear a word he utters, is the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is coming to an end at last. I see by Brougham's restlessness that he has long been impatient, and that he wants to speak himself. Hark! there he is. Now listen to the orator. He commences in a low and measured tone, and the first thing that strikes you is his broad and northern dialect; he appears for a moment to hesitate, to doubt whether he did right to get up, and whether he had not better sit down. He is now stating propositions that few people think of denying, but which certainly do not appear to have the most remote relation to the question, or to each other. Let us observe him awhile as he proceeds. Mark his long and parenthetical sentences, yet how clear his enunciation makes them. Now you see what the disjointed, irrelevant, and apparently unconnected propositions with which he commenced, meant; they are now the beams of his argument; how adroitly he connects them; how easily he fills in the intervening spaces; how he surprises you by the exquisite appropriateness to the very point you had deemed the most irrelevant; he grows warm as he proceeds, carries you on with him, not because he is Lord Brougham—because he is a great orator, for that you do not feel—but because you cannot help it: because you sympathise, not with him, but with his cause. He concludes, and he resumes his seat, but not with any air of complacency, rather as though he was thoroughly unrelieved, and had that within his breast which yet struggled for a vent. * * *

Wait one moment, most critical stranger; you have seen the lion only in his quiet mood. While you have been criticising, a prosy old nobleman in the further corner, has been declaring that Lord Brougham's measure is no better than it ought to be, and that he himself is not much better than his measure. His grace spoke so low that I could not hear one word he said, but I could read it all in Brougham's eye. Another—and another—and another; and from all sides of the house, thick and fast comes raillery at the new proposition. Like most persons who love to inflict torment upon others, Brougham is especially tender himself. That foolish looking fellow with the

curls has absolutely touched him; see, now, how Brougham looks when he is goaded. Make way good people, the bull is coming; chained or loose, right or wrong, he can stand it no longer; with one lashing bound he clears every obstacle, and there he is, with tail erect, and head depressed, snorting in the middle of the arena. Now you see Brougham; his eyes appear to flash—the gathering of his brows is like the gathering of thunder-clouds—his dark grey hair appears rigid with the compressed energy of his fury—his arm is raised—his voice is high! There is the commencement of the storm—his first sentence pushes into the subject. Hark at the coarse and stunning piece of contemptuous mockery with which he begins. See how the whipster peer, who was lately so flippant, shrinks within himself—how horrified he looks; with what dreadful interest he appears to hang upon the lips of his castigator, in an agony of expectation as to what the next moment may bring forth. And look at the other peers who sit around; whether Brougham speaks of them as “his noble friends,” or as “the noble lords,” they appear marvellously uncomfortable if they find their names in his mouth; for Brougham is in full tilt—he has sarcasm on his tongue, and bile in his heart—he is *talking Greek fire*, and wherever it falls, upon friend or foe, it sinks deep and leaves its scar; he is like an elephant in Indian battle, trampling down every enemy in its path, while the arrows that are winged from its back, scatter wounds among the distant crowd. * *

Of all the phenomena which strike us when viewing the life of Henry Brougham, perhaps the most wonderful is the intensity of his industry. The literary labors of this man, if it were possible that they could be collected, would form a mass that might put to shame the ponderous labor of Origen, or might vie with those of the most voluminous of the fathers whose works found too honorable a fate in warming the baths of Alexandria.

Brougham appears to have watched his moments as misers watch their gold, not one was suffered to escape without performing its office to the uttermost; every one has left its equivalent in knowledge gained, or in knowledge imparted—in truth vindicated or in political right asserted. His investigations have extended over the whole region of politics, of jurisprudence and of science—

he could not exhaust all, but he has sunk a deep shaft into each.

MURAT CALLED TO HIS DEATH.

WHILST poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important reminiscences, so incontrovertibly true, the door of the chamber slowly opened, Giovanni Della Casa entered, and, with downcast eyes, announced that sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour.

Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect calm—not the slightest change was visible in his countenance—not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. He met the hideous features of this far more terrible of deaths with as much indifference as he had faced it when it was disguised under the trappings and the panoply of war. Taking in his hand the cornelian seal on which was graven his wife's image, he gazed on it, and kissed it, and then again dwelt on the miniatures of his four children on which he dropped a tear. Desiring that the cornelian he then held within his hand might after death be taken from its grasp and given to his wife, and the miniature to be buried with him; he walked erect into the room of death, in which were drawn up, in double file, twelve soldiers. The muskets had not yet been loaded, and upon this thrilling operation King Joachim stood, looking as though he were upon parade. The proposal made to him of being blindfolded, he mildly rejected with a smile; then placing his right hand, which grasped the effigies of his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed, in a calm, clear voice, “Spare the face—aim at my heart!” Twelve muskets answered to the words, and sent twelve balls into the breast which had never harbored any other feelings than those of generosity, benevolence, and virtue.

The engraved cornelian and the picture were taken from his strong death-grasp. His mutilated remains, together with the portraits of his family, were buried in the very church which had been erected by his munificence.

Such was the deplorable and atrocious end of the illustrious warrior, whom death had respected in more than two hundred battles. He was in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the eighth of his reign over Naples.—*Maceroni*.

EDITOR'S BUDGET.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

THIS work is, as its cognomen indicates, of a political character. The effect of such publications we conceive to be decidedly good. In a monthly, there is calmness and research: in a weekly or daily, almost always haste and feeling. The conductor of a periodical, unlike the editor of a diurnal or hebdomadal, has days and weeks of deliberation: he has time for comparison and correction, with leisure to consider the force of his statements before they are committed to the press. With a weekly, every thing is excitement, which inevitably produces error. A mistake is perhaps fastened upon by the opponent as a falsehood; then follows the retort, the rejoinder, rebutter, and sur-rebutter, increasing in plainness and bitterness, until both parties, conscious of having compromised their dignity with the public, dismiss the restraints of self-respect, and launch at each other the most forcible terms of personal vituperation. In private intercourse, persons thus engaged in mutual public detraction, frequently meet, not only without high words, but interchange civilities wholly inconsistent with their open expressions. A distinction is drawn, as to the force of a remark, when it forms part of a political paragraph and when uttered in ordinary conversation. In other words, the individual who would scorn personalities by the word of mouth, unless he considered himself directly responsible, is known to incorporate into his editorial columns scandalous matter, with no intention of giving explanation or satisfaction. The tripod would seem to possess a mystic power, to separate the editorial "WE," from the personal "I;" erecting a kind of body corporate of the public functionary, separate and distinct from the natural person. And the same rule operates both ways. When matter appears in the columns of an antagonist paper, so exceptionable as to require notice in a serious way, if relating to ordinary affairs, we see either a silent inaccessibility, or a return fire of the same material.

All this is to us unaccountable. Men of nice

ideas of honor, correct moral, and even religious sentiments, who in social life are truly amiable, discharge against their fellow men, in print, weekly and daily, epithets of the severest import, and receive in return charges which, if true, or believed to be true, would in either case, insure public disgrace. We trust we shall not be misapprehended by our brethren of the press as making a wholesale charge against them. We advert to an extraordinary fact which we fear has not been duly noticed by the editorial profession, and yet which few of them will hesitate to admit exists to an alarming degree. It is a circumstance so strange that an individual should appear in two opposite characters every day of his being, one of which regards not the abuse and cares not for the reputation of the other, that ocular demonstration alone would convince us of the truth of our assertion. Twenty years hence the reader of a file of some of our papers, would inevitably draw a conclusion of the personal disposition of its conductor different from the opinion now entertained of him by those who know him best. There are very few who would be willing to rest their reputation upon what they themselves have put on imperishable record.

In citing this anomaly here, we do not intend to assume the harshness of a censor. We are merely noticing a prominent fact strongly presented to our view by the presence of the work before us. We hail the establishment of political periodicals as likely to exercise a happy influence upon the character of more transient political sheets. They will have a tendency to show, by a palpable example, that however honestly we may view our own course, and however enormous may be that of our opponents, elaborate research is necessary to sustain it. That a calm statement, *known* to be true, is more effectual than a volley of assertion; and a paragraph of strong, clear, and liberal argument, is better than a column of declamation. It may be said, that the people must be aroused to duty by exciting matter. We should gladly notice this opinion if this was a fit occasion. A wide scene of dis-

cussion presents itself—too extensive for an episode. For the present it must pass, with the solitary remark, that in our belief, the influence of the public will upon the press, is at least equal to that of the press upon the public.

The "Democratic Review" appeared in December, 1837. It is published by Messrs. LANGTREE AND O'SULLIVAN, Washington, D. C., containing about one hundred pages per month, aside from the Monthly Register, which is paged separately. Its object is to discuss "the great questions of polity before the country, expounding and advocating the Democratic doctrine through the most able pens that that party can furnish, in articles of greater length, more condensed force, more elaborate research, and more *elevated tone*, than is possible for the newspaper press." The talent exhibited upon its pages answers the expectations raised by the above extract from the prospectus, and in typographical execution it is decidedly neat. The "Monthly Record" contains a summary of the proceedings of Congress during its sittings, with the votes of each member, on each important proposition, exhibited in a tabular form. This department of the work will be resorted to in future, with more interest than the main body.

Although the main intent of this work is the more vigorous support of the Democratic party of the United States, it partakes of the literary, biographical and historical character. The following prominent articles have appeared upon its pages: "Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina;" "Mexican Antiquities;" "Canada Question;" "Retrospect of the South American States;" "Recent American Poetry;" "Lord Durham's Report;" "Causes of Poverty;" "Second War of the Revolution;" "A Day with La Fitte;" "Revolutionary Reminiscences of an Old Soldier;" "American Women." Those of a strict political bearing are most numerous. We name a few: "The Democratic Principle;" "Glances at Congress;" "The Supreme Court, its Jurisdiction, etc.;" "Executive Usurpation;" "General Banking Law of New-York;" "Philadelphia Banking, Dyott's Case;" Besides notices of eminent political characters, there is a series of "Political Portraits," accompanied by rough wood-cuts of the subject. These are extremely interesting, and drawn in general with candor: Thomas H. Benton, William C. Rives, Joel R. Poinsett, William Leggett, and C. C.

Cambreleng, are among the number. The notice of Mr. Leggett, in the July number for 1839, unfortunately became an eulogy by the sudden death of that individual.

In selecting an attitude for the honorable Mr. Poinsett, the artist has placed him in that most extraordinary scene, the display of our flag to a Mexican mob, with the staff in his right hand. From the balcony of his hotel, while representing the American States, at Mexico, his single presence beneath the standard of the Union struck a ravaging multitude with a respectful awe. They beheld the personation of a state, whose second principle is not to suffer wrong. Its flag represented its power, its minister, its intelligence. The semi-barbarian soldier, accustomed to robbery, conflagration and murder, was proceeding to attack the residence of Mr. P. Many of their intended victims, had fled there for protection against armed violence. Alone and unarmed he stood forward, upon the piazza, with his head uncovered, the folds of our banner curling about it. His body was no more invulnerable than hundreds already butchered in the streets; the fragile bunting might have been rent into rags, and trampled in the dust; but the two formed a visible representation of a nation interposing in favor of human life. In its moral presence the Federal Government of the United States stood there, in greater majesty and with more imposing effect, than Nicholas or Louis Philippe could have commanded in person.

To members of the Democratic party this periodical will be doubly engaging from its style and sentiments. The general literature and historical pages of the work will be interesting to all. There is an antagonist monthly called the "Republican Review," published at the same place, of which we shall speak when an opportunity occurs.

THE CHARTER OAK.

"THE Charter Oak, and Other Poems. By JOHN JAY ADAMS."—We do not like to express our opinion of every one who comes before the public, and, placing his arms akimbo, as much as exclaims, "Aint I Somebody?" But, really, we are so strongly impressed with the conviction that Mr. JOHN JAY ADAMS, author of "the celebrated poem of the 'Charter Oak,'" (vide Knickerbocker of September,) is a very silly gentleman, that we cannot help saying so. We have

actually, incredible as the assertion may appear, undergone the labor of reading this "Charter Oak," and the "Other Poems" thereunto appended; and if there are among the whole, twenty lines of what the most charitable criticism can honestly term *poetry*, we will willingly suffer ourselves to be written down an A. S. S. That which, offered as original matter, would have been rejected by nine-tenths of the respectable periodicals of the United States, is beneath criticism. Merchandizing, we learn from the introduction, is Mr. ADAMS's legitimate business. Doubtless he is a very expert accountant, for he tells us that he "has been inured from boyhood to mercantile pursuits." He may therefore, for aught we know, as did Alexander Pope, have "lisp'd in numbers;" but we can assure him that he is no poet, nevertheless; and if he have not already learned this fact, he has yet to acquire his principal wisdom-wrinkle.

Published by SAMUEL COLMAN, New-York: for sale by U. P. JAMES, Cincinnati. Sixty pages, duodecimo.

HYPERION.

"HYPERION, a Romance. By the author of 'Outre-Mer.'"—Since the reception of these beautiful volumes, we have not had time to pursue the acquaintance begun with Mr. LONGFELLOW through some of his delightful poems, and continued by means of his "Pilgrimage Beyond Sea." We have read a few of the opening chapters, which we find full of the peculiar beauties of the author. We have heretofore classed Mr. LONGFELLOW with WASHINGTON IRVING; and we think that these two, with Mr. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, author of "The Gentle Boy," etc., constitute a peculiar trio, quite distinct from the main body of good American writers. Though dissimilar in some respects, they closely resemble each other in many, and are approached, in their distinguishing excellences, by none of our other authors of eminence. We do not regard either of them as among the first intellects of the country. They all lack force, comprehensiveness, intensity. But in the sphere which they have chosen for the display of their powers, and where they all move together, they are without rivals. In a hasty glance through "Hyperion," our eye has fallen upon many beautiful things, which we

shall pencil as we read the volumes, and select from for our miscellany department next month.

Published by S. COLMAN, New-York: for sale by U. P. JAMES, Cincinnati. Two volumes, elegant duodecimo.

COLMAN.

S. COLMAN, New-York, proposes to publish, by subscription, a new and beautiful edition of "A Chart of Universal History, represented under the image of the Stream of Time, and forming a visible representation of the rise and progress of all nations; on the basis of the original work by Professor STRAUS; revised, corrected and enlarged, with numerous American additions, and an illustrative key; by S. G. GOODRICH." Price to subscribers, six dollars, payable on delivery.

Mr. COLMAN has just published, by subscription, George Combe's recent Lectures on Phrenology, "in which are included, the application of the science to education, jurisprudence, and the present condition and future prospects of the United States; with notes, an introductory essay, and a historical sketch of the rise and progress of Phrenology; by ANDREW BOARDMAN, Recording Secretary of the New-York Phrenological Society."

U. P. JAMES, 26 Pearl street, is Mr. COLMAN's agent in Cincinnati.

ERRATA.

A NUMBER of provoking errors occur in the notice of the third annual report upon the Geology of New-York, in our present issue. The reader will please substitute, at page 376, sixteenth line from the top of first column, *Botelus* for "statulus;" same page, fifteenth line from top of second column, *greenstone* for queenstone;" twenty-one lines lower down, *Vanuxem* for "Vamoxena;" and correct several other typographical errors, which make "cheaty" of *Cherty*, "ortho-crea" of *orthocera*, "pentacrine" of *pentacrin*, "turba" of *turbo*, etc. Slips of the pen are so very common, that slips of the press will occur once in awhile, notwithstanding the utmost care and vigilance.

22 12 1/2 S. & S. B. Stanton.

THE HESPERIAN;

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF GENERAL LITERATURE,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

VOLUME 3.

JULY, 1839.

NUMBER 2.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The primary objects of the HESPERIAN, are identical with those of the leading magazines of the day: viz. 1. To disseminate useful information among the people, in the form of general Essays and popular Sketches; 2. to gratify the taste, common to a large portion of every community, for good periodical literature, by supplying it with well-wrought Tales of a wholesome character, choice Poems by contemporary authors, interesting Biographical Sketches of good and eminent men, entertaining Narratives of foreign and home Travel, elegant descriptions of picturesque scenery, and faithful accounts of past and current Adventure and Discovery; 3. to assist in bettering the condition of Society, by elevating the tone of its thinking, and feeling, and speaking, and writing; and, 4. to watch the portals of the Temple of Literature, with a vigilant eye, that as little as possible may issue therefrom without rebuke and exposure, which has any other ten loney than to purify and exalt in heart and mind, instruct in the duties of life, and strengthen in the performance of good works. These are the primary objects of the publication; and to these mainly will it ever be devoted.

The HESPERIAN differs from most other magazines, in this, that it contains a department for Selections, which is filled from month to month with extracts from

the best of the current periodicals of Great Britain and the United States, and from the new publications in general literature which are every day issuing from the book press of the country. With a knowledge of this fact, and from an examination of the volumes of the work which have already been published, every one can form a pretty correct idea of the character and quality of the reading matter which will continue to appear in its pages from month to month.

The HESPERIAN is printed on paper of superior quality, with new and beautiful type, of the long-primer, bourgeois, and minion sizes. A number is published on the first of each month, containing from eighty to ninety royal octavo pages of letter-press, well covered, stitched and trimmed, so as to make two handsome volumes a year, of about five hundred pages each. The annual subscription is *Five Dollars*, payable invariably at the time of subscribing.

A failure to give the Publisher timely notification of a determination to discontinue at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will of course be considered equivalent to a new and bona fide engagement for another year. A new volume (the third) began on the first of June, 1839. The work can be furnished to new subscribers from the commencement of the series, or from the beginning of the present volume, as they may desire.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED IN OHIO BY JOHN D. NICHOLS;

IN KENTUCKY, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, AND ELSEWHERE,

BY THE EDITOR.

merits of the story, previous to reading the succeeding chapters.

The second article is a "Brief History of the Settlement of Belville, in Western Virginia," by Dr. S. P. HILDRETH. It is well-written and highly interesting. Every man, woman and child should read it with attention. It gives us such an idea of the hardships and sufferings of the bold and adventurous pioneers of the beautiful West, as will render us competent to appreciate the blessings they have left for our enjoyment.

"The Coincidence of Mind with Physical Phenomena," by G. WILLYARD, is not of sufficient interest to add much to the Hesperian. It reads too much like the first essay of a schoolboy, who had heard his preceptor descant upon the philosophy of the learned metaphysicians. It is superficial and pointless.

"Peter Pirad: a Sketch from the German," by Mrs. E. F. ELLET, is very creditable.

"The Lines to a Lady," are very good.

"Miseries of Fastidiousness," by THOMAS H. SHREEVE, is elongated nonsense. There is not a bright idea or expression in the whole article.

"The Union of the States," by W. G. HOWARD, is very handsomely written, but it lacks vigor of thought.

"The Emigrant in the Forest," by W. G. SIMMS—in the form of poetry, is without merit.

"The Flower of Chastity," by E. A. McLAUGHLIN, is really beautiful. It is in fact the gem of the present number of the Hesperian.

The articles under the head of "The Editor's Budget," are written with taste and judgment.

We hope the Hesperian will continue to meet with success; and we also hope that the editor will be a little more free in his rejections.—*Ohio Statesman*.

THE HESPERIAN.—The June number of this delightful periodical is before us. It arrived yesterday, in this city, from Cincinnati, its present place of publication. As usual, it is handsomely got up. We have not had time to give it more than a hasty glance, but that glance has sufficed to show us that "EXCELSIOR" seems to be the ruling passion and motive of its talented editor. It commences with the promised first part of the "*Dutchman's Daughter*," by the editor, of which we spoke some six weeks since. We are inclined to believe that we shall like it, though, for the nonce, we prefer acting on the non-committal order of policy in regard to matters of very new literature. The other portion of the original department exhibits a bright galaxy of literary gems from some of the best pens of the West. Among the most interesting to us, and which we presume will be equally so to every other reader, is "*A brief History of the settlement of Belville, in Western Virginia; with an account of events there, and along the borders of the Ohio River, in that region of country, from the year 1785 to 1795, including biographical*

sketches of some of the Western Pioneers." This is from the pen of Dr. S. P. HILDRETH, and, to the Buckeye Student, is worth a dozen novels, though garnished with all of our friend Gallagher's acknowledged genius. Take it all in all, we believe that the present number of the Hesperian will eclipse all of those that have gone before it.—*Ohio State Journal*.

THE HESPERIAN.—The first number of the third volume of this popular miscellany has been issued in Cincinnati. Its exterior is vastly improved—indeed, there is now hardly a magazine in the land which appears in better style; the gaudy garb of some of the Eastern periodicals we by no means admire. Among the original papers is Part First of a Tale entitled "*The Dutchman's Daughter*," by the Editor, which is to be continued. We shall notice the production when we have read more of it. There are articles also from the pens of Mrs. Ellet, Mr. Sims, and Mr. Shreve, which we have not yet had leisure to examine. Most sincerely do we hope that the *sedes vacans* "*Queen City*" will foster well her adopted child; and we trust that Mr. Gallagher may have no cause to regret a removal, which thus far appears decidedly a wise one. There is talent enough in Cincinnati to make the "*Hesperian*" every thing a magazine should be.—*Louisville News-Letter*.

THE HESPERIAN.—The June number of this western periodical contains a large amount of original matter, much of which is creditable to the writers, and we are glad to hear that the work is well patronised. We hope there are a few more persons in Franklin who take sufficient interest in the literature of the West to subscribe for it, as it certainly deserves encouragement, if for no other reason than that it is published so near us. Every paper we open speaks well of it; and no work of the kind has ever been more cordially received by the reading part of community. It has been recently removed to Cincinnati, where its editor will enjoy superior facilities for making it still more entertaining, by having access to a greater variety of new publications than he could have had in Columbus, where he recently resided. Any person wishing to subscribe for it, can have an opportunity by calling at this office.—*Franklin Argus*.

WANTED,

A young man of respectability and enterprise, to make a tour into Indiana and Illinois, upon business connected with the HESPERIAN. He would be required to pass through only the larger towns of those States. To such an individual, very favorable terms will be offered on application to

U. P. JAMES.
Pearl Street.

THE HESPERIAN.

THE HESPERIAN.—The July number of this periodical made its appearance on the 2d inst. with commendable punctuality, containing its usual variety of original papers and miscellaneous selections. The story of the Dutchman's Daughter is continued—breaking off in the present number at a point of interest provoking to a curious and impatient reader. There is no disputing about tastes, or else one might be inclined to find fault, at this latest fashion of publishing stories by the piece. The fourth and fifth chapters of the history of early times, and the prominent actors in them, will be read with the same avidity as those hitherto published. Light reading, but not too much so, is judiciously commingled with more substantial articles; among which latter are Northern Ohio and American Antiquities. "The Storm at Night," in addition to the novelette, from the pen of the Editor, adds another leaf to the poetic wreath which has long decked his brow. A poetical reputation, should suffice for him without claiming to be deeply versed in the mysteries of science, particularly of mathematics. Poetry and problems, fiction and fluxions, have heretofore been held as incompatible with one another; in truth in such violent hostility as to forbid their existence in a single brain.

But turn to the Editor's Budget, and the first thing that tumbles before your eye, is a review of the merits of Burt's solar compass, with an accuracy of knowledge and scientific criticism, one would expect rather from the professor of mathematics, making in this way his first bow to the public, whom he handles so gently in the subsequent page.

In the miscellany, the Editor has drawn heavily upon the Idler in Italy, by Lady Blessington. This is by no means the least valuable and attractive portion of the work, and the extracts relating to Shelley and Byron are marked by the nice observation and tact in discrimination so peculiarly characteristic of the woman.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

THE HESPERIAN.—The Hesperian is now published in Cincinnati, and its appearance shows that a change in its location has acted advantageously. There are several "names of high renown" in the literary world in the list of contributors for the month, such as Shreve, Ingraham, Mrs. Ellet, Gallagher et. cet. The last named has commenced the publication of a Tale of the Early Emigrants, the first part of which occupies twenty pages of this number—and the writer's name is a sufficient guaranty that they are well filled. Professor Hildreth has also a paper, giving a brief history of an early western settlement, differing in character from Gallagher's in that it wears the sober livery of "truth." By

the-way, what gammon it is, to decry the reading of some novels, and recommend the study of history, as though the speculative parts of your graver subject were not the mere whimsies of their writer's imagination. The bare recital of events and dates, without the reflections which the former may have induced, would be profitless enough. They are only the *skeleton*; the animating principle is that which is supplied by the historian himself. A judicious novelist can infuse infinitely more instruction into his pages, than can many a clever writer of history—a fact which is hardly admitted into popular belief.

The *Select Miscellany* of the Hesperian is even more than usually choice. We have not room to give even the names of the articles, but wish that our readers one and all could be favored with opportunities to peruse them. One of Buckingham's Lectures fills ten pages of this department, which is followed by a delightful extract from a work on Ancient Literature, then a *critique* on the Oratory of Sheridan, &c.

THE HESPERIAN.—The July number of this popular Western Magazine is upon our table. The first papers of this number are six chapters of part second of a *novelette*, called the Dutchman's Daughter—by William D. Gallagher, Esq. the Editor of the Hesperian. If Mr. Gallagher had not established himself as a writer, we should condemn his novelette, most unequivocally. There are some poetical and beautiful thoughts in these chapters—but the chapters taken as a whole, have no merit—in our opinion. There are some affectations which we did not expect from one who is so studiously particular as Mr. Gallagher. One of these, we recollect, is the spelling height—*light*. We should have considered this the fault of the proof-reader, had we not seen it in more instances than one. It may be a modern mode with which we are not acquainted, but we expect it is an effort of literary pedantry, and as such we have no patience with it. The paper on Northern Ohio is a sensible and valuable production. We admire the Hesperian most for the selections of miscellany. They are collated from the finest productions of the day, and always tend to promote solid instruction and the practice of virtue. The Hesperian should be encouraged. It is a Western Magazine, and may well compare with any American or English periodical.—But we advise Mr. Gallagher to drop the *novelette*!—*Louisville City Gazette*.

THE HESPERIAN for July contains as its leading original papers a continuation of the "Dutchman's Daughter," by the Editor—two chapters relative to the "Belville Settlement"—an article entitled "Northern Ohio"—a review of "DeLafield's Antiquities of America," and a poetical

sketch by Mr. Gallagher, called "*The Storm at Night*," which is replete with grandeur. The miscellany is, as usual, instructive and entertaining. The Tale of the Early Emigrants, by Mr. Gallagher, is very rich and elaborate in its style, and though hardly the thing we had anticipated from the pen of the glowing poet, yet by no means meriting the unkind strictures which, by a portion of the press, have been passed upon it. It abounds in delicate imagery.—*Louisville News-Letter*.

THE HESPERIAN.—We could easily fill a column with complimentary notices of the Hesperian, which have appeared in the eastern prints since the publication of the last number. We content ourselves, however, with the following, as a sample, which is copied from the Baltimore American:—*Ohio State Journal*.

"**THE HESPERIAN**," a monthly magazine published at Cincinnati, has just been received for the current month. We like this work, not for any peculiar beauty of style, nor for any of the adventitious circumstances with which similar productions are ushered forth, but for the freshness and strength of its contents. They speak of the youthful West and its vast field for intellect and adventure. They tell us of a past and a present which are to be the forerunners of a future, the greatness of which no mind can measure. It frequently occurs to us, when we meet with some new effort of genius making itself seen and felt where but a few years since the face of the white man was unknown, how little we appreciate the hereafter that awaits our country, and whilst the over-fastidious carp at the absence of polished style, or the invasions of what are called the standard laws of composition, we recognize in the unrestrained and untutored, but not ungraceful efforts, manifestations of intellectual powers too mighty to be fettered by rules better suited to hide defects, than to restrain exuberance of mental action.

HESPERIAN.—The July number of this valuable Western periodical is punctual in its appearance. Its original papers are the second part of the "*Dutchman's Daughter*," by Mr. Gallagher, "*A brief history of the Settlement of Belleville in Western Virginia*," by Dr. Hildreth, "*Northern Ohio*," "*Antiquities of America*," "*Storm at Night*," "*Notice of Burr's Solar Compass*," "*Review of Professor Loomis' Address*," &c. &c.

This number will favorably compare in matter with those gone before; the typography, &c. not to boast of.

We hope some friend, who may have leisure, will review this periodical more at large. Having but little time to devote to this description of reading, we are unable to write as we could wish. To praise or condemn at random we have not yet learned. We may venture to say the "*Hesperian*" is deserving all encouragement.—*Cincinnati Whig*.

THE HESPERIAN.—We have had the June number of this very interesting Magazine on our table for some days, but have not had till now an opportunity of noticing its contents. The first article in the Hesperian is a novelette from the pen of the editor Mr. W. D. Gallagher. It is entitled "*The Dutchman's Daughter*." Seven chapters of the story are given in the present number. They form about a fourth of the whole; the remainder will be published in the succeeding numbers of the Hesperian. From the specimen now before us we feel satisfied that the Dutchman's Daughter, when complete, will merit its publication in the usual form of Novels, among which it will be entitled to no ordinary rank as a work of sterling merit. The other articles in the Hesperian for June are extremely interesting, and the selections are made with the Editor's accustomed taste.—*Louisville City Gaz.*

THE HESPERIAN.—We have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of the June number of the Hesperian, now published at Cincinnati, greatly improved and beautified in its mechanical appearance, and richly freighted with original and selected matter. The story of the Dutchman's Daughter, in four parts, by the editor, the first part of which is contained in this number, gives fair promise of adding greatly, not only to the interest of the Hesperian, but also to the deservedly high reputation of the author. This is a work, which commends itself not only to Western pride, but to Western justice, and we can but hope it will receive an extent of patronage, commensurate with its high deserts.—*Ohio Star*.

THE HESPERIAN.—The June number has arrived and is the best yet published. It hails from Cincinnati, and is decidedly improved in mechanical execution, and we are happy to perceive that its subscription list is continually increasing, as it will continue to, if the people of the West do but one-half their duty in the premises. Its execution and the ability with which it is conducted, show most clearly, that the great and growing West, can furnish its own periodicals. If it cannot, it is evidently not owing to its want of literary ability.—*Connecticut Gazette*.

ADDITIONAL HELP.

The Editor of the HESPERIAN takes pleasure in informing his friends and readers, that he has effected an arrangement with a gentleman of superior intellectual capabilities, which will add much to the interest and value of the pages of this magazine. While his own exertions will continue as heretofore, a new impulse will be given to the work, in the direction of scientific investigation and historical research, which it is hoped will greatly enhance its claims upon the consideration of the western community. The pen of our new assistant will be apparent in our next number, although his name is for the present withheld.

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EDITED BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

VOLUME 3

OCTOBER, 1839.

NUMBER 5.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED IN OHIO BY JOHN D. NICHOLS:

IN KENTUCKY, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, AND ELSEWHERE.

BY THE EDITOR.

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THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

Of the HESPERIAN will contain, among other original papers:

- "A Review and Abstract of the Second Annual Report on the Geological Survey of Ohio."
- "Conclusion of the History of Belville."
- "Affections of Genius."
- "A Hymn of the Autumn Time."
- "Landslides of the Mississippi."
- "Human Society."
- "Dependancy."
- "To Amanda."

Cannot "A. A." write with more soberness, and a better aim? We do not know what he would be at as yet, and cannot tell whether he is joking or in earnest. His two contributions are respectfully declined, as are "The West," "Consumption," and "Mairland." "G. B. W." is in type, but was omitted because the compositor could not find a place in the proper department where it would fit in. The favor of "Alma" will come to hand. Will she not permit us to publish her more frequently in future? "The West" is again given forth a solitary number, No. 111.

THE HESPERIAN.

A FEW WORDS TO DELINQUENTS.

We once wrote a chapter on the difficulties with which the publisher of a literary periodical has to contend, on account of the backwardness of many of his subscribers in paying their subscriptions, and the rascality of others who send in their names with a deliberate purpose of defrauding him. It was the result of bitter experience, and much reflection; but whether it ever did any good, to ourselves or any body else, we do not know. From the present appearance of our subscription-books, we are inclined to think it did not. It is a hard thing to touch men's consciences, and harder still to touch their pockets. From this pamphlet, we have recently met with a couple of extracts in a contemporary; and notwithstanding its former inefficiency, we are inclined to repeat this much of it. It would give us real pleasure, to say in our next number, that second appeals are sometimes best. We know that the times are sadly out of joint—hard, crooked, and perplexing: but then it will not do for the *Hesperian* to be prostrated; and to prevent this, our friends must be more prompt than they have hitherto been. Our demands against each individual delinquent are small; but the amount which *all* owe us, is a matter of several thousand dollars.

We had taken up our pen to remonstrate with a numerous class of readers, who have hitherto treated us with gross injustice, in withholding from us the price of their subscriptions, when the following remarks, from the *HESPERIAN*, met our eye. We transcribe them here, as forcibly expressing opinions derived from our own experience, and as particularly applicable to

—“many a sad delinquent.”

Where our paper and our ink went;

together with the fruits of a manual toil, of which little conception can be formed, or surely no one would be so unjust, not to say cruel, as to leave it unrequited.—*Knickerbocker*.

“He who orders a paper or a periodical, and after receiving and enjoying it for a year or two, changes his place of residence without notifying the proprietor of the fact, or orders a discontinuance, without paying up arrearages, is just as guilty of robbery, in the truest sense of the term, as he who breaks into a dwelling-house at midnight, and bears away the plate or the jewels thereof. There is, in reality, no substantial difference between the two cases. Yet how differently are they regarded, in the operations of our system of public morals! It is strictly within the bounds of truth, and the sanction of experience, to say, that the publishers of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, are robbed of thousands of dollars every week, in the manner here stated, by persons who would scorn to enter upon the premises of their neighbors, and carry off covertly the value of a dime! This conduct

toward the publisher has for so long a time been customary in this country, that a portion of the public seem to consider themselves invested with a kind of prescriptive right to impose upon and defraud him whenever they can. And that they, in many instances, even descend to paltry manoeuvres for the purpose of availing themselves of this ‘right,’ every person knows, who has had any considerable connection with the American press, in either of its departments—scientific, literary, or religious. All this, we are told, will be considered harsh language. So it will by those to whom it applies, and so we wish it may. It is *truth*—and the truth is generally unpleasant and harsh-sounding to such as have violated the injunctions of *duty*, or disregarded the laws of *honesty*. We hold no fellowship with such persons; we want neither their friendship nor their ‘patronage,’ (Heaven save the mark!) and we care not how soon we are at quits with them entirely and for ever. But the honest man, who takes his paper, or his magazine, or his review, and pays for it when the subscription-money is due, according to the terms, or when he is called upon, will see nothing undeservedly harsh in what we have said.”

“Many good and well-meaning persons are induced to subscribe for newspapers or periodicals, by their love of variety in reading, their want of time to compass the perusal of books, their isolated situations in life, or their desire to contribute their mite toward establishing and sustaining such works. With either or all of these feelings, they enter their names, when requested to do so, or voluntarily forward them to the publisher, determined that the very first money which they can spare from other uses shall be appropriated to the payment of their subscriptions. This is all very well; and but few publishers will refuse to credit money received within a month or two after the time of subscribing, or the commencement of a volume or year, as *advance payment*. But where one such person makes payment according to his intentions, *ten* never become, or never think themselves, able to pay at all; and these, after deriving entertainment and information from their favorite periodical for a year or two, have to suffer their names to be stricken from the subscription-books, much to their own mortification and regret, and greatly to the injury of the publisher and the detriment of his work. It is better that the publisher should know early that he is not doing a making or saving business, than to find too late that his prosperity was only apparent. Trifles of five and ten dollars make up the whole of his revenue; and there is no other business which, in proportion to its extent, requires so incessant and so large a drain for its energetic and successful prosecution, as that of publishing a good periodical, of extensive circulation. This is notorious to all who have any knowledge of the different kinds of labor which enter into the production of such a work, and the great number of individuals necessary for its proper execution and punctual issue. For ourselves, we promise never to forget that ‘punctuality is the soul of business,’ if our readers will bear in mind, that ‘short accounts make long friends.’”

The Hesperian.—The September number of this excellent work has been in hand several days. It fully sustains the reputation which the former numbers have given it. This No. contains the conclusion of the narrative of the *Dutchman's Daughter*, a story of early times, in which the interest has been kept up admirably throughout, and which displays all the various talents of the indefatigable author, M. J. Gallagher. His descriptions of the staid and crafty old Dutchman, the sunshiny Mary, the pottingery lawyer, and the high souled Virginian, are done to the life, and show that he sketches from nature. There are but few, we opine, who, from the same material, could produce a tale of such powerful and intense interest. The second paper is a continuation of the history of Bellefleur, Va., a most interesting article, and the remaining pages are well stored with matter, which it would take up two much room and time to summarize, much less remark upon their excellences.

By the universal consent of the press the *Hesperian* stands at the head of Literature in the West, and by an opinion equally strong, stands in the front rank with periodicals of the kind, whether printed East or West. Indeed, W. D. Gallagher's name and exertions are an indelibly blest with every effort to give tone and character to western literature, and foster western talent, that he may be well when and be, the parent of it. His whole career has been devoted to this object, and although he was a long time termed alone, and his designs misapprehended by the western public, and neglected, we hope he has now reached a powerful haven, with a strong and strong vessel, capable of riding out the most fearful storms.—*Madison: W. J. Bonner.*

The Hesperian.—There is something of a legitimacy, whole-souled, straight forward character about this excellent periodical, that immediately attracts and attaches us to its pages. For some time past we have neglected to notice its regular monthly visits,—not from want of inclination or time, but simply because amidst the heavier duties of a strong and busy political contest, we had no time to turn aside to drink at the perennial fountain of our domestic literature. We glance over the number now before us with unabated pleasure, and in its every article we perceive with gratification, the same excellent and devoted tone of moral feeling that first recommended it to public attention. Utility and religious enjoyment, combined with sparkling thoughts from the deep recesses of the mental mine constitute its chief characteristics,—and with its rich, manly, vigorous and healthy tone of sentiment, most fortunate to secure for it, a large share of public approbation. HALLAMER'S "Dutchman's Daughter" is a capital affair in its way, wherever the critics may say about it, and the long histories and spirited sketches of early western story, with their tinge of wild romance and dark reality, which are regularly adorning the pages of the *Hesperian*, are well worth all the

praise so lavishly and justly bestowed. The poetry too, of the work, is of a high character, and with the reviews, critical notices, and the excellent articles in the "Editor's Lodge," fully sustain its claims to rank with the best works of the class in the country.—*Union: [Dem.] Reviewer.*

The Hesperian.—May justly be placed in the first rank of the literary productions of the growing West, and should be regarded by our citizens with an ordinary degree of pride, and with that generous support it is richly merited. The present number is replete with interest, both original and selected matter, and gives assurance that western genius only needs to be upheld and encouraged to enable it to compare with the productions of any portion of this or any other country. The work is worthy of gracing the center table of the most of saloons, the desk of the merchant, the study of the liberal, the workshop of the mechanic, or the retirement of the peasant. We have seen no late production of a similar kind, that has so generally merited the commendations of our ablest men, as the "Hesperian," and would with all due deference add our own to the long list, and commend it to the perusal of a liberal and generous public.—*Piquette Courier.*

The Hesperian.—After an attentive perusal of the last number of this work, we feel called upon again to call the attention of the friends of literature, and particularly western literature, to its merits. There is not, in our view, a weekly literary publication in the whole country more entitled to a generous support than the *Hesperian*, and we would suggest to our young men, that there is more good sense and magnanimity in the number of the *Hesperian* than in a whole volume of the so-called literary papers of the eastern cities.—*Western Home Chronicle.*

The Hesperian.—We usually peruse the *Hesperian* a few days after it arrives, with much interest, and we invariably find it to possess in its own right, sufficient to command the attention of any reader, but as a Western journal it commands itself to our notice and support. The literary and literary efforts made towards the present work have succeeded. From the talent which this has brought to its aid, we believe it will not only succeed, but attain that high stand which Western press should claim for a western work.—*W. Keeling Times.*

The Hesperian.—This valuable and interesting monthly, in its issue for August came well to the subscribers in this place a few days since. It is filled with well written and selected articles in both prose and poetry, and general in character.

